

Aching For You

Kristin Hersh

Chinese food and your sleeping back
We're born-again losers
It's funny
Honey, you know, this is not so bad

Hanging around, wired for sound
It's funny and sad and it's true
I'm aching for you
We carry an island around on our backs

We're born-again vagrants
It's funny
We ask for nothing wherever we land
Meanwhile, we got nothing, isn't that something?

Wailing in the garage,
Breaking all the rules,
And I don't need you
You know you're truly bizarre,

You're changing all the rules, a
Nd I don't need you, but I want you bad
We're all I ever had
Love is a needle, goes all the way down

I'm always surprised
So shoot me a roll of your best paradise
It's so pretty, I just want to die
It's funny