Civilized Worm

Melvins

We move more than I would like to gamble I came with my poor four eyes crawling, weakling, warning My favorite comes and lies here Under my bed or deep under my fingers

We're on my hands and knees in times of winding We night it's only when we civilize that worm For vagrant time we need it What secret of your knowing is there beginning?

For chance to believe it, believe it ? His widow's nest is growing cold, cold, cold Set sail a nurture and he work a lot, you're going home ?