

## P J Loughran

### "Madison"

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We crossed the floor  
I hadnt danced like that since years before  
I closed my eyes and breathed you in

Perhaps I spoke too soon  
Perhaps my sights askew  
Or maybe optimisms found the best in me again

Last night you picked me up  
And knocked me down  
And hit me square between the eyes  
And oh, to my cynical surprise  
A beatings never hurt so well  
And felt so fucking fine  
all at the same time

I watched you sleep  
And memorized that sweet profile  
There dreaming next to me

I scanned the room  
Hoping your blue eyes  
Were searching for mine too

Last night you picked me up  
And knocked me down  
And hit me square between the eyes  
And oh, to my cynical surprise  
A beatings never hurt so well  
And felt so fucking fine  
all at the same time

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