

# Kristin Hersh, Slippershell

you soft soap  
the soft-shelled  
the porous  
morons like me  
and you're not sorry

piece of cake  
to shake off  
principles  
hard-won scruples  
and pretty virtue

crushed into the bottom  
of mud-yellow sand  
like a slippershell

chrome  
like phosphorescent teeth  
in mud-yellow skin  
you're a slippershell  
and you can go to hell

hard water  
down your throat  
down your back  
hard to say it's hard luck  
when you're so happy  
hard to say it's hard luck  
when we had it coming

crushed into the bottom  
of mud-yellow sand  
like a slippershell

chrome  
like phosphorescent teeth  
in mud-yellow skin  
you're a slippershell  
and you can go to hell  
maybe see me there

can't you see it's a white-out  
made of chrome?  
can't you see the white-out?  
it's why i piss and moan  
it's why i can't go home

wallet full of fat  
belly full of milk  
you're touchingly, deeply fulfilled  
you're very old  
you're very new  
you're touchingly, deeply confused

can't you see the white-out?  
no, i guess you don't