

## **Shudder To Think "She Wears 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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