

# The River

## Throwing Muses

Lose your way and we can stay out all night  
Lose your keys and we can't go home  
In a little time In a little gin  
We can touch hands again

Lose your head  
Lose your warhead  
Wrote a song for a room I left long ago  
It was my home It was my hell

Now the girl the lives there  
She's an exotic  
She's a drunk  
Leaves her clothes off

When it rains  
Run to the river  
She carry me  
She run me

All the way down  
To the floor Where it's warm  
And dirty like a river  
My whole Hell

Carry me  
No run me  
All the way down to the river  
All I want is to be worthy of my

Hands, but she's got plans  
Dirty like a river  
(You can't) run me down  
Lose it Lose your war