

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 that lives there
She's an exotic, 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, 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, you can't run me down
Run me down

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