

Writhe

Kyuss

Everyone seems to be singing for Satan
Guess I will to.
What a joke,
You make me laugh,
Till I turn blue.

Any tailor's out to ware,
What a menhir looking crew.
I don't think I'll tease my hair,
I'd rather sit here teasing you.

Won't you writhe like snakes down on the floor
Out you go and he done one hundred and more.

I seem to've lost my cowboy boots
with the fringe runnin' down the side
my sewing machine has made me green
'cuz my jeans didn't turn out tight

And all these ruins I took for you,
you keep my limit alive.
Your smile rolls away for miles,
and your kiss makes it worth the ride.