

50 Foot Wave "Glory Weed"

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A thousand voices start their screaming when you
leave

A thousand screamers find their voice and start to
scream

We already blew the glory weed

Your well-done fury don't deserve to pull me down
That facile magic show can't burn away my ground

We already turned the game around

And I'm in a fog like a stupid dog

And who do you think should tell the story
Under the bed tonight?
And who did you think that shrinking violet
Would turn out to be?
Your mama lion mouth and mata mata soul
That scary face you're making at your holy Joe

You already brought the battle home

And who do you think should tell the story
Under the bed tonight?
And who did you think that shrinking violet
Would turn out to be?

Travelling souls like us, the wicked, the carnies
We all eat up this swill these fucked bedtime stories

You already brought me to my knees
And I'm cheap and here like a souvenir

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