

The River

Throwing Muses

Lose your way and we can stay out all night
Lose your keys and we can't go home
In a little time In a little gin
We can touch hands again

Lose your head
Lose your warhead
Wrote a song for a room I left long ago
It was my home It was my hell

Now the girl the lives there
She's an exotic
She's a drunk
Leaves her clothes off

When it rains
Run to the river
She carry me
She run me

All the way down
To the floor Where it's warm
And dirty like a river
My whole Hell

Carry me
No run me
All the way down to the river
All I want is to be worthy of my

Hands, but she's got plans
Dirty like a river
(You can't) run me down
Lose it Lose your war