

## Some Catch Flies

Kristin Hersh

When he stares, it's like he's splitting hairs  
I'm a wreck when he's here, I swear  
Fill a glass up with shiny tacks  
I'm feeling sharp  
I am numb  
When he drools, it's like he's spitting jewels  
I'm alone when he's here, I am  
What a dumb-ass thing to say  
plus I'm not ashamed  
Nobody's here  
I am clean  
He's my gold

Tangle till we're old, he's my distraction, and how  
Simple gold, and no one has to know  
It's hectic as hell  
I play dumb  
A sideways look, a lighter in the dark  
You make it good, you do  
Some catch flies, some kill them till they die  
I just stare  
I do love you