

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