

Mic Chipped Teeth

SpiritWorld

Your boys been living it up
I got the scars to prove the stories are true
Tonight I'm sleeping in my car downtown
Drunker than fuck just thinking of you

Since you left me, I've been a mess
I've been out of control
Most of the fellas won't pick up my calls
They're too afraid of where the night might go

I ain't lonely, I'm just sick of wild catting around
Boring as fuck stumbling out of every bar in my hometown
Picking up them pretty young tattooed women
Chase them around the bars downtown telling lies
Trying to hide all of the fucked up shit
Running through this head of mine

Too many nights I've slept in a van
Or on a dirty ass floor cause my band went nowhere
You can't tell me shit about chasing a dream
Down the lonesome highway

In return got microphone-chipped teeth
A fucked up back and some credit card debt
You said this hardcore punk ain't made a trainwreck outta me

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It ain't easy living on no sleep
Getting up, working temp trying to make ends meet
When you've got a supervisor that you hate
Praying for a business that you can't take

He's just hoping that you'll throw away your whole life
Cause you ain't never said no on Saturday night
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