Bea

Throwing Muses

Banging in fevered ports
Banging in the night
Ankle deep in mud
I can sleep in mud
I was a kind of hooker
My lover was freeI don't speak I ramble he was a gamble
I just want to own something (young dirty street)
I can sleep with anything and moreStripped women stripped men
I fall instead of him
I'm useless in the light fo the distance
I could break you for all the right reasons
I could hate you but what have I gotNobody feels your tongue
Nobody sees you run
Nobody sees you make
Nobody knows your faceLove lives your whim
I'm stripped instead of him
I'm harmless in the light of the distance
I could break you for all the right reasons
I could hate you but what have I gotNobody sees me old
Nobody feels me cold
Nobody lives my whim
Nobody knows you're himI roam this head I carm what's left
I hide myself from her love
Nothing make me older but the birthmark on your back
But making babis in the fields
And the birthmark on your shoulder
Making babies in the fields
Makes me olderBanging in fenceposts
Banging in the night
Ankle deep in mud I can sleep in mud
I was a kind of hooker but his lover was meI don't sleep I ramble my kids was a gamble
I just want to own something (old dirty earth)
I can sleep with anything and more'cause the birthmark on your shoulder
Making babies in the field
Nothing makes me older; nothing makes me live my life but you
And that mark on your back making babies
In the field

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