

Silica

Kristin Hersh

Let the ache out
Spread it around
You want to fly him in
You want him

Play a grown up
'Til you grow up
If you could you would
If you could you would

I swallowed some bad voodoo
Caught it in the gut
Wish you were here
Wish I was not

You hear someone wanting you
How can I fume
Then be bursting with
Kindness?

A gracious cocoon
In the shadows
We're in good company
Us lefty Lucy's

Play a grownup
'Til you grow up
If you could you would
If you could you would

This is a touch prayer
Praying for you
Wish you were here
Wish I was too

Come see how okay we are
Come see how okay we can be

Picture her Silica
Lifting her shirt to the sun
Picture her Silica
Lifting her shirt to the sun

Cherry neck sea
Easy now
Easy now
Easy now

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Easy now

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Lifting her shirt to the sun