

The Worm

Ghoultown

belly up to the bar and give me shot of your best stuff
cuz this dust in my throat is turning to brick
make it some of that mexican mojo
that you've got hidden there down below

I can hear him callin
I can hear him beg
drink me like the water from this desert land
I don't need no chaser
I don't need no lime
just tip the glass and let that motherfucker fly

glass in one hand flesh in the other
queen of the night on the day of the dead
let's raise the bottle and wager a boast
who gets to have this heavenly host

chorus:
worm

I look out across the bar's hollow gut
rafters climb the walls like rib bones
sultry dancers move like cobras to the sounds of a skeleton band

I can hear him whisper
I can hear him call
every poker player in this dirty hall
he's the garden viper
he's the mongrel's teeth
hair of the dog baby is all you need

cards in one hand glass in the other
drink up tomorrow we might be dead
god's little children howlin like ghosts
come to wet their grave-thirsty throats

remember the worm the promise he keeps
bullfighters die and women weep
break out the bottle and I'll show you what I mean
sell your soul for smoke and a drink
place your little lips around the neck
swallow the worm baby I'm your man