

1 2 3

Indigo Girls

From the bowery to the brimstone
I tried to find your heart
With drugs of initiation
The bottom of a barrel that drops
I understand your causes
Sympathize the motivation
But all the details of this war
Are just self-infatuation And it's one, two, three, nothing's for free
Four, five, six, pick up the sticks and go home
You better own up to me, yeah The manic blood runs thick
My friend, are you looking for a clean escape?
What's left, when the locks have all been broken
Young children of authority
Now how long can you be agile dancing between the alter
And the mercy seat?
Yeah, now here's a chance to make a choice
Are you aware of the fire beneath your feet? One, two, three, nothing's for free
Four, five, six, pick up the sticks and go home
You better own up to me, yeah
Yeah yeah, go home The basement lies within us
Our fear comes through the door
Now there's nothing left between us
As the fear becomes a roar Once that wheel is in motion
Don't lose what you have found
I'm talking about that burning wheel of tongues
Everything that makes it go round and round
We're all born in the devil's scorn
They want to see you die
I'm asking you, "Are you true?"
And everything they say is a lie, it's a lie One, two, three, nothings for free
Four, five, six, pick up the sticks and go One, two, three, nothings for free
Four, five, six, pick up the sticks and go One, two, three, nothings for free
(We're all born in the devil's scorn)
One, two, three, nothings for free
(We're all born in the devil's scorn)
Everything they say it's a lie, it's a lie now
(We're all born in the devil's scorn)
Everything they say it's a lie, it's a lie now
(We're all born in the devil's scorn) Pick up the sticks

(Pick up the sticks)
Pick up the sticks
(Pick up the sticks)
Pick up the sticks
(Pick up the sticks)
Pick up the sticks
Go home

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