

Melvins, The

"The Bit"

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This is for cows
It's not for the size of me
Into my mouth
Nine-hundred and fourteen

Try some force
Try to lead
The foundling die is close determinate
Raise head and stomp the blood
I'm not even sound raide

I'm alive
I got the silver
And I wonder
What will you follow?
When your head is not in order
And I'm stomping your little
How can you laugh
How can you lie awake
Making me drive
Making my heart a
Not too fat
Not to lean
The foundling die, is close excitedly
Raise head and stomp the blood
I'm not even soundly

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