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Don't Mind the Blood on the Floor

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Don't Mind the Blood on the Floor

Juan Sebastian Gallo

Oh, don't mind the blood on the floor!

It will dry eventually.

Just step over it while I wipe this sleeve clean.

Oh, there it is again.

It seems every time you lie, the bleeding commences.

Oh, this silly heart of mine,

can you not control yourself?

You're embarrassing me, dripping everywhere like this!

But, as I was saying, don't mind that blood on the floor there.

There's only so much blood in a man anyway. This can't go on forever,

At least I hope not.

But what am I saying?

You don't mind at all, do you?

In fact, if I were a betting man, I would say you quite enjoy it.

I'm only saying that because I did catch you once or twice peering into it
to catch your reflection.

Oh, you fiddled with your hair and giggled and then walked away from
my blood there on the floor.

Hahahahahahahaha

How silly of me to feel I need to remind you of my blood there by your
feet.

Anyway, let's just ignore the elephant in the room.

I know this could be awkward but let's not make it so. We're both adults.

Now, where were we?

Oh yes! You were lying to me.

Ooops! There it goes again. Drip, drip, drip.