

Rock Candy Brains

[Kristin Hersh](#)

Must've been on mushrooms when you wrote that pile of junk.
Got rock candy brains and that head of yours, full of holes
Terry cloth's about the only comfort I'm allowed
What with all the rain and this house of yours
Full of holes
I'm about through being your plaything
I'm about through being your gin
I'm about through being your water Do you want to spend another night under the porch?
We could light a candle and this rotten wood up in flames
Your orange fingers are glowing hot
I think your sneaker's on fire
Up in flames
One breath after lights out
The rest under night's spell

Songwriters

KRISTIN HERSH Published by

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