

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 that music means
It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my everything

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

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It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my everything

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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 that music means
It's my life blood, it's my family, it's my sweetheart, my everything

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

They all said he was somebody

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