

## Melvins, The "Up The Dumper"

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Na-na-na-now  
At least then I'm all rested.  
I can't deny  
I won't let that harm man in  
It won't be long now,  
Still warming you up.  
I can't believe  
Enough you Band-Aid girl  
Holding me high  
You stand there all laugh and  
It won't be long 'til I'm holding you more distant  
And I got the fever of your ridicule.  
Oh, oh.

Time for the pill  
In your faulty stomach, you.  
Give in my heart  
Cross lines with the vial on you.  
It won't be long 'til I'm holding you, mouldy stump  
And I got the front of all your ridicule  
Oh, oh.

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