

# The Grobe

Ween

Sometimes the ones you hold so close can make you cry  
But it's a pain in the ass to let 'em go, oh  
With a battered wish you hoped that the monkey wore a tie  
But it's no surprise to find he don'tPut the pointed pencil in the pepper-po  
And take a little sniff of the things below  
Bring it to a boil and simmer low  
Put the noodle on the griddle as it climbs the GrobeWatch the worker shield his heart from the world outside  
Didn't get a chance to let him know, oh  
Alsace is spinning fast and wine mixed with the tide  
Please don't let my brain explode, ohPut the pointed pencil in the pepper-po  
And take a little sniff of the things below  
Bring it to a boil and simmer low  
Put the noodle on the griddle as it climbs the Grobe

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