

# Walking In The Dark

Throwing Muses

I can't forgive a dream  
You own a question  
It's a body  
You can make me cry

You have a right  
I can see you live  
I can't forget you die  
You own a question

It's a garden  
You can  
You can  
Can where'd you go

Where'd you  
Boxing writhing twist and burrow  
Walking in the dark  
A hunter

Runner  
Walking  
Picking up the sticks  
I had a dream

I had a dream  
Rub the peers away  
They don't invade me  
I just turned 35

A round bottomed beaker  
I could glow  
I could glow and swell  
I could glow

Turn black  
Turn back  
Ride and forget  
My ghost of seasons past

Asked this bedroom what to say  
I said stay I have to sleep  
Tangled in my families hair  
Build a house of sticks and grow

The grass and build a mask  
Pull the grapes  
Turn black  
Turn back

I can't say it till you grow a face  
Walking in the dark