# Writhe

## Kyuss

Everyone seems to be servin' for Satan, guess I will too
What a joke, you make me laugh till I turn blueAnyone tale goes out to there what a manly lookin' crew
I don't think I'll tease my hair, I'd rather sit here teasing youClose your eyes, my snakes down on the floor
Out you go and in come one hundred moreI seem to lost my cowboy boots with green fringe runnin' down the side
My soul machine has made me green 'cause my jeans didn't turn out tightAnd all these ruins I turn for you, you keep my livin' alive
Your smile over weighs the miles and your kiss makes it worth the rideClose your eyes, my snakes down on the floor
Out you go and in come one hundred more

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