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
So call me a bitch in heat
And I?ll call you a liar
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