

# Diffuser, 35

Momma holds my dreary head  
When a splinter digs my skin

Money ain't tight when the money's gone  
She rights me when I'm wrong

All alone  
On your own  
Now You're 35

All alone  
Cold as stone  
Now you're 35

Crafty words dripped through the screen  
But I know she loves me better

Jealous of a rich boy in the mud  
Your liquor is thicker than blood

All alone  
On your own  
Now You're 35

All alone  
Cold as stone  
Now you're 35

All alone  
On your own  
Now You're 35

All alone  
Cold as stone  
Now you're 35