

Kristin Hersh, Rock Candy Brains

Must've been on mushrooms when you wrote that pile of junk.
Got rock candy brains and that head of yours, full of holes...
Terry cloth's about the only comfort I'm allowed...
What with all the rain and this house of yours...
Full of holes...
I'm about through being your plaything...
I'm about through being your gin...
I'm about through being your water...
Do you want to spend another night under the porch?...
We could light a candle and this rotten wood up in flames...
Your orange fingers are glowing hot...
I think your sneaker's on fire...
Up in flames...
One breath after lights out...
The rest under night's spell...