

Kristin Hersh, Close Your Eyes

You can't make it
You can't cry
You can't make it home tonight

It's too far to walk
To your goddamn van
It's too hard to come by your hand

Drunk on nothing
Drunk all night
Mad at nothing
Close your eyes

You could run on iron lungs
It would not keep you clean
Run on iron lungs
It would not keep you sons of bitches clean

You think that they don't shatter you
You think that till they go
You think that they don't comfort you
Now go home

You can walk in moonlight
You can dance inside
You can dance in moonlight
Close your eyes

Stop, you ruined all my memories
You ruined all my memories
I wanna catch the falling babies
I'm falling into you
My hair's in your face
Eyes on your eyes
Hands on my back
I can't leave
I can't leave

A guy's asking questions about me
My hands are full of straw
I'm sliding really fast
My hands are full of snow
I don't understand
I don't understand puzzles
I can't breathe
Close your eyes