

SALVAGE*

7-24-16
(#57)

1. **Worn out, ragged, tattered hunk-a-junk,
battered, scattered, lacking spark and spunk,
that's the kind of love you hold out to me.
If you think I'd accept your twisted gift,
you're a fool that I'd sooner exile and set adrift
without a paddle out on the open sea.**

[QUICK TURNAROUND]

2. **Life's an ocean filled with rabid, rabied sharks,
with a lot of motion, throwing lots of sparks,
but with cold-hearted love that has no warmth or flame.
Your leather-hearted breed has nothing I need,
we don't even live by a similar creed,
and you do what you do 'cause it's you, without natural shame !**

**BRIDGE: Your body isn't all that I ne-eed.
Yea, it's nice to a certain degre-ee.
But there's more to me than that,
I won't be anybody's doormat !
That's final, doesn't matter what for, or,
where that door may lead. [Bang !] †**

3. **You've got nothin' to offer me, baby,
did you really think you could swoop down and save me ?
isn't that a little arrogant if not puerile ?
Maybe I'm not the one needin' savin'
no matter how much you thought your charm would make me cave in —
you can't defile my style when you're that infantile !**

[INSTRUMENTAL, OF BRIDGE SECTION]

(Continued)

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4. **It's just uninvested, untested lust
you hold out, but sold out, all but the crust,
yet with that you expect that I wouldn't reject your bid ?
You need to go back and get some schoolin' !
First thing to learn is who'd ya think you're foolin' ?
and learn who I am, who it is, you thought you could kid !**

**. . . did you think you could salvage me from your wreck ? Δ
. . . I'll take a rain check . . . (don't hold your breath) . . . ****

[END]

Written: July 24, 2016 [G, M, (Y), H]

* For a woman singer: "*Sassy Girl*"TM all-female band
and front girl, designed by Lazor

† Sound of loud bang of door slamming shut, here, in rhythm of song

Δ These 2 lines spoken, fading out

** Again, the final slam of the door here