

Muses Throwing "Firepile"

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This is him, when I begin
Call him tied, call him taken
Call him anything but shaken
Call him wasted, call him shaved
Call him anything by made
Call that firepile a home
Don't give away the end
I come back
I rush to wait
Where the pavement starts to crack
I put my foot down
The sidewalk's so hot
Think of all the junk
I could lay my hands on
Purify my heart
That firepile's your home
Your 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 out
That firepile's your home
And you're mine

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