

Five O Grind

Slick Shoes

Binded hands and a restrained mouth.
Will I ever get out of this prison that I call my room?
And now I'm carried by my dreams.
As foolish as it seems, you'll never change me.
Another useless night.
I guess I'll be alright as long as you stay here.
More time not spent.
My trouble never ends.
I keep on thinking of you.
Sometimes I'm wrong.
I just wanna write you songs.
Helping my brothers out.
Sometimes I can't help but shout.