Vickyâ€™s box

Throwing Muses

He
Won't ride in
Cars anymore
It reminds him of
Blowjobs
That he's a queer
And his hair
Stuck to the roof, over the wheel
Like a pigeon on a tire
Goes around
And circles over circles
And he's a queer
And his hair
On the roof
Like a pigeon
Goes around
Says he's a man
And his eyes
And his hair
And his eyes
Say he's a man
He won't ride anymore
He won't ride anymore
He won't ride anymore
Home is a rage
Feels like a cage
Home is what you read
How you breathe
Home is how you live
I feel boxed in
I feel boxed in
I feel boxed in
Think I'll be all right
Home is where the heart lies
The heart lies
The heart lies
Welcome home
Welcome home
Welcome home

It's under the strangle of winter
I only love pieces of things that I hate
Like this box, this piece of roof
I can't grasp, can't see true
A piece of past
Days like today
Like a decade ago
Painful to remember like todayI've been here another year, another day
Ocean waving flies and a child
Girl you complain
To kiss the rotten broken kneeYou may be dreaming
You may be bleeding
You may be in this boxA kitchen is a place where you prepare
And clean up
Clean up
Clean up
Clean up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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