

Kristin Hersh, Beestung

Start with your fingers they finger the change
that carries you home in our evening
you're bee stung there.

Press your palm to your snow-coated thought cage
carries me over your thinking
you're bee stung there.

Between the tall buildings are snow-coated alleys
between us is nothing but grace
snow rides the wind down and drives past the window
falling over your face I fly out the window
and then ride the wind down
you fit me into my place
you're bee stung here.

Start with your eyes when they eye me in twilight
picking up pieces of mine
Tie me up with twine in your eyelight
string me from heaven to time you bee stung.

Between the tall buildings are snow-coated alleys
between us is nothing but grace
help me up when you hear me behind you falling
all over the place it's not too late.