Kyuss, Gloria Lewis

When the feeling comes it always leaves
To the top of the hill, the hill of thieves
Brush that furious out, hole in the well
You'd like the hole in your head to feel the breeze

If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse I can't drink no more, but I'll try You can't find me, baby, in the basement And I slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah

If you're gonna ride, baby, ride the wild horse We can't drink no more, but we'll try You can't find us, baby, in the basement And we'll slug you in your fuckin' head, yeah