

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!