

Rackets And Drapes, Love With A Fist

The bruises on my skin are all from falling of the swing
My daddy likes to buy me ice cream, for my blackened eyes
Daddy loves me with his fist
Daddy loves me with his fist

I never want to go to school because they laugh at me
They point their fingers at my birthmarks all over me
Daddy loves me with his fist
Daddy loves me with his fist

Mommy wont you stop your crying
Daddy always says he's sorry
Mommy tell me why you're crying
Daddy says that he's not leaving
Mommy cries when daddy's drinking