

Kristin Hersh

"Rock Candy Brains"

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Must've been on mushrooms when you wrote that pile
of junk
Got rock candy brains and that head of yours
Full of holes, full of holes

Terry cloth's about the only comfort I'm allowed
What with all the rain and this house of yours
Full of holes, full of holes

I'm about through being your plaything
I'm about through being your gin
I'm about through being your water

Do you want to spend another night under the porch ?
We could light a candle and this rotten wood
Up in flames, up in flames

Your orange fingers are glowing hot
I think your sneaker's on fire
Up in flames, up in flames

I'm about through being your plaything
I'm about through being your gin
I'm about through being your water

One breath after lights out
The rest under night's spell

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