

Psychopunch, Straightjacket Hell

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