

# Kristin Hersh, Mississippi Kite

you paint your own tv on the wall  
carve out insects to feed us all  
lights flash by and the fast world echoes your thoughts

your compass led you to the edge of a lake  
you'll singe your nuts down there if you take  
such bad advice from the love gods of hate  
you'll get cold

you get burned, you get cold

on the plush green rug in the lime green light  
eyes like white stones in black light  
i promise you everything that you like

i go "mississippi kite"

gloss assails us then dims  
comic book nights, la grim  
the hollywood martians, lucky stiffs, fucking wing

you told me enough times you can't give me enough rope  
to hang myself one time, but I can always hope  
you come down on me so hard that I choke and go

you get burned, you get cold

meanwhile, I feed you boric acid and air  
lemon drops, snow cream, speckled eggs  
the sweat seeps in through a crack in your head

you go "mississippi kite"