

The Bit

Melvins

This is for cows
It's not for the size of me
Into my mouth
Nine hundred and fourteen

Try some force
Try to lead
The foundling die is close determinate
Raise head and stomp the blood
I'm not even sound raide

I'm alive
I got the silver
And I wonder
What will you follow
When your head is not in order?

And I'm stomping, you're little
How can you laugh?
How can you lie awake?
Making me drive
Making my heart a

Not too fat
Not to lean
The foundling die, is close excitedly
Raise head and stomp the blood
I'm not even soundly