

Ether

Kristin Hersh

I would bet you don't care So I pray to the ether I thought the
city air would hear me whisper

When the blue expanse of morning comes You sleep while I stalk
the sun, like a baby I don't break in icy blasts I ache for the
past, like a baby

A tourist in your head I capture shining moments To busy myself
with whenever you're a jerk

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This gnawing emptiness seeps in like a cold mist Their touching
approval feels so awful

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the sun, like a baby I don't break in icy blasts I ache for the
past, like a baby

But beauty's few and far between Who knows what you have seen..
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