

The Melvins

"Billy Fish"

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My eyes are needles
with eyes not so narrow
Another win and we were finished for a while
My love a head wound and your free, head wound
Don't know what I even wanna try to be

Wake up, come on!
Your tongue makes it happen
A little prince with the golden money in his hands

I got my heaven warded
And you're not my ground
And we are all just alive
I just don't like them alone
And I can hear
Not so you'd know
The hand a man needs
And then one will a-lone

hey! Buckets run to princely rickets
fits where it's sold
Soon be outgrown
Bloody tie at best its broken
Least of dolls it goes unspoken
You should have known
Water's high, my clock's stopped ticking
This body's cold
Still growing bolder
Hey!

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