

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...