

Pearl

Throwing Muses

Hot hands move things
I write on 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 on 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

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