

Claustrophobia  
The walls are slowly closing in  
This town has a hold of us  
The closet's heavy at my skin  
Now my conscious is leaving  
The words are for speaking  
There's no one to speak them to  
Claustrophobia  
The walls are slowly closing in

Matchbox, padlocks  
In the shopping bag 'cross the parking lot  
Small clouds, leave mouth  
See the shadow stretching till the light runs out  
Take away all my fun  
You know you can tie a noose around my tongue  
You're mad at the wheel driving  
My mind is drunk  
The focus is gone  
The focus is gone

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