

Kristin Hersh "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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