

## Angel

## Throwing Muses

I'm looking to you I hope more  
And junk in my heart will be  
I wanna stretch my skin around you  
Let you stretch yourself but

I stop your hands each time  
I stop you each time each times three  
And save you each time  
And save you

Angel falls to save your skin  
She falls under  
And she carries him with her  
Carries him with her  
And save you

It was a good night if she got up  
When she fell down  
And she found herself in bed alone

Spastically romantic  
And we look for something weirder  
Don't hate our bodies so bad

I'm looking to you I hope more  
And junk in my pelvic bones  
Will be each time each times three  
And save you each time  
And save you

Angel falls to save your skin  
She falls under  
And she carries him with her  
Carries him with her

Angel falls to save your skin