

Stuck Pig

Glassjaw

Lay down in this latrine in nailbomb
In the city of Molotov, in the province of gun
In a whole off the highway, in the land of two suns

Sometimes I get pissed when my blow goes like
A quickie in the snow

But I'm sure I'll go down inside, yeah
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a bastard
Alone in the sun for sticking in too long
On the feet of a dragon

Some cold nights the wind pipe's covered in dope
I pray it be covered in a rope

Me, me, me, grief, grief, grief, beat the heat
Me, me, me, grief, grief, grief, beat the heat

But I'm sure I'll go down inside, yeah
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a bastard
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a dragon

Some cold nights the wind pipe's covered in dope
I pray it be covered in a rope, in a rope, in a rope, in a rope

Lay down in this latrine in nailbomb
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Sometimes I get pissed when my
Grunt fuck, grin fuck, push her in the snow fuck
The dope fiend splashes gash like a nailbomb