



# Bodily Harm

(Taylor Rhodes, Robert White Johnson)

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Breaking the silence  
Pounding hearts hear the beating drum  
Losing my senses I'm mortally wounded  
The hunter is on the run

Shots fired  
Streaks through the dark  
Dead in my tracks  
They've hit their mark

CHORUS:

Bodily harm, destroying my defenses  
Bodily harm, whoa  
Bodily harm, I'll have to take my chances  
Bodily harm, whoa

She had the element of surprise  
I'm overcome  
My desire left a trail a mile wide  
Her body the smoking gun

Love cuts  
Sharp as a knife  
Can't feel the pain  
When it's done right

CHORUS

It's no use running  
There's no escape  
No use being afraid