

Limbo

Throwing Muses

Nice limbo you have here
Nice limbo you have here
Nice field you have on
Baby go back to your womb
Baby go back to your womb

You grow the apples around me
I'll spit the seeds in your grave
Bead me a necklace
A decade I'll wait

Picture this gun
I'm tired of crying
I'm gonna run
I swear you
Move you
To my pores
I'm not gonna cry anymore

Dead is next door
Dead is next door

Baby go back to your womb
Baby go back to your womb

You pulled my limbs one by one in your limbo
You pulled my limbs one by one in your limbo