

Summer Salt

Kristin Hersh

Let's back up and act like we're sober
Newborn clean
Head over heels for a cold blooded creature
Limbic somersaults For a toxic thing you sure smell pretty
Summer, salt and wine
For an ugly boy you sure look pretty
Cowboy Frankenstein I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
In your dreams When it's touch and go you blow your wad
Like no one ever fails
For a quiet boy you sure talk dirty
Velvet bed of nails I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
I dreamt you were playing along
In your dreams While I did nifty somersaults
You were thinking after all, after it all I don't have to talk
I don't have to talk
But when I do and this is true
There's nothing I won't say
Nothing I won't say

Songwriters
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