

The Melvins

"Magic Pig Detective"

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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 confusin' 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
Feelin' like a cemetery
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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