

A Loon

Kristin Hersh

Some store I'm not going back there any more
Wandered in don't think I'll do that again
No I don't think I'll do that again.

I swear you look at me cross-eyed
And I don't know what to do
No I don't know what to do crazy loon.

There's a room in his pallet
There's a pillow for his head
Sees an offshoot in his bottle
When he wants to see me dead
Heirlooms a loon.
Never thought I'd see that silly grin
Never thought I'd see that fool again
Never thought I'd like that lunatic.

Nothing left to dance around
What a hero
What a black and blue bird
What a loon a loon
What a loon a loon.