

Pink, My Vietnam

Daddy was a soldier he taught me about freedom
Peace and all the great things that we take
advantage of

Once I fed the homeless, I'll never forget
I look upon their faces as I treated them with
respect
And

This is my Vietnam
I'm at war
Life keeps on dropping bombs
And I keep score

Momma was a lunatic, she liked to push my buttons

She said I wasn't good enough, but I guess I
wasn't trying
Never like school that much, they tried to teach
me better
But I just wasn't hearing it because I thought I
was already pretty clever
And

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What do you expect from me?
What am I not giving you?
What could I do for you to make me OK in your
eyes?

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