Worms

Ruby Fields

I can't keep a plant alive
So tell me how could I sustain the fire
You felt when I was being
Someone else on a stage

I'm just a little worm with feelings
Covered in dirt and orange peelings
And my mates would say
I'm a fan of beige

But I guess that worms do some good
When they're altogether in a group
And that's kind of how I feel about my band

This started as a love song but changed direction
I'm still a worm but upon reflection
We're gonna turn this farmers dirt into gold

I don't know much about fertilisers
But I'd say we're all getting wiser
Tending our brain gardens with a bit of love

Sure there's weeds we'll yet cut out
And shit to mow out of our snouts
But we're all gonna earn our green thumbs

When I'm onstage and wanna cry
And run off and call my mum all night
One look at these worms
Has me feeling top shelf

They remind me that it's okay to laugh
And that all bad shows don't need to be dark
And if you don't think that's gold
Go fuck yourself
Go fuck yourself
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