

# 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

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

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

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

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