

Civilized Worm

(the) Melvins

We move more than I would like to gamble
I came with my POOR FOUR EYES crawling weakling warning
my favorite come and lie here
Under my bed or deep under my fingers We're on my hands and knees in times of winding
We night it's only when we civilize that worm
for vagrant time we need it
What secret of your knowing is there beginning For chance to behold, believe it, believe it
His widow's nest is growing cold, cold, cold
Set sail and hide your hand, he work a lot, you're going home

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