

## Cowbirds

### Throwing Muses

Pack the truck under the moon  
Jesus christ, my lips are red  
You ask a lot of the moon  
When you ask me to forget  
I never asked you to pay my rent  
Jesus christ, my lips are red  
God, you turn me on my head  
You're gonna haul me back again

I heard cowbirds call us home  
I heard cowbirds call us home

Fry your ground, take it  
Lie around naked  
I think God dripped you out of a sunbeam  
Only God dragged you out a tree with me  
I pulled you out of a snow bank  
I think you grew me out of the dirt  
I heard you pulled me out of a church  
To worship you  
Worship you

I wanna ride inside  
I wanna ride inside  
I hold both of your fingers tighter  
You hold all of my hand, man  
I can see right through you  
I can see right through you  
I double-back and lose for this  
I miss you  
I miss you

I heard cowbirds call us home

He don't seem so keen  
He don't seem so keen to me  
He don't seem so keen  
He don't seem that keen on me  
I never asked him to pay my rent  
Jesus christ, that rose is red  
I'm turning it on it's head  
Just like he does to me

You suck me dry  
I'll never die  
You suck me dry  
I'll never die  
You suck me dry  
I'll never die  
Me and your rose  
Are gonna haul you back again