

# Kristin Hersh, Echo

White label on the backseat  
Glowing an artificial green  
I crave a midnight something  
I crave and something hunts me down  
I'm scaring everybody  
I'm wearing everybody down

White label on the backseat  
And something bends me over down  
I crave an empty lifestyle  
I crave the very loudest sound  
I'm chasing everybody  
I'm shaking everybody down  
Do you hear the loudest sound  
And you and me in the echo

White label on the backseat  
And something warm across my lap  
I never bitched at anyone  
I never asked for my heart back  
I'm loving everybody  
And hating everyone I see  
Do you hear the loudest sound  
Floating out on the echo