

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.