

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 screaming hear comes the hearse
And I'm jumping now out of my chest as the crowds begin to scream
And the winos wait into the bar rooms to drink away the dreams
And I can hear years' worth of traffic outside on that dirty street
I can see the lights turn from red to black to blue to brown to green
And I've been staring for so long my eyes begin to bleed
Yes I've 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 and
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 aint got no tears no more
I aint got no tears aint got no tears no more
I aint got no tears aint 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 there just sliding fast towards that ocean floor beneath
Trying 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 the wind they lick my skin till its freezing smooth

Am F Dm E
And they heal over years of a thousand bloody wounds
Am F Dm E
Oh yes they heal over years of a thousand bloody wounds

Am F Dm E

When I was a young one they told me I left my rights at the door and
Am F Dm E

As I grow older this becomes true more and more

Am F Dm E

Now Iâ€™m just staring out that open door

Am F Dm E Am

I should be screaming but I aint got those tears no more

Dm E Am

I aint got those tears aint got those tears no more

Dm E Am

I aint got those tears aint got those tears no more

Kevin G,
Inspired by Andy Social