

## Devin Townsend

### "Drizzlehell"

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I watch the way you move  
And I count by the way you press your eyes  
And by the little things that put you down  
Ride the rails to where you are -- help me thank you all  
Let me fuck you all, and by the way you bitch and  
masturbate  
The bold ones carry on and on the way your prayer  
comes up  
And have fun -- the way to carry on

I'm a dog, I know, I'm a dog

It's the only way, it's the corner stay  
Push the freight along and grant them all their little  
Goddamn shitty things  
In the light it grows, slower than before  
"Ten-four, they've got to burn, the 9.3 will come to  
carry on..."

Gimme some of your good loving  
I need your good loving  
Dog, I'm a dog, I know I'm a dog  
I'm a dog, I know I'm a dog...

Oh, Elvis, yer just standin' there and completely naked  
And I's jest thinkin' to m'self  
"Goddamn-it boy! You've come a quite a little while for  
Such a little country doggie..."  
And now it's touching himself in private  
How many people do you know who can make it  
through  
Life without ever buying a goddamn vowel

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