

# Kristin Hersh, Gazebo Tree

That sky is a-shine with sheen, those eyes are a green machine...  
Spare me your whining...  
In my rainy gazebo tree...  
Deep in my silver pit...  
The walls are all thick with it...  
My, but you slay me...  
In my rainy gazebo tree...  
Bless my baby eyes, don't you know Jesus died?...  
I'm better off inside...  
Strip and you lose your hide...  
What's in that thermos man?...  
Your female's a garbage can...  
So you haven't filled her up...  
OK try to fill my cup...  
It's moonshine from cactus...  
Well, I guess it can't wreck us...  
Spare me your moon shining in my rainy gazebo tree...