

## 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