

Twenty-Eight Teeth

Buck-O-Nine

You ever been so bored
That you start counting all your teeth
As you squirm around and fidget
In you cluttered, lousy seat You ever been so tired
That your spirit starts to sigh
And you're working everyday
Just to make ends meet What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on? You ever wake up in a hotel room
But can't remember the city or state?
You look around, you roam around
But your mind just can't relate You ever been so lost
That a map won't do you no good?
You drive around in circles in a place or town
Some kind of neighborhood What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin'? You ever been so desperate
But for what you just don't know
You see a thousand faces
And you want to remember them all What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?
What keeps me hangin' on?

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