

Melvins

"Magic Pig Detective"

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MAGIC PIG DETECTIVE

Low soul in a manic
Feels so only queen
A deep tripe for a wander aimless
Just fakes his green
Cuz I say no you're mine
And I'm no only nine feed
You got a cross confusing my ages
Not yet more me

Cuz I say you're in a ready
Bleach-hearted boy wretched voice indeed
A prosthetic you waitin to destroy

Two sides to Dylan's haw hee
Feeling like a cemetary
Karpick a what is in me
A drill a sin try to kill it
I sit on a quire haw hee
Gettin like a titty single only
A bottom make a cell it's time to bleed
Tee, la-la hee-hee

Pig try to give it to you
Killin like a hundred an fifteen in
Feed Birmingham

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