

Chained to the Couch

The Devil Makes Three

Well it's hot like ouch
And I'm chained to the couch
And my brain spits bad ideas out of my mouth
Like a thousand words
Circuits burst
Crowd screams and here comes the hearse
And I'm jumping now
Out of my chest
As the crowds begin to scream
And the winos wade into the barrooms
To drink away the dreams
And I can hear years worth of traffic
Outside on that dirty street
And I can see the lights turn
From red to black to blue to brown to green
And I been staring for so long
My eyes begin to bleed
Yes I been staring for so long
My eyes begin to bleed
When I was a young one
They told me I left my rights at the door
As I grow older this becomes true more and more
Now I'm just staring out that open door
I should be screaming
But I ain't got no tears no more
I ain't got no tears ain't got no tears no more
I ain't got no tears ain't got no tears no more
Guess I lost a few things that were dear to me
Like my arms and my legs and my body and my soul and my will to speak
Now they're just sliding fast towards that ocean floor beneath
Tryin' to not be pulled under by the waves and the weeds
Rain on the roof fit together so click like a tailor made suit
It's like pull, aim, click, bang, soar and shoot
And the rain and wind they lick my skin
'Til it's freezin' smooth
And they heal over years of a thousand bloody wounds
Oh Yes they heal over years of a thousand bloody wounds
When I was a young one
They told me I left my rights at the door

As I grow older this becomes true more and more
Now I'm just starin' out that open door
I should be screaming
But I ain't got those tears no more
I ain't got no tears ain't got no tears no more
I ain't got no tears ain't got no tears no more
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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