

Worm Drink

Clutch

I'll March No Longer
I'll Fight No More
You Can Send Out All The Track Snivelers,
But I'm Done With War.

Wind Him Up, Bring Him Back
Conscript, Deserter.
The Worm Drink Is Loose.
Wind Him Up, Bring Him Back
Conscript, Deserter.
The Proof Is In The Juice.

University Boulevard.
New Hampshire Avenue.
Tick Tock Liquor.
Thunderbird.

And Now That We Have Totally Lost All Composure,
We Will Wither From Exposure Beneath The Sun.

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If You See Me At The Bottom,
Please Bring Me My Running Shoes.
And If You See Me Getting Caught Up,
Yeah, You Know What To Do.

I'll March No Longer
I'm Done With War
Send Out Your Snivelers,
But I'll March No More.

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