

Alopecia

Momma

Quick quiet with the trigger again I don't need to know what it
's all about
You've been feeling sicker I bet the hair on your head is about
to fall out
Ammunition is staying awake you sink in the trench of the bed t
hat you made
Your attrition is repeating itself I'd swallow your tumor and d
igest your health

Better bring a book to read if we get there early get a window
seat
In this room we share a common seed if we synthesize our cells
we'll call the radiation team

I'll never be your betty no I'll never be your star
When you are nice and ready cut your hair and clean your car
I have my own addiction trigger hand is set again
You have your own prescription alopecia medicine