

Cover Drive

"Divorced"

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DIVORCED

Music: Melvins, Tool, Vincent de Franco

Lyrics: Dale Crover

Are you really gonna kiss my floor, son?
Are you really gonna keep me a fighter?
Are you really gonna get my shoes off?
Are you really gonna get my Chinza?
I've had ee-ree-nough

Let them pre-tend I have a dorsal
This is him and there's a siren turnin'
And holds a dark'nin' centre
And your death will profit off me
And I'm goin' and I'm goin' and goin' and I'm runnin'
I'm goin.

Aaaaaarrghh

I went away
And nothin' violent passed my fist
And the tomatoe just gone to peel fruit
And none of me remember all or nothing
They had to understamp us
I've got a church bomb and a download
And don't forget y'all to run away
Agree to the thing now that you'd never say

Let them pre-tend I have a dorsal
This is him and there's a siren turnin'
And holds a dark'nin' centre
And I know that I'm runnin' hard
Sfdherh ephgeewfnmn sdnujnefw.

Aaaaaarrghh

(unintelligible whispering)

"...What about Ryan?"

"I believe he lost the number for that girl he met down here."

"Oh, Adam said she's a beauty."
"Is she the one that had that fucked-up voice?"
"Is she a Rocket Scientist?"
"She's the one that sounds like the fuckin'...
She has a voice like a fuckin' modem, dude."
"Ha-ha! Sounds perfect!"
"Rooaaaagaharyandaasjhrydaaaafcabym?!"
"He he he!"
"When he got the work up there, you know Ryan, he
gets all into work
And he's prepared to like, forget that he has a dick."

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