

Teeth

Mallrat

It's in my hair, in my sleep
In my hands, in my teeth
It's in my chair, it looks like me
And when it stands, I take my seat

It's in the air that I breathe
Understand it's up my sleeve
Well, in my hair, it's in my sleep
With my hands, in my teeth

In my prayer, I don't speak
But with my hands and on my knees
When I ask, I receive
Don't play fair, don't be sweet

It's in the air that I breathe
Understand it's up my sleeve
Well, in my hair, it's in my sleep
With my hands, in my teeth