Glory Weed

50 Foot Wave

A thousand voices start their screaming when you leave
A thousand screamers find their voice and start to scream
We already blew the glory weedYour well done fury don't deserve to pull me down
That facile magic show can't burn away my ground
We already turned the game around
And I'm in a fog like a stupid dogAnd who do you think should tell the story
Under the bed tonight?
And who did you think that shrinking violet
Would turn out to be?Your mama lion mouth and mata mata soul
That scary face you're making at your holy Joe
You already brought the battle homeAnd who do you think should tell the story
Under the bed tonight?
And who did you think that shrinking violet
Would turn out to be?Traveling souls like us, the wicked, the carnies
We all eat up this swill these fucked bedtime stories
You already brought me to my knees
And I'm cheap and here like a souvenir

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