

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