

wild vanilla

Kristin Hersh

Wild vanilla
Clean dreams downcast eyes
If you lived here you'd been home now and suicidal
That was one striking phone call boy your voice at a fever pitch
And here I thought that you'd just full of white noise called to
o bitch

You messing with my head makes a terrible noise

Wild vanilla
Clean eyes and grey hair
Cross an ocean and you vague and itchy belong there
You are whizzing past my ears a shit scared domestic god
You make the gypsy in me horny for a flower garden

You messing with my head makes a terrible noise