

Milan

Throwing Muses

What makes you gold-flecked?
You talk backwards, like I do
Hold still, your cold voodoo
Just smacked her upside the head
Blood squeezed through your veins
You wear memories as false pain
Who better than you
To bless her, baptize the dead?
All's fair in New Orleans
So spend the night whispering
Can't stand the heat? Get out of here
Warm blooded, cold hearted
You can't finish what you started
Can't stand the heat? Get out of here
Clear sailing, murky water
You're still the smoothest talker
All twisted up, ham-fisted
You don't want the devil's daughter
Wasted, inebriated
You don't want her, but you brought her here
All's fair in New Orleans
So spend the night whispering
Can't stand the heat? Get out of here
Warm blooded, cold hearted
You can't finish what you started
Can't stand the heat? Get out of here
One step backward, you lost your way
Your haunted virtue, you threw it away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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