

Crooked Teeth

Papa Roach

Locked up in my hurricane head
Bloody knuckles paint the whole place red
Straightjacket, straight tie me to the bed
All alone in a room full of misfits
Cold blooded, cold hearted on a hit list
Paranoid, struggling, I gotta kick this

Everybody's looking at me, staring at me
Everybody's looking at me

Terrified, paralyzed
Something's got a hold on me
Let me go, I can't speak
I'm choking on my crooked teeth
Wake me up if I sleep
Cause I'm haunted by my dreams
Crying out, but I can't speak
Cause I'm choking on my, choking on my
Crooked teeth
My crooked teeth

Caved in, hyperventilating
Cutting way too close to my skin
I feel the devil trying to creep back in
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I'm possessed by the every day stress
Flash back and I'm trying to forget
Bloody hell, bloody knife, bloody mess

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