

Devil's Roof

Throwing Muses

I have two heads.
Where's the man? He's late.
One burns, one sky
Where's the man? He's late.
I'm two-headed, one free, one sticky.

But is it freedom can burn?
Is sticky ever blue?
For instance, where's my husband?

This is what I need.
Why I can't stay.
God, this is the devil.
Too bad he's late.
I love the smell of beer.
The smell of dark, the feel of dark, to feel the rug
To press the rug beneath me.
A small party.

But is it sinners can burn?
I hear we let them speak.
For instance, where's my husband?

If you're my husband.
I tell you something.

Dance on a devil's roof.
Under a devil's moon.
I don't care
And you don't move
And you don't move
And you don't move