

## Grind Yr Teeth

### The Weeks

Cocaine to thrill ya, women to kill ya  
Whiskey's just one more excuse not to drive  
I was pulled like a loose tooth  
Bad plans that were foolproof  
Can't blame the devil 'til after you die

Tiptoe on tight ropes, cling close to high hopes  
Chivalry move at the mercy a'wind  
He's a pretty quick thinker, faster drinker  
Won't know what hit ya 'til the storm comes again

Clap your hands loud, grind your teeth up, show me just what th  
at music means  
It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my ever  
ything

Keep the girl safer, you'll thank me later  
Keep your eyes glued to the door or the bag  
Well he ain't for prayin', I ain't complainin'  
Some wounds weren't meant to be covered in rags

Clap your hands loud, grind your teeth up, show me just what th  
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It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my ever  
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But tonight he's a shitshow screamed out the window  
Ain't had much sleep since the world's been in spin  
Drink with the sunset sang 'til he forgets  
Band plays that music that'll crawl in your skin

Clap your hands loud, grind your teeth up, show me just what th  
at music means  
It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my ever  
ything

He's a quick tongue, he's a lost cause, he's a shipwreck on for  
eign seas  
Scream his heart out on an open stage, they all said he was som  
ebody

They all said he was somebody

They all said he was somebody  
They all said he was somebody