

Kristin Hersh, Aching For You

Chinese food and your sleeping back...

We're born-again losers...

It's funny...

Honey, you know, this is not so bad...

Hanging around, wired for sound...

It's funny and sad and it's true...

I'm aching for you...

We carry an island around on our backs...

We're born-again vagrants...

It's funny...

We ask for nothing wherever we land...

Meanwhile, we got nothing, isn't that something?

Wailing in the garage, breaking all the rules, and I don't need you...

You know you're truly bizarre, you're changing all the rules, and I don't need you, but I want you ba

We're all I ever had...

Love is a needle, goes all the way down...

I'm always surprised...

So shoot me a roll of your best paradise...

It's so pretty, I just want to die...

It's funny...