

Under the Gun

Kristin Hersh

My heart goes out to you A lover on a night with no moon I learned to fill out gaunt limbs Like parrot lady at Lake Michigan Troubled by a troubled life We hover blurry and glossy eyed

We passed this way before We said this then Under the gun we run

My heart goes out to you Your puny savings blown

The parrot lady at the ball mask A boy steps carefully over the grass The lizard looking up at me Is so goddamn Disney

We passed this way before We said this then Under the gun we run