

Psychopath

"Straightjacket Hell"

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When the daylight turns to gray
I can't open up my eyes, can't move my legs
Such an awful place to dwell
All the walls are painted white can't live to tell
They feel so sorry for my fucked up sorry mind
Like a walking timebomb people better treat me kind
Came down so evil all the girls they walked away
Now I'm all alone in this cell
I can't remember why I'm here or what to say
In this straightjacket hell
If tomorrow never comes it don't mean that much to me
I don't belong
Medication time again, I can't move my fucking arms
Can't feel no pain
And the doctors they all say that I'm OK
In my straightjacket hell
Living like a zombie here today
Gone tomorrow nothing seems OK
Living like a zombie here today
Born free but now I live in chains
I live alone and you can go to hell

I'm safe in straightjacket hell

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