

Wckr Spgt, She Lies

She likes to talk about her dad
and all the different jobs he had
And all the times he turned to her and said
someday you'll be a mother
Mother F**ker
And every time she speaks in words
It's garbled, shaky, and she's heard
That all the things she knows are true about her mother
Mother F**ker
She lies. Oh yes she lies.
When she was four she had a farm
and all the animals were made of plastic
Like the teeth inside the head within the mouth
Crush crush crush just like her mother
Mother F**ker
She tried to see beneath the stone
that father spat on all alone
And all she got was father's spit
which used to coat the body of her mother
Mother F**ker.