

Mouth

The Chain Gang of 1974

If you think you're forgiven
Then don't open your mouth
If you think you're perfection
Then don't open your mouth
I have most that mean so much
I would lay down on the grass
Take my hand and feel this rage, ah
Feel this pulse I turn the page

Mouth
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Do you think you're forgiven?
Then lovely, hold your tongue
The end is in the beginning
So fuck just like you're young
I was an honest man maybe for two years
Maybe more if you count the nights
I'm unheard in a bedtime story
I asked her "do you bite with your..."

Mouth
Mouth
Mouth
Mouth

Hold me down
Spook me out
Hold me down
Spook me out

Mouth
Mouth
Mouth
Mouth