

# Kristin Hersh, Baseball Field

Lovely empty baseball field, just one of the places to sun...

Like a hot pink kite with no string...

Heads rolling...

You make heads roll...

Whistle the day away...

Whistle one day away...

You make headway...

Drift till the stuff that you're breathing seems like air...

You go back there...

Lovely empty baseball field, just one of the places to set your lawn chair...

Like a hummingbird with no wings...

Heads rolling...

You have time and baby oil shine...

Whisper the day away...

Whisper one day away...

You make headway...

Drift till a piece of a place nests in your hair...

You go back there...

Talking at the radio...

Just one of the places to shoot off your mouth...

Like a hot summer dog on a lawn...

Here today, never gone...

Drift today away...

Drift one day away...

You make headway...