

Walking in the Dark

Throwing Muses

I can't forget a dream, you own a question, it's a body
You can make me cry, you have a right, I can see you live
I can't forget you die, you own a question, it's a garden
You can, you can, can, where'd you go, where'd you
Boxing, writhing, twist and burrow Walking in the dark The hunter, runner, walking, picking up the sticks
I had a dream, I had a dream
Rub the peers away, they don't invade me
I just turned thirty-five A round bottomed beaker
I could glow, I could glow and swell
I could well glow, turn black, turn back
Ride and forget My ghost of seasons past, asked this bedroom what to say, I said stay
I have to sleep tangled in my family's hair
Build a house of sticks and grow the grass and build a mask
Pull the grapes, turn black, turn back
I can't say it till you grow a face Walking in the dark
Walking, walking in the dark
Walking in the dark
Walking in the dark

Songwriters

Kristin Hersh Published by

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