

# Kristin Hersh, Silica

Let the ache out  
Spread it around  
You want to fly him in  
You want him

Play a grownup  
'Til you grow up  
If you could you would

I swallowed some bad voodoo  
Caught it in the gut  
Wish you were here  
Wish I was not

You hear someone wanting you  
How can I fume  
Then be bursting with kindness?

A gracious cocoon in the shadows  
We're in good company  
Us lefty Lucy's

Play a grownup  
'Til you grow up  
If you could you would

This is a touch prayer  
Praying for you  
Wish you were here  
Wish I was too

Come see how okay we are  
Come see how okay we can be

Picture her Silica  
Lifting her shirt to the sun

Cherry neck sea

Easy now