

Kyuss, Gloria News

When the feeling comes it always leaves,
to the top of the hill,
the hill of thieves.
Brush that curious out.
Hurry away.
You've got the hole in your head to feel the breeze.
If you're gonna ride, baby,
ride a/the wild horse.
I/we can't drink no more,
but I'll/we'll try.
You can't find us, baby,
in the basement.
And it/I slug your in your fucking hea