

Dio

Throwing Muses

Don't look back
And he's your soldier
Don't look back
And he's your soldier That 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 truth Don't look down
And he's your shoulder
Don't look down
And he's your shoulder That 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 truth Clap 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 it I don't mind it
I said, I don't mind it
Dio, Dio, Dio

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