

Night Still Comes

Neko Case

My brain makes drugs to keep me slow,
A hilarious joke for some dead pharaoh.
But now, not even the masons know
What drug will keep night from coming.

There are so many tools that are made for my hands.
But the tide smashes all my best-laid plans to sand.
And there's always someone to say it's easy for me,
But I revenge myself all over myself.
There's nothing you can say to me.

You never held it at the right angle,
You never held it at the right angle,
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star,
But wash your hands of it
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star
Because you can't hold it.

Did they poison my food? Is it cause I'm a girl?
If I puked up some sonnets, would you call me a miracle?
I'm gonna go where my urge leads no more.
Swallowed, waist-deep, in the gore of the forest
A boreal feast, let it finish me, please.
Cause I revenge myself all over myself.
There's nothing you can do to me.

You never held it at the right angle,
You never held it at the right angle,
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star,
But wash your hands of it
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star
Because you can't own it.
You never held it at the right angle,
You never held it at the right angle.

You never held it,
You never held it,
You never held it, oh...
You never held it,
You never held it,
You never held it, oh...
You never held it,
You never held it,
You never held it, oh...