

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