

Grandma Mary prayed the rosary
Name of the father, son, and homemade pierogi
Whole thing of Oleo anointed by the Holy Ghost
In the kitchen cutting up potatoes for the Koshi
4 pots boiling at the same time
Mushrooms jumping out a pickle brine to change lives
30 minutes from Poconos bunny slope
Where Lithuanian immigrants learned to shovel coal
The decor is white Jesus
All walls, everywhere you turn the guy's bleeding
Figurines, images, even a Aes original
A pencil drawing of the praying hands I drew in middle school
My other relatives thought it was pretty cool
I must've drawn like 6 of them shits to distribute
'Round where the word of God is the good stuff
And 5 o'clock mass fill the block with babushkas
6:02 back at fort
You could smell the cigarettes through the door
Potpourri on the shelf, sun down, lighting bugs on the the porch
Way before the sundowning was too much to ignore
This a sharp-witted widow, who do you the fucking solid
Of speaking a different language when gossiping 'bout your mama
Her mama was Mociute to the children
She made a farmer's cheese and live to be a hundred million
As myliu tave, she would call us "Katias"
Cats, I guess we were hyperactive little brats
It's funny 'cause she had like 10 kids
Though I only met the ones that lived past '76
They mostly been a rotating cast on the sofa
Here an uncle, there an uncle, that is not a soda
Bang on the water pipe, down come Leona
She could eat a onion like a apple what a soldier, gold

I remember this coat being warmer
I wore it all last year
And don't remember needing so many god-damned layers
We are bundled up X-ing the squares
X-ing the squares

Grandma said she used to be a fireman
Grandma said she used to be a lifeguard
Performance art that ran for her entire lifespan
Then again that Mary Mary was a wild card
Back bedroom had a door to the cellar
It's more a hole bore to Gehenna
The lore is ancient, the laws archaic
Y'all keep misbehaving, y'all sleeping in the basement
Better yet y'all sleeping on the porch
She was kidding but it him with the fear of the Lord
The gear down's more outta fear than remorse
I guess whatever put a couple a tears in the borscht
Cheers, 2 foot of fresh powdered sugar on the mountain
We opted out for Morton Downey Jr.
Marshmallow Fluff above the toaster
It's Vititus for the toast of Hanover, yea

Tone that could only mean one thing,
Your grandmother something, something
Who fuck's supposed to make dumplings?

I remember this coat being warmer
I wore it all last year
And don't remember needing so many god-damned layers
We are bundled up X-ing the squares
X-ing the squares