

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