Firepile

Throwing Muses

This is him, when I
When I, I beginCall him tied, call him taken
Call him anything but shaken
Call him wasted, call him shaved
Call him anything but made
Call that firepile a homeDon't give away the end
I come back, I rush to wait
Where the pavement starts to crack
I put my foot downThe sidewalk's so hot
The sidewalk's so hotThink of all the junk
I could lay my hands on
Purify my heartThat firepile's your homeYour baby's running faster
Count the times I left my clothes out
Count the tires one more time
Count the times I let the air outThat firepile's your home
And you're mine

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