

## 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