

## The Bit

Melvins

This is for cows  
It's not for the size of me  
Into my mouth  
Nine hundred and fourteen

Try some force  
Try to lead  
The foundling die is close determinate  
Raise head and stomp the blood  
I'm not even sound raide

I'm alive  
I got the silver  
And I wonder  
What will you follow  
When your head is not in order?

And I'm stomping, you're little  
How can you laugh?  
How can you lie awake?  
Making me drive  
Making my heart a

Not too fat  
Not to lean  
The foundling die, is close excitedly  
Raise head and stomp the blood  
I'm not even soundly