



*She wants my way to feel  
And I cut my teeth  
It's more than nine hundred miles  
Oh, I got no more me  
Well, you can make my teeth grind  
You can make my underworld  
It's a bit done well now  
It's a big dark hell  
You sit and watch out for your tails  
Like a poison sold on demand  
Like a hard chance  
Like a pig tail  
I walked myself away  
Well, baby, I'm talked about  
And I felt it grow  
She makes you undefiled now  
And she'll clean my nose  
I looked so Peaceful  
I looked so underworld  
I ain't got no mind  
But I ain't got no tail  
You looked like such a worthy man  
Like a sinner tossed on the wind  
Like a hard sell  
Like I've passed on  
Like a willow thrown away  
On signs I'll walk down for the way  
Like a poison sold on demand  
Like a hard sell  
Like I'm set down  
Like the well one goes away*

Melvins, *Night Goat*, 1993