

Unless I am Acting

Written by Kate Crash



This is not how I planned it...my life

I'm wearing too much makeup
My skirt is hiked too high
I'm selling things I shouldn't
To people who [don't] wanna buy
But they buy
Me, success, sex. A good time
Not what I'm selling
Not what I had in mind

My desperation is creepy
I shake my ass they laugh
Give me a few dollars I'm lonely
And tired and don't know why I'm doing this

I step from my car
With pushed up tits
And stomach sucked in
Into the cold air
I'm off to serve middle eastern/ers/men
the American dream
In a black corset
And a bottle of jim beam
With red lips and empty eyes
Unsatisfied lies
enough to make any man scream

More.

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The men are smiling
I put my hand on their shoulders
How easy it is to fall into something
I don't believe in not one bit
And I'm good
And there breaths stink of whiskey and wives who misunderstood
And he touches my tit
And I pretend not to notice
I try to turn away
But don't [no not fully]

When I was small I wondered how girls looked so dead in their eyes?
How do you become ddead
Without emotion
Easy I think now
AS THEy CRAWL UP MY LEG
Leeching for love in a sub zero way
You just don't think about it

The Midwestern midget with the wandering hands
Has had his way with me again
Because my voice wsas caught somewhere in the wind
With my soul and my [dirty] laundry and the life within
Hanging from my dead mothers porch
In some nameless town I will not go back to
I came here to make it big
I came here and forgot why

see my stained painties smiling
I'll say no next time

I taste the night
It is filthy and full of promise
I'm in love with three guys
None of them fully
I just want love
But I hate my body
So I won't let anybody touch
Unless I'm acting