

Civilized Worm

Melvins

We move more than I would like to gamble
I came with my poor four eyes crawling, weakling, warning
My favorite comes and lies here
Under my bed or deep under my fingers

We're on my hands and knees in times of winding
We night it's only when we civilize that worm
For vagrant time we need it
What secret of your knowing is there beginning?

For chance to believe it, believe it ?
His widow's nest is growing cold, cold, cold
Set sail a nurture and he work a lot, you're going home ?