

## **Eddie Doldrum "Tearable Teeth"**

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Everyday that you don't get better, man, you're getting worse  
Every drink that you wanna take you know will only feed your thirst  
There ain't no bird that'd hit a window if it's covered in dirt  
There ain't no way that a kid like me will ever have some kind of worth  
So I'm filling all the storm drains up with cigarette butts  
So the next time that it rains all the streets will flood  
Next time that it does rain, all the streets will flood

All the change that you've been dodging is piled up  
Yeah nickels, dimes, and pennies dropping into paper cups  
There ain't no seed that could ever grow in the pit that you have dug  
There ain't no way you can climb out on a ladder without any rungs  
So you're filling up that hole with all those girls you thought you could love  
Blonde haired reparation for all the battleships you've sunk  
Green eyed medication for all the battleships you've sunk

So you're caught in the teeth of the tyrant king  
Another little bird to keep his mouth clean  
You're pecking all the flesh off of the people that you've been  
Your bones are exposed, you've grown too thin  
Your bones are exposed, you've grown too thin  
Your bones are exposed  
Your bones are exposed

Everyday I'm getting better at feeling worse  
Yeah, I call that progress, my sadness comes first  
There ain't no word that could bang a drum if it didn't fucking hurt  
Ain't no way a little boy like me will ever have some kind of worth  
So you're filling all those holes up with those girls you

thought you'd love  
Yeah, I'm filling mine up with these cigarette butts  
So the next time that it rains, all the streets will flood

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