

The Melvins

"Goose Freight Train"

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Oh, di
They've gone and left me for her other way
Each every time I think the wheel around
It's gone

I've got a reason for heading home
It's not serene, it don't make sense to me
I've got the four eyes blooming under half of my bed
Seems to tingle as the razor ball it cover and claw

I see it shine, I see it stare
Holding heart in my hand
Take the master morgue and make her have him
sitting offside
Let the glory boy of Mr. Henry have it on rye

Pass us some normal meat
Keep us insane
Bores who take away
Feel it

The habits survive
But old of his hand
Guised in moment he
Teeny hate

Oh, di
You should've known you could have rested on me
Each every time I kept the real alive
You took me for the drive to feel the feat
And it's hard

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