

# Jana Hunter, The New Sane Scramble

This halo is a joke  
a little hoax for parting ghosts  
My momma told me so  
She's dead; she ought to know  
And if you see me  
walking down your favorite street  
I'm only going to see  
little babies trying to breathe  
This cradle is a tomb  
an everlasting sense of doom  
My momma's in her room  
She's dead; she died too soon  
And if you see me  
crawling out of your favorite tree  
I'm hanging so delicately  
There's no one that can save me