

# Cage, Stripes

(Cage)

Beer cans and cigarette butts cover the floor day  
Half gone, he sleeps scared pregnant teen in the doorway  
Watching him sleep clutchin' her belly, little feet kick  
to send the teen back to the toilet, spent her last week sick  
when little Billy feed her ground up Jesus powder  
would've beat her louder if it would've pushed the fetus out of her  
Father in the making, crooked M.P. forsaken  
The military cop that sells H to bring his cake in  
She shaking, praying her labor kicks in before  
The doors kicked in for them brown bricks on the floor  
I mean, she could tell you exactly how the gutter taste  
Father to her kid in custody right when her water breaks  
Snitched on his compadres for a few more runs  
And the irony in giving a stuffed rat to his newborn son  
Dishonorably discharged, no jail time in court  
Told to pack his family up and go the fuck back to New York

(Chorus)

Fuck Bill Murray, not the actor, the deadbeat dad the smacked  
then left her with rats after he snapped her  
The bastard inventor that bent her backwards in winter  
with her back against the wall, she can hear death singing in her  
With her back against the wall, she still head death singing in her

(Cage)

She's scared to leave him, convinced somehow she really needs him  
Back in New York her prison of pain and Billy's freedom  
Holdin' her baby, he'd say crazy shit to break her  
When she fell asleep, he'd escape her wits end and wouldn't wake her  
He'd sneak out the wallo in it role model to shit  
That put his Christian scientist father in debt  
Gave him his first stroke, he refused his medication  
'Cause it went against his religion, he'd rather his lord take him  
Through stroke number two and start withering his flesh  
Then lay the emaciated world ware two veteran to rest  
Left his family debt turmoil and wreckage  
And his grandson to scatter his ash over the U.S. Intrepid  
Then little Billy plummets to his knees, still numb from it  
Held his kid by the arm with a shotgun to his stomach  
When threats to destroy what he created get tucked away  
when he looks in his son's face to see he might grow up to say

(Chorus)

(Cage)

Needle through the skin again, inject the rust and cinnamon  
Pull off the tourniquet, load up the shotgun and sentence him  
He knows that there's a bed in hell waitin for him  
But he aint been sane since he started huffin chloroform  
With his shit decorum, he lets off shots the neighbors say shooters  
Into the phone to Middletown police and state troopers  
While every family member on th premises runs from death  
Greeted by dozens of officers with guns and vests  
His suicide by cop sweater on get low  
Is told to the crowd watching him shoot thru the window  
His son clutched in his mother's arms, unaware it's the end  
They bring him out in handcuffs but never to be seen again

(Chorus)