

# Kristin Hersh, Gut Pageant

That fine fever brought us here...  
Lambasted eyeballs...  
When we kiss the dirt the orchids laugh...  
What a gut pageant, we could play for hours...  
What a gut pageant, meat for the flowers...  
You break out of a paper bag, and wake up on the street...  
Just kidding...  
You don't have to go...  
I asked him why the grass is blue and stray boys don't go home...  
Why 4 a.m.'s so screwy...  
He says "Sleep through it"...  
What a gut pageant, we could play for hours...  
What a gut pageant, meat for the flowers...  
Not too special not too strange...  
Just the way I like 'em...  
You find an empty promise and stick by it...  
Not too pretty not too sweet...  
Just the way I like you...  
When you kiss the dirt the orchids laugh harder than me...  
Tell me another one...  
I could sit for hours...  
When anyone laughs I know I'm a coward...  
When we kiss the dirt the orchids laugh harder than me...