

## Firepile

## Throwing Muses

This is him, when I begin  
Call him tied, call him taken  
Call him anything but shaken  
Call him wasted, call him shaved  
Call him anything by made  
Call that firepile a home  
Don't give away the end  
I come back  
I rush to wait  
Where the pavement starts to crack  
I put my foot down  
The sidewalk's so hot  
Think of all the junk  
I could lay my hands on  
Purify my heart  
That firepile's your home  
Your baby's running faster  
Count the times I left my clothes out  
Count the tires one more time  
Count the times I let the air out  
That firepile's your home  
And you're mine