

Dead Dressed

Melvins

One tenth of her.
I feel her talking through my stand-up hairs.
Which of you, or does he touch them or is he daft.
It's hard boys alone and old,
It's really like her it wears her clothes.
I might be, I might be.
But you're not me and you don't know.
I'm back in the mine.
Don't be afraid my love for you to die.
It stands it's ground as I stand mine.
The ex-flesh of the temperature,
I'm just as beautiful as your light allows.