

## **Downer "Curbed"**

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It grips your fingers tight  
And kills your closest friends  
Squeezing all the life  
That was already slipping away.  
I've got no sympathy for the guilt  
Or the poison that probably killed you  
After all the good done  
You probably know what's best for me too.

Holding your head high  
As though nothing's wrong  
Teeth imbedded in my soul  
Or the heel of my boot  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker  
A mouthpiece sucker  
The thrill is gone  
Your blood is spilled  
Your life is gone.

You grip my fingers tight  
You found your only friend  
Clinging onto life  
That has already left you.  
So now it's dark and sober,  
Where will you fade tonight?  
In the street  
Or in your car  
Another hopeless lost cause.

Holding your head high  
As though nothing's wrong  
Teeth imbedded in my soul  
Or the heel of my boot  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker  
A mouthpiece sucker  
The thrill is gone  
Your blood is spilled  
Your life is gone.

The teeth you've planted  
In the ones  
The ones that you love

Are imbedded in my soul,  
Or the heel of my boot.  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker  
Wear a mouthpiece sucker

There's nothing wrong.  
There's nothing wrong.  
There's nothing wrong.  
There's nothing wrong.

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