

I CUT
MY BANGS WITH RUSTY
KITCHEN SCISSORS. I screamed his name 'til
the neighbors called the cops. i numbed the pain at the expense of my liver.
don't know what i did next, all i know is i couldn't stop.

Word got round to the barflies and the baptists. **MY MAMA'S PHONE STARTED RINGING OFF
THE HOOK.** i can hear her now, sayin' she ain't gonna have it. *Don't matter
how you feel, it only matters how you look.*

GO FIX YOUR
MAKE UP GIRL, ITS JUST A
BREAK-UP. Run and hide
your crazy and start acting
like a lady.

**CAUSE I RAISED YOU BETTER
GOTTA KEEP IT TOGETHER**
Even when you fall apart.
BUT THIS AIN'T MY MAMA'S BROKEN HEART.

Wish I could be just a little less dramatic like a Kennedy when Camelot went down in flames.
Leave it to me to be holdin' the matches when the fire trucks show
up and *there's nobody else to blame.*

Can't get revenge and keep a spotless reputation. **SOMETIMES
REVENGE IS A CHOICE YOU GOTTA MAKE.** My mama came from
a softer generation. where you get a grip and bite your lip just to save a little face.

**Powder your nose, PAINT YOUR TOES; line your lips and
keep em closed.** CROSS YOUR LEGS
**NEVER LET THEM
SEE YOU CRY.**

