

## Throwing Muses "Bright Yellow Gun"

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With your bright yellow gun  
You own the sun  
And I think I need a little poison

To keep me tame, keep me awake  
I have nothing to offer but confusion  
And the circus in my head  
And the middle of the bed

In the middle of the night  
With your bright silver frown  
You own the town  
And I think I need a little poison

I have no secrets, I have no lies  
I have nothing to offer  
But the middle of the night  
And I think you need a little poison

You leak one apple a week to survive  
And you still have to ask if you're alive  
You have nothing to offer  
But police my dreams

Keep me clean, keep me awake  
With your bright yellow gun  
You own the sun  
And I think I need a little poison

With your bright silver grin, you own sin  
And I think I need a little poison  
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