

Gloria Lewis

Kyuss

When the feeling comes, it always leaves
To the top of the hill, the hill of thieves
Brush that furious out, hole in the well
You'd like the hole in your head to feel the breeze
If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse
I can't drink no more but I'll try
You can't find me, baby, in the basement
Then I slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah
If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse
We can't drink no more but we'll try
You can't find us, baby, in the basement
And we'll slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah

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