

Heaven

Kristin Hersh

In the race but out of step
You struggle to hold up your head
Like a river, you fight your own bed
I'm needing backyard sanctuary
I'm on breaktime, where the sissies hang
Looking for oil in the sand
Like a river you gouge out the land
Like a drummer who fights the wrong band
This is heaven, where the sissies hang

A hot shower on a hot day
Water hangs in the air like you stayed
Like you never went down your own drain
I'm doing rain and hurricane
I am airborne
Where the kisses fly
This is heaven and all my friends are there in heaven
this is heaven where the sissies hang