

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

'07 ma called me in London

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