

## Start

## Throwing Muses

You're so right he can swim  
He can breath underwater  
I'm so light I'm so good  
I'm all fathers' daughter

I know he won't roam  
I know he won't roam

I'm so blonde, you're so hot  
This could not be better  
I'm sorry I can't talk  
I can't think under pressure

I've got nothing to say  
I've got nothing to say

I climb you as I grow older  
By fifty I'll ride on your shoulder

I'll start at his knees  
And I'll end in his dreams

I'm so glad you could come  
Now breath underwater  
I'm so glad he's so charmed  
That I'll walk him back home  
And I'll keep him in bed  
I'll walk out the door  
And I'll live there instead

I'll start at his knees  
And I'll end in his dreams