

## Gloria Lewis

Kyuss

When the feeling comes it always leaves  
To the top of the hill, the hill of thieves  
Brush that furious out, hole in the well  
You'd like the hole in your head to feel the breeze

If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse  
I can't drink no more, but I'll try  
You can't find me, baby, in the basement  
And I slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah

If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse  
We can't drink no more, but we'll try  
You can't find us, baby, in the basement  
And we'll slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah