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