

secret codes

Kristin Hersh

Woke up wide awake and prayed
Sorta know how to pray
You just ache with hope 'til it goes away
You only know secret codes
To God and man, you only know secret codes

You're terra firma on Singapore Air
You're bouncing babies when we had no fear
Flat on a bare mattress, then you disappear
Adrenaline again
Caffeine and palsied balls
You're just greasing up lightning

You don't need my help at all
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