

Pale

Kristin Hersh

Before I go to you I never wash my neck
'Cause when the music starts it goes straight to your head
And I break out in pale
I break out in pale
You better bring your fork and knife
'Till we see eye to eye
'Cause I'd rather stuff your face than hear another lie
Learn to sit still, learn to stay
I'm as hopped-
up with the up and down as you're slow on the uptake
Under the words is what you heard
Wait right here for me's exactly what he said
'Course I'm too busy sitting down
There are fishes that are stronger than my legs
Can't wait to drown
You'd better bring your fucking knife
'Till we see eye to eye
'Cause I'd rather cut your buttons off than be caught in a lie
Before I come to you I never wash my lips
'Cause when the music starts it goes straight to my hips
And I break out in pale, I break out in pale