

Kristin Hersh

"Sno Cat"

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A man made of butterfat
Careening around on a sno-cat
And i can't drive any faster
My hands are like ice and the moon shines
On pepper trees and rogueries
The yellow lines look blue
Snow burries Whitehall
White powdered nembatal
And i can't think any more
My feet are like ice
And the moon sets
On christmas trees and plastic deer
I decided to forgive and forget
I thank god you're comatose
As i pull back the bedclothes
And i can't believe my composure
And i can't remember my anger
And summer is a fish story
I wonder where it will be

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