Stuck Pig

Glassjaw

Lay down in this latrine in nailbomb
In the city of Molotov, in the province of gun
In a whole off the highway, in the land of two sunsSometimes I get pissed when my blow goes like
A quickie in the snowBut I'm sure I'll go down inside, yeah
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a bastard
Alone in the sun for sticking in too long
On the feet of a dragonSome cold nights the wind pipe's covered in dope
I pray it be covered in a ropeMe, me, me, grief, grief, grief, beat the heat
Me, me, me, grief, grief, grief, beat the heatBut I'm sure I'll go down inside, yeah
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a bastard
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
On the feet of a dragonSome cold nights the wind pipe's covered in dope
I pray it be covered in a rope, in a rope, in a rope, in a ropeLay down in this latrine in nailbomb
In the city of Molotov, in the province of gun
In a whole off the highway, in the land of two sunsSometimes I get pissed when my
Grunt fuck, grin fuck, push her in the snow fuck
The dope fiend splashes gash like a nailbomb

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