

# Femme Noir

She poured him like a drink  
Stirred him with her eyes  
He was sinking, she was drinking  
In the mood to moralize lies

He was a jack rabbit skinner  
Pretty slick at choosing his style  
Not so much at choosing his words  
Kind of lost on the moonlight mile

They were rolling the stone of redemption  
Upon each other's broken path  
Together, they tasted salvation  
Separate, they tasted just wrath

A cursing of the shadows

That dance delight in empty souls  
Where the sting of a well placed stiletto  
Punctures hearts with high heel holes

She poured him like a drink  
Down the throat of a gritty grace  
Stirred him with her eyes  
And fell in love to fall in place

They could bleed in each other's wounds  
As the bandage of years blurred their scars  
He went back to sinking  
She went back to drinking  
Ice cube men as they melt in bars.