

## Hersh Kristin "Gut Pageant"

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That fine fever brought us here  
Lambasted eyeballs  
When we kiss the dirt  
The orchids laugh  
What a gut pageant  
We could play for hours  
What a gut pageant  
Meat for the flowers  
You break out of a paper bag  
And wake up on the street  
Just kidding  
You don't have to go  
I asked him why the grass is blue  
And stray boys don't go home  
Why four a.m's so screwy  
He says " Sleep through it "  
What a gut pageant  
We could play for hours  
What a gut pageant

Meat for the flowers  
Not too special not too strange  
Just the way I like 'em  
You find an empty promise and stick by it  
Not too pretty, not too sweet  
Just the way I like you  
When you kiss the dirt  
The orchids laugh, harder than me  
Tell me another one  
I could sit for hours  
When anyone laughs  
I know I'm a coward  
What a gut pageant  
We could play for hours  
When we kiss the dirt  
The orchids laugh, harder than me.

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