

## Throwing Muses "Vicky's Box"

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He  
Won't ride  
In cars any more  
It reminds him of  
Blow jobs  
That he's a queer  
And his hair  
Stuck to the roof, over the wheel  
Like a pigeon on a tyre  
Goes around  
And circles over circles  
And he's a queer  
And his hair  
On the roof  
Like a pigeon  
Goes around  
Says he's a man  
And his eyes  
And his hair  
And his eyes  
Say he's a man  
He won't ride any more  
He won't ride any more  
He won't ride any more  
Home is a rage  
Feels like a cage  
Home is what you read  
How you breathe  
Home is how you live  
I feel boxed in  
I feel boxed in  
I feel boxed in  
Think I'll be all right  
Home is where the heart lies  
The heart lies  
The hard lies  
Welcome home  
Welcome home  
Welcome home  
[?]  
I only love pieces of things that I hate  
Like this box, this piece of room

I can't grasp, can't see true  
A piece of past  
Days like today  
Like a decade alone  
Painful to remember like today  
I've been here another year, another day  
Oh so waving flags and jazz [?!]  
Girl you complain  
To kiss the rotten broken knee  
You may be dreaming  
You may be bleeding  
You may be in this box  
A kitchen is a place  
Where you prepare and  
And clean up  
Clean up  
Clean up  
Clean up

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