

Magic Pig Detective

Melvins

Low soul in a manic
Feels so only queen
A deep tripe for a wander aimless
Just fakes his green
Cause I say no you're mine
And I'm no only nine feed
You got a cross confusing my ages
Not yet more me

Cause I say you're in a ready
Bleach-hearted boy wretched voice indeed
A prosthetic you waiting to destroy

Two sides to Dylan's haw hee
Feeling like a cemetery
Karpick a what is in me
A drill a sin try to kill it
I sit on a quire haw hee
Gettin like a titty single only
A bottom make a cell it's time to bleed
Tee, la-la hee-hee

Pig try to give it to you
Killin' like a hundred an fifteen in
Feed Birmingham.