

A History of Drunks

Melvins

She helped me remove the bullet from my leg
She took the blade, dug them out while I lay screaming
She showed me bloody things and held them in her hand
And said that these were hers and put them in her pocket

I begged her to shoot me in the head
She took my gun and shot my leg instead
The way she held my gun and looked at me with rage
Told me that everything was OK and I survived

And now she stays with me, it's crazy but she's mine
She tells me I'm insane because she doesn't lie
She was the killing me, she left me here to die
And all the ways that worries all right