

# Crazy Worms

## Puerto Muerto

Please if you will would you kindly excuse me  
It's been a long time since I've held a pint  
My fingers are shaking with lust for the liquor  
I swear this will be the last.

I started my life with meat of blue berries  
Mommy would pick them plenty sweet to eat  
And sweet to eat my feet are so dirty  
They are crawling with crazy worms.

I have a man now inside my shirt pocket  
Tells what and where to go.  
He's been mumbling low for twelve hours or so.  
Cause he doesn't know where to go.

And sleeping with ladies I look and smell queer  
And they want me now to buy them their beer.  
They spend time with me under my sticky sheets  
They should get something in return.

Falling, baby, rocking so slowly  
Where is your mama, it's way past twelve noon.

Falling, darling, she'll be back in the morning  
When the blueberry plant starts to bloom.

Falling, baby, rocking so slowly  
Where is your mama, it's way past twelve noon.

Falling, darling, she'll be back in the morning  
When blueberry plant starts to bloom.

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Lyrics submitted by Valentine.

Lyrics provided by  
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