

## Kristin Hersh

### "Glory Weed"

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A thousand voices start their screaming when you  
leave  
A thousand screamers find their voice and start to  
scream

We already blew the glory weed

Your well-done fury don't deserve to pull me down  
That facile magic show can't burn away my ground

We already turned the game around

And I'm in a fog like a stupid dog

And who do you think should tell the story  
Under the bed tonight  
And who did you think that shrinking violet would turn  
out to be?

Your mama lion mouth and mata mata soul  
That scary face you're making at your holy Joe

You already brought the battle home

Traveling souls like us, the wicked, the carnies  
We all eat up this swill these fucked bedtime stories

You already brought me to my knees

I'm cheap and here, like a souvenir

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