

## Into Everything

Moist

Quarter slot, the pictures hot  
You can be so damn ugly  
Flickering is sickening the show  
Sexual, intellectual  
Feel so raw, makes me crazy  
Pocket full of quarters left to go  
I said I'm fine, work the line  
Punch the clock it never meant that much  
Wake up wake up its here again  
Whiskey shot drink it up  
One more bottle just wash the cut away  
Into everything  
My wife's alone, the kids at home  
She can be so damn ugly  
Her face is blurred without a word to say  
I spray the dream with gasoline  
Just one match be so easy  
Splatterings of you along the way  
I said I'm find, work the line  
Punch the clock it never meant that much  
Wake up wake up its here again  
On a whim stole the car  
heard a shot ring out It seemed so far away  
Into everything  
Quarter slot, the pictures hot  
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Feel so raw, makes me crazy  
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