

Spain

Kristin Hersh

Four days in Spain
Smoky Spain
And I take off again
Then I take off again
Smiling back The engine is idling and the car
Seems to be expanding, weird
Blindfolded kissing
Looking for the truth in your tiny moves
I hate to loose Four days in Spain
Spooky Spain
And you're my missing thing
Too sweet and pointless
Complete and somewhere else I I I I I I I I, I I I I I I I I
I was sick of being asked
I didn't want to anyways
Sucking down mother's milk
Singing my throat away It's not an awful secret, you know
It's just a secret
Spitting out your blue gum
Kissing your breath away I I I I I I I I, I I I I I I I I
I wanted you to sleep with her and
Hate yourself instead of me
I wanted you untrue
Hating yourself like me After all, what am I missing
I haven't missed before
Sucking down the precious lies
I should have swallowed way before? I I I I I I I I, I I I I I I I I
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