

Mac Lethal

"Lithium Lips"

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I see her sittin at the ice cream parlor with a banana
split
Emanating such a radiant color of amethyst
I can't camouflage the jitters or the franticness
Everything about her fly posture says tantra bliss
The phantoms kiss spills poison from her still lips
That type of class is from a 1950's film script
I'm captivated to the core, it's hard to swallow
She's like a sun-dipped spirit gushing from the foggy
hollows
There's condensation on the new bent metal
A conversation with this blue-lipped devil could peel the
two lip petals
My fate'll say to me "Be calm and be cool"
But she learned to rule the world in cosmetology school
She's not like a Betty Page, she's like a Bible page
She's like a neon sky filled with a wild haze
I get her name and ask her for her number quite
politely
She walks away while saying "If you're lucky then you'll
find me."

But I think I feel that this time it's different
Everything about you wants to stimulate my senses
Something so intoxicating happens in your kisses
Lithium lips, it's those lithium lips, it's those
But I think I feel that this time it's different
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I see her downstairs at the hotel bar, continue story
Her eyes are stormy, she makes sure that she ignores
me
This is nobody's promiscuous daughter
I roll a cigarette and order up a whiskey and water
Oh Christ, I can smell her from here
The ambrosia is like a sugar-coated elephant's ear
And now the prevalent fear is sweetly scented with the
venoms we pass
Girls learn sexiness, women teach class

I approach her but I don't say a thing
I just take the halo off her head and wear it as a
wedding ring
She's not a sexy thing, she's a sassy thinker
A classy drinker with the wine glass to tap her finger
Elegantly dressed, coats of posh nail polish
She sucks the heart from another cocktail olive
She says, "Quit having dreams about touching my face.
Cause you're only in love with the chase."
Then she gets up and leaves.

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[spoken]

Now I don't ever fall in love
But on nights like this, when nimbus cloudlets of black
fluff circle the skyscrapers
And the pulse of the city breaths new depths
That cleanse the palate of self
I have encounters like this

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Thanks to V Balayan

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