

The Grobe

Ween

Sometimes the ones you hold so close can make you cry
But it's a pain in the ass to let 'em go
With a battered wish you hoped that the monkey wore a tie
But it's no surprise to find he don't

Put the pointed pencil in the pepper-po
and take a little sniff of the things below
Bring it to a boil and simmer low
Put the noodle on the griddle as it climbs the Grobe

Watch the worker shield his heart from the world outside
Didn't get a chance to let him know
Alsace is spinning fast and wine mixed with the tide
Please don't let my brain explode

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