

Pearl Bomb

Melvins

Croak radio gives me the shakes.
That's no surprise
Cause I can feel both barrels of your eyes.
Understand what I'm saying just like a hole beat red.
You think I'm bine.
You take a leg.
You feel a nice teen tone bime-b-b-bye.
Left dog.
See big, boy, after
Your dirty little tee bits all in seeing my meat.
I took a team of you. Your bo-dy.
For left-ov-er your sane.

Green water like a sugar back I bet your bine.
Read both bladder steps of foamy decline.
Limbo. Lucky. Sucker.
Yes her limbo baba's at home
And they cry like half-dead dog bug.