

Start

Throwing Muses

You're so right he can swim
He can breath underwater
I'm so light I'm so good
I'm all fathers' daughter I know he won't roam
I know he won't roam I'm so blonde, you're so hot
This could not be better
I'm sorry I can't talk
I can't think under pressure
I've got nothing to say
I've got nothing to say I climb you as I grow older
By fifty I'll ride on your shoulder I'll start at his knees
And I'll end in his dreams
I'm so glad you could come
Now breath underwater
I'm so glad he's so charmed
That I'll walk him back home
And I'll keep him in bed
I'll walk out the door
And I'll live there instead I'll start at his knees
And I'll end in his dreams

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