Face Down

Momma

Don't trap me in your car
Your baby sip reduces you to doe stride
I'll catch you at the bar
Your mouth tastes like you're gargling peroxide

Just please get out of bed
I found the bottle and it breaks under your heavy hand
You're stuck inside your head
Throat cracked until it turns into Nevada sand

Face down
You can wobble like a calf until your body hits the warm ground
Face down
Count the sheep until your pores erode and let all of the poiso
n out

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