

Pale White Girls

Bob Geldof

Pale white girls.
Look for love.
Pale white bodies.
Stretch for love.

Searching the flesh. Scraping of bones.
Limbs that are trembling babe.
For something to hold. Languid and liquid.
Well maybe I'll stay. Marbles and ghostly girls.
Take me away. Your mouth on my body.
In this tall room. Crushed, bruised and crimson.
Lit by the moon. The fluorescent moon.
Sacred those hours. Away from the storm.
Wrenched from the deepest pits.
Crying 'Reborn, Reborn, Reborn'.
And I will not follow. And I will not lead.
Your permissions to bleed.
Have been guaranteed. By the one.
Whose approval you seek.

Pale white girls.
Scratch for love.
Pale white bodies.
Stretch for love.

The crucifix stares. From its hip-cocked heights.
But I hold the secrets now. Velvet the night.
And I will not follow. Why waste my time.
My permission to bleed. Has been guaranteed.
By the one. Whose approval I need.