

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 free I don't speak I ramble he was a gamble
I just want to own something (young dirty street)
I can sleep with anything and more Stripped women stripped men
I fall instead of him
I'm useless in the light for the distance
I could break you for all the right reasons
I could hate you but what have I got Nobody feels your tongue
Nobody sees you run
Nobody sees you make
Nobody knows your face Love 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 got Nobody sees me old
Nobody feels me cold
Nobody lives my whim
Nobody knows you're him I roam this head I can't what's left
I hide myself from her love
Nothing make me older but the birthmark on your back
But making babies in the fields
And the birthmark on your shoulder
Making babies in the fields
Makes me older Banging 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 me I 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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