

Sno Cat

Kristin Hersh

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 road grease
The yellow lines look blue

Snow covers Whitehall
White powdered Nembutal
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 we'll be