

The Party

Throwing Muses

Hot hands
Move things
I write in his wall
I have no mind at all
Hot things
Move him
I write on his wall
I have no heart at all
I think she's a pretty little fool
She holds me down, she flows
She has a back like Marie
I think he's a crazy bastard
Drives me home, he goes
You have a back like Marie
You have pearls in your eyes
And you use your burning to wrap yourself in
And you use your fever to hide yourself away
And you use sweating to keep me down
And you use your heat to have me
And you use your fire to be stronger than me
And you use your flame against me
I won't come back like Marie
The pearls on my eyes
These pearls on my eyes
They make me blind
I write on your wall
I have no eyes at all
I write on your wall
I have no eyes at all