

# Rackets & Drapes, Love With A Fist

(Child playful laughter)

The bruises on my skin  
Are all from falling off the swing  
My daddy likes to buy me ice cream  
For my blackened eyes

Daddy loves me with his fist (x2)

I never want to go to school  
Because they laugh at me  
They point thier fingers  
At my birth marks all over me

Daddy loves me with his fist (x2)

Mommy won't you stop your crying  
Daddy always say's he sorry  
Mommy tell me why your crying  
Daddy say's that he's not leaving  
Mommy cries when Daddy's drinking