

## Rock Candy Brains

Kristin Hersh

Must've been on mushrooms when you wrote that pile of junk  
Got rock candy brains and that head of yours  
Full of holes, full of holes  
Terry cloth's about the only comfort I'm allowed  
What with all the rain and this house of yours  
Full of holes, full of holes  
I'm about through being your plaything  
I'm about through being your gin  
I'm about through being your water  
Do you want to spend another night under the porch?  
We could light a candle and this rotten wood  
Up in flames, up in flames  
Your orange fingers are glowing hot  
I think your sneaker's on fire  
Up in flames, up in flames  
I'm about through being your plaything  
I'm about through being your gin  
I'm about through being your water  
One breath after lights out  
The rest under night's spell