

## Billy Fish

## Melvins

My eyes are needles  
Your eyes not so narrow  
Another wind and we were finished for a while  
My love head wound and your free head wound  
Don't know but I even wanna try to be

Wake up, come on!  
Your tongue makes it happen  
A little prince with a coat and the money in his hands

I got my heaven wooden  
And you're not my ground  
And we are all just alive  
I just don't like the law  
And I can hear  
Not so you'd know  
The hand a man needs  
And then one will alone

Buckets run to big kids  
Fits where it's sold  
Soon be outgrown  
Bloody dry and bastards bugging  
Least of all it goes unspoken  
You should have known  
Water's high, my clock's stopped ticking  
This body's cold  
Still going bolder  
Hey!