

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";