

I can be romantic
When I'm starving for sleep
When I try but I can't seem
To remember anything
With hair from a dog
I've got a fistful of its mane
It's too coarse to stomach
So I shove it down my throat
Luck left late Saturday and now

Jesus Christ I'm wrecked to bed
They watch me sleeping in the kennel again
I can't recall the bark but the bay, I admit
If I was listening I could hear it
I'm shock collared at the gates of heaven
25 years that I've been trying to shake loose
And if I try to sit still
Then someone's breathing down my neck
So I'm embarrassing myself again
I should see myself out
Lay me down in the tub
Throw away my phone
Strap a muzzle to my mouth now
And Jesus Christ I'm wrecked to bed
They watch me sleeping in the kennel again
I can't recall the bark but the bay, I admit
If I was listening I could hear it
If I was listening I could hear it

If I listen I can hear
Palms kept white hot gold rings folded like a
Knot tied tight sweat leave sleep take me now
I've done nothing right
I've gone wrong beside
I can't see what's there
But if I listen I can hear
Luck bent low roar drum pressed to the glass
The glass pressed loose soft spots marked on the wall
Wall an empty stomach
I've done nothing right
I can't see what's there
If I listen I can hear it
Palms kept white hot gold rings folding like a
Knot tied tight sweat leave sleep take me now
I've done nothing right
I've gone wrong beside
I can't see what's there
I can't see anything at all