

Kristin Hersh, Some Catch Flies

When he stares, it's like he's splitting hairs...
I'm a wreck when he's here, I swear...
Fill a glass up with shiny tacks...
I'm feeling sharp...
I am numb...
When he drools, it's like he's spitting jewels...
I'm alone when he's here, I am...
What a dumb-ass thing to say...
plus I'm not ashamed...
Nobody's here...
I am clean...
He's my gold...
Tangle till we're old, he's my distraction, and how...
Simple gold, and no one has to know...
It's hectic as hell...
I play dumb...
A sideways look, a lighter in the dark...
You make it good, you do...
Some catch flies, some kill them till they die...
I just stare...
I do love you