

# Angie Aparo, It's Alright

Maybe I'm a baby with a mouth to feed  
Maybe I'm a cancer waiting to eat  
Maybe I'm a razor on a wrist to bleed  
Maybe only water or a bucket of kerosene  
It's alright  
We are landing this ship soon  
It's alright  
No more trips around the moon  
Momma does the dishes in her wedding ring  
Daddy never wishes now for anything  
Sister on the corner like a boy's wet dream  
All little bit of hell in a bucket of velveteen