

Kristin Hersh, Summer Salt

Let's back up and act like we're sober
Newborn clean
Head over heels for a cold blooded creature
Limbic somersaults

For a toxic thing you sure smell pretty
Summer, salt and wine
For an ugly boy you sure look pretty
A cowboy frankenstein

I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
In your dreams

When it's touch and go you blow your wad
Like no one ever fails
For a quiet boy you sure talk dirty
A velvet bed of nails

I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
In your dreams

While I did nifty somersaults
You were thinking after all
After it all

I don't have to talk
I don't have to talk
But when I do and this is true
There's nothing I won't say