

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.