

Divorced

Melvins

Are you really gonna kiss my floor, son?
Are you really gonna keep me a fighter?
Are you really gonna get my shoes off?
Are you really gonna get my Chinza?
I've had enough

Let them pretend I have a dorsal
This is him and there's a siren turnin'
And holds a dark'nin' centre
And your death will profit off me
And I'm goin' and I'm goin' and goin' and I'm runnin' I'm goin.

Aaaaaaarrghh

I went away
And nothin' violent passed my fist
And the tomato just gone to peel fruit
And none of me remember all or nothing
They had to understamp us
I've got a church bomb and a download
And don't forget y'all to run away
Agree to the thing now that you'd never say

Let them pretend I have a dorsal
This is him and there's a siren turnin'
And holds a darkening' centre
And I know that I'm runnin' hard
sfdherh ephgeewfnmn sdujnefw.

Aaaaaaarrghh

"...What about Ryan?"
"I believe he lost the number for that girl he met down here."
"Oh, Adam said she's a beauty."
"Is she the one that had that fucked-up voice?"
"Is she a Rocket Scientist?"
"She's the one that sounds like the fuckin'...she has a voice like a fuckin' modem, dude."
"Ha-ha! Sounds perfect!"
"Rooaaaagaharyandaasjhrydaaaafcabym?!"
"He he he!"
"When he got the work up there, you know Ryan, he gets all into work and he's prepared to like, forget that he has a dick."