

# Kevin Devine, Wolf's Mouth

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