

Goose Freight Train

Melvins

O Di

They've gone and left me for her other way
Each every time I think the wheel around,
It's gone.

I've got a reason for heading home

It's not serene,

It don't make sense to me.

I've got the four eyes blooming under half of my bed

Seems to tingle as the razor ball, it cover and claw

I see it shine

I see it stare

Holding heart

In my hand.

Take the master morgue and make her have him sitting offside

Let the glory boy of Mr Henry have it on rye.

Pass us some normal meat

Keep us insane

Bores who take away

Feel it.

The habits survive

But old of his hand

Guised in moment he

Teeny hate.

O Di

You should've known you could have rested on me

Each every time I kept the real alive

You took me for the drive to feel the feat

And it's hard.