

Kristin Hersh, Static

your mouth fell out of the sky
and suddenly i had it memorized
but honestly, it's like you're dead

i can't shake off voodoo
or your thudding making noise
the pearls you cast before swine
make you seem alive

a pretty picture of you breathing air
and you're just standing there
static

show me how you do it
a thousand miles away from here
you're one micron away from me

your hope is on the wing is on a bus tearing down the road
you're cold you're made of heat you're made of skin, made of cloth and bone

your hope is on the wing is on a bus tearing down the road
(your road is in the dark is in the sun, in the rain and cold)
you're cold you're made of heat you're made of skin, made of cloth and bone
(your bones are made of sponge are made of plexiglass, tin and hope)