

# No Address, It's Alright

Most nights she keeps a very sharp knife  
Next to a burning stove.  
So hot that the water tops off  
And she tumbles down onto the floor.

She holds her head in her hands.  
What a cruel heaven she must have.

But it's all right  
It's all right  
It's just a hard old world  
And we both know  
It's all right.

Her hand grabs a heavy lead pipe  
The one that used to let her know

How hard her Daddy could hit  
She remembers that on the floor.

Heard the man for mayor  
Did this thing

So you crossed the street  
To let him see

Long time since that weekend  
Fling and he

Got to see his old sweetie  
All grown.