

# Throwing Stones

## Bob Weir

So call me a bitch in heat  
And I'll call you a liar  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead  
There you go again you cut me off from talkin'  
You bask in the glory, the center of the circle  
All the friends think you're a comedian  
So kind and generous but I am suffering  
    Away from here, I wanna be  
    Away from here, away from here  
    Away from every little thing  
Every little thing, I used to love your  
    Every little, every little thing  
    Now you call me a bitch in heat  
    And I'll call you a liar  
    And we'll throw stones until we're dead  
    You're the puppeteer and I'm the puppet  
    You manipulate me with your real Catholic shit  
    Every time I try to talk it through  
You turn it around and make it suffer like David and Goliath  
    Away from here, I wanna be  
    Away from here, away from here  
    Away from every little thing  
Every little thing, I used to love your  
    Every little, every little thing  
    Now you call me a bitch in heat  
    And I'll call you a liar  
    And we'll throw stones until we're dead  
    Your arms beneath me, your lying inside me  
    I used to love your every little, every little thing  
    Your eyes grew stars, your hand in my purse  
And now I hate your every little, everything all day  
    Oh Mama, I didn't know life was this hard  
    Oh Mama, my innocence has been tarred  
    My inner vision, dulled and darkened  
    I keep myself away to you  
    I fuck my sorrow humbly  
And throw my crown upon the ground  
    It's you I hope for, us I pray for  
    Me, that I believed was wrong

But now my anger is my best friend  
Be careful, I may bite your head off

Liar

So call me a bitch in heat

And I?ll call you a liar

And we?ll throw stones until we?re dead

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