

# 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/>