

Help Me, Iâ'm Hungry

Nirvana

That's it Until my tensions feed me
I'm fucking hungry, degrade me
I want my gun back Like the fucking resume
Experience credentials
Experience the process
People freaking every day White lights, sitting inside
And you get sicker
Than another little pecker
Than a, blasphemy Hold me, I'm so pathetic
[Incomprehensible], all the sudden
Baby, suddenly find her
Daddy, exploring only Like the fucking resume
Experience potentials
Experience the process People freaking every day
White lights, sitting inside
And you get sicker than another little pecker
Burn me It's to potentially grade me
Fucking hungry
Feed me, the wells of comfort
Exhume me
I want my complex back A wicked man
Picked off the scabs and fed them to the pigeons
Help him, he is so cornered
Kill him, your mercy whore will Like the fucking resume
Experience potentials
Experience the process People freaking every day
White lights, really inside
And then you gonna get sicker than, ah Help me, fucking hoses
Help me until my tensions
Graze me, really hungry
Gravy, I want my complex back Thank you and good night

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