

1 2 3

Indigo Girls

From the bowery to the brimstone I tried to find your heart
The drugs of initiation, the bottom of a barrel that drops
I understand your causes sympathize with motivation
All the details of this war are just self-infatuation 1 2 3

Nothing's for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks

And go home Your manic blood runs thick my friend are you looking for a clean escape

What's left when the locks have all been broken young children of authority

Tell me how long can you be agile dancing between the alter and the merci seat

Now here's a chance to make a choice are you aware of the fire beneath your feet

1 2 3

Nothing's for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks

And go home

You better own up to me

Yeah Yeah

Go home The basement lies within us

Our fear comes through the door

Now there's nothing left between us

As the fear becomes a roar Once that wheel is in motion don't lose what you have found
We're talking bout the burning wheel of tongues everything that makes it go round and round

We're all born in the devil's scorn he wants to see you die

I'm asking you, "are you true", and everything they say is a lie is a lie now

1 2 3

Nothing's for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks

And go 1 2 3

Nothing's for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks

And go 1 2 3 (we're all born)

Nothing's for free (in the devil's scorn)

1 2 3 (we're all born)

Nothing's for free (in the devil's scorn)

And everything they say is a lie it's a lie now

Everything they say is a lie it's a lie

Pick up the sticks (pick up the sticks)

Pick up the sticks (pick up the sticks)

Pick up the sticks (pick up the sticks)

Pick up the sticks

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>