

## Vicky's Box

## Throwing Muses

He won't ride in  
Cars anymore  
It reminds him of  
Blowjobs  
That he's a queer  
And his hair  
Stuck to the roof, over the wheel  
Like a pigeon on a tire  
Goes around  
And circles over circles  
And he's a queer  
And his hair  
On the roof  
Like a pigeon  
Goes around  
Says he's a man  
And his eyes  
And his hair  
And his eyes  
Say he's a man  
He won't ride anymore  
He won't ride anymore  
He won't ride anymore

Home is a rage  
Feels like a cage  
Home is what you read  
How you breathe  
Home is how you live  
I feel boxed in  
I feel boxed in  
I feel boxed in  
Think I'll be all right  
Home is where the heart lies  
The heart lies  
The heart lies  
Welcome home  
Welcome home  
Welcome home

It's under the strangle of winter (?)  
I only love pieces of things that I hate  
Like this box, this piece of roof  
I can't grasp, can't see true  
A piece of past  
Days like today  
Like a decade ago  
Painful to remember like today

I've been here another year, another day  
Ocean waving flies and a child  
Girl you complain  
To kiss the rotten broken knee

You may be dreaming  
You may be bleeding  
You may be in this box

A kitchen is a place where you prepare  
And clean up  
Clean up  
Clean up  
Clean up