

Kristin Hersh, A Loon

Some store
I'm not going back there anymore
Wandered in
Don't think I'll do that again
No I don't think I'll do that again

I swear
Look at me cross-eyed and I don't know what to do
No I don't know what to do
Crazy loon

There's a room in his pallet
There's a pillow for his head
Sees an offshoot in his bottle
When he wants to see me dead
Heirlooms A loon
Never thought I'd see that silly grin
Never thought I'd see that fool again
Never thought I'd love that lunatic

Nothing left to dance around
What a hero
What a black and blue bird
What a loon, A loon
What a loon, A loon