

# Goose Freight Train

Melvins

Oh Die! They gone and left me for her  
On the way  
Each every time a think the wheel around (around around)  
And it's gone (around around)  
I got a reason for heading home  
It's not serene  
It don't make sense to me  
I got the four eyes blooming under half of my bed  
Seems to jingle as the razor comes with color and claw  
I see it shine I see it stare  
Holding hearts in my hand  
Take the master morgue and make her have it sitting on side  
Let the glory boy of Mr. Henry have it alright.  
While it's in front of me  
Keeps me insane.  
Disguised to take away the feeling the house survives  
But all on demand  
Disguise thrown over me  
Teenage hand  
Oh! Die  
You should have known you could have rested on me  
Each every time I kept the reel alive  
You took me for the drive  
To feel the fear and it's hard...

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