

# Achilles' Desire

## Whitehorse

I don't have much, but I got the good stuff  
And I keep it tucked away where you can find it  
If you got the guts  
And walk with me, walk with me, walk with me, walk  
I got a girl from the burbs who won't talk  
I don't have much, but I got the good stuff  
And I don't know why you make me sweat  
When trouble comes callin', I'm packin' my bags for the West  
And I'll give you nothin' for nothin' if that's what you desire  
I'll let it cool if you light my fire  
Bumper shine my way home  
Bumper shine my way home  
All the square pegs and all the round holes  
Couldn't fit all of the stories you told  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire  
I don't have much, but I am a rich man  
I got a woman down from the Park Ridge  
Who is finer than sand  
Fall with me, fall with me, fall with me, fall  
Through the waist of the hourglass fall  
But I don't have much, but I am a rich man  
Second hand gypsy is no fadin' flower  
Fingers are frozen with furious power  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire  
Cold, cold sweat on the back of my knees  
The future blows in on Assiniboine breeze  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire  
All the square pegs and all the round holes  
Couldn't fit all of the stories you told  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire  
Pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire  
But I don't have much

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