

## Throwing Muses "Backroad"

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One, two, three, four  
How many, many people outside your door?  
Two, three, four, five  
How many, many people outside?

Four, three, two, one  
I don't think you can hold your own  
Five, six, seven, eight  
I don't think you can save your face  
You don't say no, you don't say no

He dunk the backboard  
And he sleep on the couch  
He jump the backseat  
And he sleep on the couch

He drive the backroad  
He drive the backroad  
He drive the backroad  
And he sleep

You're a pusher, spy in a bath  
We make us move  
Like some kind of bath

Come when you need some  
Come when you need some  
You're a pusher

He dunk the backboard  
And he sleep on the couch  
He jump the backseat  
And he sleep on the couch

He drive the backroad  
He drive the backroad  
He drive the backroad  
And he sleep

He drive the backroad  
And he sleep on the couch  
He drive the backroad

And he sleep on the couch

He drive the backroad

He drive the backroad

He drive the backroad

And he sleep

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