

Mudhoney, You're Gone

Hello, sub pop

There's a feeling in the world
That causes the rest
You're ambition and success
Is what I detest

I'm trying to be true
I'm trying my best
I'm not seduced by your cheap love
Or your patrons of mesh

You make me die, now
You make me die, now

I heard all you got to say
I heard in school
About your soft soled sex
And your sickly drool

You only kept yourself

Like all the rest
You love your filthy god
You think you're the best

You make me die, now
You make me die, now
You make me die, die

Tvs, baby
Like money and ice
Get you crawling on the floor
Like sucking lice

That's all I'll say
Before you take advice
What someone would have told you child
It ain't very nice
You make me die, now
You make me die, now
You make me die, die, die