Kristin Hersh "A Loon"

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Some store
I'm not going back there anymore
Wandered in
Don't think I'll do that again
No I don't think I'll do that again

I swear Look at me cross-eyed and I don't know what to do No I don't know what to do Crazy loon

There's a room in his pallet There's a pillow for his head Sees an offshoot in his bottle

When he wants to see me dead Heirlooms a loon Never thought I'd see that silly grin Never thought I'd see that fool again Never thought I'd love that lunatic

Nothing left to dance around What a hero What a black and blue bird What a loon, a loon What a loon, a loon

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