

## Kool Legged

Melvins

The river where your legs meet  
Sprouts wings and runs and crawls  
And kicks and now speaks.  
The feelings I get now are close but I doubt  
They could ever compete.  
I remember drinking Kool-Aid

It's odour and it's taste  
And drinking 7-Up to get well.  
A picture of Jesus as an Indian over my bed,  
And playing with parts of my self.  
And now you're so forgiving.