

Ellen West

Throwing Muses

That last one messed me up
Things look bad
Things look tragic
I keep looking in the mirror
Afraid that I won't be there
Courting Ellen West, dancing on her grave
Saving Ellen West
My house is full of demons
I swear to God
I need to go to bed
I need to go to sleep
I'm awake with a vengeance
Saving Ellen West 'cause she wanted it
This way
My mouth is full of demons
I swear to God I need to go to bed
I need to go to sleep
I need that hope chest
I need to breathe
I need you here
I need to disappear