

Rat Faced Granny

Melvins

The owls are burning
She's sick of me
And I'm not leaving

So what's the story?
Like a good night's
They flash in nowhere

I couldn't be bothered
That's hurting me
The night of victory

He's ranked you bloody
I can't believe
And now it's over

Wild, nothing new
A night, nothing new
Oh, you think you're wild, but you're nothing new
And now you're wombed
Nothing new
And that's a wild, but it's nothing new
And now you're older
Nothing

What? Nothing new.
A night? Nothing new.
What about the heart, friend?
But now you're even
And you're worried
Nothing new
Don't even worry, and we'll think it's good
Good, good, good...