

Up the Dumper

Melvins

Na-na-na-now
At least then I'm all rested.
I can't deny
I won't let that harm man in
It won't be long now,
Still warming you up.
I can't believe
Enough you Band-Aid gail
Holding me high
You stand there all laugh and
It wont be long 'til I'm holding you more distant
And I got the fever of your ridicule.
Oh, oh.

Time for the pill
In your faulty stomach, you.
Give in my heart
Cross lines with the vial on you.
It wont be long 'til I'm holding you, mouldy stump
And I got the front of all your ridicule
Oh, oh.