

## The Bit

Mastodon

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 ache  
Not too fat  
Not to lean /  
The foundling die, is close excitedly  
Raise head and stomp the blood  
I'm not even soundly  
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