

# Crooked Teeth

Papa Roach

Locked up in my hurricane head  
Bloody knuckles paint the whole place red  
Straightjacket, straight tie me to the bed  
All alone in a room full of misfits  
Cold blooded, cold hearted on a hit list  
Paranoid, struggling, I gotta kick this

Everybody's looking at me, staring at me  
Everybody's looking at me

Terrified, paralyzed  
Something's got a hold on me  
Let me go, I can't speak  
I'm choking on my crooked teeth  
Wake me up if I sleep  
Cause I'm haunted by my dreams  
Crying out, but I can't speak  
Cause I'm choking on my, choking on my  
Crooked teeth  
My crooked teeth

Caved in, hyperventilating  
Cutting way too close to my skin  
I feel the devil trying to creep back in  
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I'm possessed by the every day stress  
Flash back and I'm trying to forget  
Bloody hell, bloody knife, bloody mess

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