

Bright Yellow Gun

Throwing Muses

With your bright yellow gun
You own the sun
And I think I need a little poison

To keep me tame
Keep me awake
I have nothing to offer but confusion

And the circus in my head
And the middle of the bed
In the middle of the night

With your bright silver frown
You own the town
And I think I need a little poison

I have no secrets
I have no lies
I have nothing to offer
But the middle of the night
And I think you need a little poison

You leak one apple a week to survive
And you still have to ask if you're alive

You have nothing to offer
But police my dreams
Keep me clean
Keep me awake

With your bright yellow gun
You own the sun
And I think I need a little poison

With your bright silver grin
You own sin
And I think I need a little poison
And I think I need a little poison
And I think I need a little poison

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