

Panic Pure

Kristin Hersh

My earliest memory
Is of holding up a sparkler
High up to the darkest sky
Some 4th of July spectacular

I shook it with an urgency
I'll never ever be able to repeat
At times I might could be accused
Of being painfully nostalgic

But as of late I'm looking forward to the future
Though I've never been much of a planner
Throwing caution into the fan
Catch as catch as those catchers can

And so all you observers in your scrutiny
Don't count my scars like tree rings
My jigsaw disposition, it's piecemeal properties
Are either smoked or honey cured by the panic pure
Yeah, yeah, by the panic pure