

Take

Throwing Muses

I think I could like you
If you let me drive your car
I think I might want you
If you let me drive real far
I won't steal your keys
I won't try to be mean
Plus it might break you

Break you that might save you
I pray to the god
Who made you

I wouldn't break it
Couldn't take what isn't mine,
'Cause I like you
And I know it isn't right
Just go about your business
And pretend that I'm your wife
Plus I could feed you

Feed you 'cause I need you
I pray to the gods
I can please you

I hold a fistful of money
Drag me down I reel you in
If you don't think I'm pretty
I understand
Just don't think you won't die
By a woman's hand
Plus I might hurt you

Hurt you, desert you
I pray to the gods
I can burn you

Take to the road
Take me with you
Take to the road
Take me with you

Bring me, this thing me
I pray to the gods
You can change me

Take to the road
Take me with you
Take to the road
Take me with you