

Kristin Hersh, Heaven

In the race but out of step...
You struggle to hold up your head...
Like a river, you fight your own bed...
I'm needing backyard sanctuary...
I'm on breaktime, where the sissies hang...
Looking for oil in the sand...
Like a river you gouge out the land...
Like a drummer who fights the wrong band...
This is heaven, where the sissies hang...
A hot shower on a hot day...
Water hangs in the air like you stayed...
Like you never went down your own drain...
I'm doing rain and hurricane...
I am airborne...
Where the kisses fly...
This is heaven and all my friends are there in heaven...
this is heaven where the sissies hang...