

Cowbirds

Throwing Muses

Pack the truck under the moon
Jesus christ, my lips are red
You ask a lot of the moon
When you ask me to forget
I never asked you to pay my rent
Jesus christ, my lips are red
God, you turn me on my head
You're gonna haul me back again

I heard cowbirds call us home
I heard cowbirds call us home

Fry your ground, take it
Lie around naked
I think God dripped you out of a sunbeam
Only God dragged you out a tree with me
I pulled you out of a snow bank
I think you grew me out of the dirt
I heard you pulled me out of a church
To worship you
Worship you

I wanna ride inside
I wanna ride inside
I hold both of your fingers tighter
You hold all of my hand, man
I can see right through you
I can see right through you
I double-back and lose for this
I miss you
I miss you

I heard cowbirds call us home

He don't seem so keen
He don't seem so keen to me
He don't seem so keen
He don't seem that keen on me
I never asked him to pay my rent
Jesus christ, that rose is red
I'm turning it on it's head
Just like he does to me

You suck me dry
I'll never die
You suck me dry
I'll never die
You suck me dry
I'll never die
Me and your rose
Are gonna haul you back again