

## Whitehorse

### "Achilles' Desire"

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I don't have much but I got the good stuff  
I keep it tucked away where you can find it  
If you got the guts  
Walk with me, walk with me, walk with me, walk  
I got a girl from the burbs who won't talk  
I don't have much but I got the good stuff

I don't know why but you make me sweat  
When trouble comes calling I'm packing my bags for  
the west  
I'll give you nothing for nothing if that's what you desire  
I'll let it cool if you light my fire  
And bumper shine my way home  
Bumper shine my way home

All the square pegs and all the round holes  
Couldn't fit all of the stories you told  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire

I don't have much but I am a rich man  
I got a woman down from the Park Ridge  
Who is finer than sand  
Fall with me, fall with me, fall with me, fall  
Through the waist of the hourglass fall  
I don't have much but I am a rich man

A second hand gypsy is no fading flower  
Fingers are frozen in furious power  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire

Cold cold sweat on the back of my knees  
The future blows in on the Assiniboine breeze  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire

All the square pegs and all the round holes  
Couldn't fit all of the stories you told  
The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire

The pull of the moth to the fire  
Your Achilles' desire

But I don't have much

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