

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, 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...

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