

## Kyuss "Writhe"

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Everyone seems to be servin' for satan  
Guess I will too  
What a joke, you make me laugh  
'Till I turn blue

Any tale goes out to there  
What a manly lookin' crew  
I don't think I'll tease my hair  
I'd rather sit here teasing you

Cast your eyes, my snakes down on the floor  
Out you go and in come one and hundred more

I seem to lost my cowboy boots  
With green fringe runnin' down the side  
My soul machine has made me green  
'Cause my jeans didn't turn out tight

And all these ruins I turn for you  
Ya keep my livin' alive  
Your smile overweighs the miles  
And your kiss makes it worth the ride

Cast your eyes, my snakes down on the floor  
Out you go and in come one and hundred more

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