

# Ween, Get A Little Taste Of You

A rifle sits behind your sleeping ear.  
Echo on the cold wall,  
closest neighbour couldn't hear.  
We'd dug a hole in the fall,  
so now it's a frozen burial.  
And she's gone,  
just before the new year.  
Well, I'm gonna build a cross for a spot between the trees  
and stick it in firm so it won't sway in their breeze.  
Well, you and I have trouble makin' up our half-assed minds,  
but she'd seen sixteen years of our kind.  
What's it like when your memories start to freeze?  
Oh, and I wonder  
what it is about dogs and thunder,  
what they hear  
comin' over the field.  
Back hall shelter, warm nights in summer,  
shakin' the ground that you lie under.  
Well, I know you're not here,  
but at least you don't feel it anymore.  
And I came to see you  
on the day that it happened.  
You said:  
"Hey, sorry Sar, but I gotta go."  
And I was trying to read  
some sort of reaction,  
but somethin' you just can't show.  
Well, I guess it's time I go  
across the snowy barnyard,  
just past the drive-in shed.  
Shadow of me in the moon,  
well, I was in a movie in my head.  
This pile of dirt on the ground  
will sink when nobody's around.  
Winter covers everything,  
but everything's not dead.  
Oh, and I wonder  
what it is about dogs and thunder,  
what they hear  
comin' over the field.  
Back hall shelter, warm nights in summer,  
shakin' the ground that you lie under.  
Well, I know you're not here,  
but at least you don't feel it anymore.  
Well, I know you're not here,  
but at least you don't feel it anymore.  
Well, I know you're not here,  
but at least you don't fear it anymore.