

## 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