

# Take

## Throwing Muses

I think I could like you  
If you let me drive your car  
I think I might want you  
If you let me drive real far I won't steal your keys  
I won't try to be mean  
Plus it might break you Break you that might save you  
I pray to the God who made you I wouldn't break it  
Couldn't take what isn't mine  
'Cause I like you  
And I know it isn't right Just go about your business  
And pretend that I'm your wife  
Plus I could feed you Feed you 'cause I need you  
I pray to the Gods, I can please you I hold a fistful of money  
Drag me down, I reel you in  
If you don't think I'm pretty  
I understand Just don't think you won't die  
By a woman's hand  
Plus I might hurt you Hurt you, desert you  
I pray to the Gods, I can burn you Take to the road  
Take me with you  
Take to the road  
Take me with you Bring me, this thing me  
I pray to the Gods, you can change me Take to the road  
Take me with you  
Take to the road  
Take me with you

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