

Milk Street

[Kristin Hersh](#)

You are good, you are kind
You are drunk all the time
But never drunk enough As you're battered by the underside of what
We swore, we wanted
Bothered by the crapshoot that has put you half to sleep
A sorely needed sleep I'll hang outside the door all night
I'll bang on the door all night You are good, you are brave
No matter what you say
But never brave enough As you're trying to shield
Your glass newborn from the dodgeballs
And aching for children
That you have never seen But it's still a tragedy
It's still a tragedy
It's still a tragedy

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