

Melvins, The

"The Fool, The Meddling Idiot"

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I can feed
From the angel
On down here
To blow my mind
I'm away
From the nail
All we be
Will come alive
And you are
My horrid
Rotten rings are wrong

Away from the mangle where we don't need
I got the one to make me alright

We ride
For never
Nothing can or will
Rise
We fight
At zero
Come holy rise 'round
Do you will?
We will in
Hired hand for the eye

They are alive and wasted on me
You are so even
Will you leave me?
Will you ask in ten days
When I'm not worried?
Are they really harmless?
I don't believe them

None of us
None of us don't know
Sat down on the dusk

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