

Kevin Coyne

"Wolf's Mouth"

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I got a wolf's mouth
And it suits me
I chew the sides out
With my sharp teeth

I cut my tongue up
I make my gums bleed
I scare the people
That pay to see me
When I sing

And I see white steam
Above your blue face
It makes my hands hot
It makes my lips bake

And the sweat just makes my shirt stick
To that scratch across my ribs
That space where you fell from
And I haven't sewn up since

I'm trailing off again

And the strain just makes my face tic
And it messes with my head
That space you tore open
Well, I've had trouble closing it

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