

Shudder To Think "She Swears He-Harem"

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Ooh you wear your he-harem hat and a lace bib that
zips up the back To
Be an
'N' on a leash of men an endless pool of fools lick of
patchwork in
Your new
Suit. See the stone moths that sweep up And your
suitcase ful of new
Clothes
Made of manskins and the souls that pop out. Ooh you
wear your he-harem
Coat
And a real dick boa wrapped around your throat To be
an 'X' in sexless
Equation
Bead on a spool of jewels cold backup for your crown,
Queen. There's a
Suitcase
Ful of old robes And the seamster is a stone moth
made of real hearts
And the
Souls you done stole. Ooh you wear your he-harem
dress and fake lashes
Lap up
The mess that grows like breath within your wake coin-
toss a glance back
At the
Road of men you paved, dear

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