

Melvins, The

"Revolve"

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Freedom or lies Step from, walk away
You gotta hold your time You gotta hit it with the right
of way
Maybe if you like to fight for any like of what's seen
Either way it's sane Either way it's gotta mean
Red sister might be chokin' But I ain't about that kind
It's a beat with the rhythm of a body that was born to
lose two times

Hey big body He said that I'm a true fortune lie
Held my shoulder Big pointy looks, big broken knives

They might try to hide They have to answer both dead
sense
You might be right I could afford either way in
Poison dandelion forms cross
Big spoke down cross Stick your head on the line
The flavor might be missin' He's last to cross that
anyway
You can bet he can fiddle with the brothers to the
power
of another day

Hey big body He said that I'm a true fortune lie
Held my shoulder Big pointy looks, big broken knives

Two of them stole my might One of them stole my time
Didn't you say what you wanted
Denied

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