

Sno Cat

Kristin Hersh

A man made of butterfat
Careening around on a Sno Cat
And I can't drive any faster
My hands are like ice and the moon shines
On pepper trees and road grease
The yellow lines look blue Snow buries Whitehall
White powdered Nembutal
And I can't think anymore
My feet are like ice, as the moon sets
On Christmas trees and plastic deer
I decided to forgive and forget I thank God, you're comatose
As I pull back the bedclothes
And I can't believe my composure
And I can't remember my anger
And summer is a fish story
I wonder where we'll be

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