

Kyuss, Writhe

Everyone seems to be servin' for satan
Guess I will too
What a joke, you make me laugh
'Till I turn blue

Everyone's hair is out to there
What a manly lookin' crew
I don't think I'll tease my hair
I'd rather sit here teasing you

Cause you writhe like snakes down on the floor
Out you go and in come one hundred and more

I seem to lost my cowboy boots
With green fringe runnin' down the side
My soul machine has made me green
'Cause my jeans didn't turn out tight

And all these ruins I turn for you
Ya keep my livin' alive
Your smile overweighs the miles
And your kiss makes it worth the ride

Cause you writhe like snakes down on the floor
Out you go and in come one and hundred more