

## Angus Stone

### "Blood In The Boardroom"

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Sitting in the boardroom  
The I'm-so-bored room  
Listening to the suits  
Talk about their world  
They can make straight lines  
Out of almost anything  
Except for the line  
Of my upper lip when it curls  
Dressed in my best greasy skin  
And squinty eyes  
I'm the only part of summer here  
That made it inside  
In the air-conditioned building  
Decorated with corporate flair  
I wonder  
Can these boys smell me bleeding  
Though my underwear

There's men wearing the blood  
Of the women they love  
There's white wearing the blood of the brown  
But every woman learns to bleed from the moon  
And we bleed to renew life  
Every time it's cut down  
I got my vertebrae all stacked up  
As high as they go  
I but I still feel myself sliding  
From the earth that I know  
So I excuse myself and leave the room  
Say my period came early  
But it's not a minute too soon

I go and find the only other woman on the floor  
Is the secretary sitting at the desk by the door  
I ask her if she's got a tampon I could use  
She says  
Oh honey, what a hassle for you  
Sure I do  
You know I do  
I say  
It ain't no hassle, no, it ain't no mess

Right now it's the only power  
That I possess  
These businessmen got the money  
They got the instruments of death  
But I can make life  
I can make breath  
Sitting in the boardroom  
The I'm-so-bored room  
Listening to the suits talk about their world  
I didn't really have much to say  
The whole time I was there  
So I just left a big brown bloodstain  
On their white chair

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