

Worms

Beth Orton

Worms don't dance
They haven't got the balls
No matter how do you do it
It's just you do it, that's all
You got what it takes
To knock at my door
You wanna get all excited
Never been here before
And now I'm your apple-eatin' heathen
The original sin
You ain't got my faith
So best keep your belief
I have waited forever to love someone
I swear I heard you thank your God
That time for having me come along
Chickens don't fly
But they have got the wings
No matter how hard they try
They bump into things
They're all running around
With their heads on the ground
They got a wish bone
Where their back bone should have grown
Now I'm your apple-eatin' heathen
Any old rib-stealin' Eve
And you ain't got my faith
So best keep your belief
I have waited forever to love someone
I swear I heard you thank your God
That time for having me come along
Another intimacy
Reduced to cruelty
And I had you believe
That this was meant to be
And I'm low for the magic
But you got away with it
That's all

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