Dio

Throwing Muses

Don't look back
And he's your soldier
Don't look back
And he's your soldierThat sheet metal sound next door
Is keeping me awake
Janie's eyes are open
And my feet are killing me
If this isn't the truthDon't look down
And he's your shoulder
Don't look down
And he's your shoulderThat cheap little loud mouth whore
Is keeping me awake
The baby's eyes are open
And this heat is killing me
If this isn't the truthClap my hands, slap my legs
I can't find it
But that sweet little bastard boy
Is breaking me a leg
Maybe mine is broken, I don't mind itI don't mind it
I said, I don't mind it
Dio, Dio, Dio

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