Little Fury

The Breeders

Round up, holler girl
Ah, I will sing
Title TK
If I don't black out

Dumb made for fucking
And missing from the party
That boy spun out
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got

While Xenia twists up, the sky
Akron flakes out
Grindcore little fury
(I feel hot tire)

Why is it floating in my beer
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got

My big drum
On your big face
The one-eyed jazz
As hickeys fade, fade

Round up, holler girl
We'll all need bigger uniforms
It's been a few days
And I know I will have spun out
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got

My big drum
On your big face
The one-eyed jazz
As hickeys fade, fade

Grindcore little fury
If I don't black out

Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got
Hold what you've got

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