

## cheerios

Avery Anna

Daddy's on the porch  
First pack's in the ashtray  
It's fifteen past  
Class started right at 8  
And Ms. Johnson knows why I'm not there

All that's in the fridge is Wonder Bread and mayonnaise  
Wonder if you know Saturday's my birthday  
Even if he did, he wouldn't care

Wasn't Coke in his Sonic cup  
Never knew him never drunk  
It's kinda sad when your hero's face down in his Cheerios

I know which footsteps mean I gotta lock the door  
Screamin' that he's sorry like it's somethin' I ain't heard before  
I know when to put a shot in his coffee  
I should've been a kid, but he robbed me

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Had to grow up way too fast  
Take the school bus from hell and back  
I wanna be mad  
But then he goes face down in his Cheerios

And for sixteen years, he'd pass out on the couch  
So I'd put him to bed and I picked up the house  
And I wish I could say that he's clean and he's changed  
But I washed my hands and his still shake

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