

## Milk Street

Kristin Hersh

You are good, you are kind  
You are drunk all the time  
But never drunk enough

As you're battered by the underside of what  
We swore, we wanted  
Bothered by the crapshoot that has put you half to sleep  
A sorely needed sleep

I'll hang outside the door all night  
I'll bang on the door all night

You are good, you are brave  
No matter what you say  
But never brave enough

As you're trying to shield  
Your glass newborn from the dodgeballs  
And aching for children  
That you have never seen

But it's still a tragedy  
It's still a tragedy  
It's still a tragedy