

# 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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