

Fugazi, Rend It

Why don't you come to my house
Why don't you drag me right out
Past all the shit that i said i'm saying
Why don't you cut up my mouth
And i don't care what you use
Just don't ask me to choose
I forced a field to allow you
That's not so easy to do
I said I said what I said I want you to help me
Surrender rend it it's yours
Out in the open
We're wide open
Night light comes into my room
Some shade of bruise-colored blue
Moves through my mind like a chemical
Imbalance on schedule
My tasting face to the floor
Passive abject i'm sure
I lick my lips when I need it
Don't want to lick them no more
My love song went wrong