

# 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