

Kristin Hersh

"Ether"

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I would bet
You don't care
So i pray to the ether
I thought the city air would hear me whisper
When the blue expanse of morning comes
You sleep while i stalk the sun, like a baby
I don't break an icy glass i ache for the past, like a baby
A tourist in your head
I capture shining moments
Too busy my self with whenever you're a jerk
When the blue expanse of morning comes
You sleep while i stalk the sun, like a baby
I don't break an icy glass i ache for the past, like a baby
This numbing emptiness seeps in like a cold mist
Your touching approval feels so awful
When the blue expanse of morning comes
You sleep while i stalk the sun, like a baby
I don't break an icy glass i ache for the past, like a baby
But beauty's few and far between
Who knows what you have seen....

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