

Throwing Muses "Angel"

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I'm looking to you I hope more
And junk in my heart will be
I wanna stretch my skin around you
Let you stretch yourself but

I stop your hands each time
I stop you each time each times three
And save you each time
And save you

Angel falls to save your skin
She falls under
And she carries him with her
Carries him with her
And save you

It was a good night if she got up
When she fell down
And she found herself in bed alone

Spastically romantic
And we look for something weirder
Don't hate our bodies so bad

I'm looking to you I hope more
And junk in my pelvic bones
Will be each time each times three
And save you each time
And save you

Angel falls to save your skin
She falls under
And she carries him with her
Carries him with her

Angel falls to save your skin

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