

Dio

Throwing Muses

Don't look back and,
He's your soldier
That sheet metal sound next door,
Is keeping me awake
Janie's eyes are open,
And my feet are killing me
If this isn't the truth,
Don't look down
And he's your shoulder,
That cheap little loud mouth whore
Is keeping me awake,
The baby's eyes are open
And this heat is killing me,
If this isn't the truth
Clap my hands,
Slap my legs
I can't find it,
But that sweet little bastard boy
Is breaking me a leg,
Maybe mine is broken,
I don't mind it