

## Dead Beat Mom

NOFX

She's a dead beat mom, a one woman pogrom  
A tri-polar paradigm, a lunatika time bomb  
When everything is alright, she makes everything wrong  
Living only to spite and spit napalm

She's a dead beat mom  
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A storm without a calm  
VPA and lithium is what she should be on  
An emotional vacuum, a good vibe tampon  
She got her degree in poisonous pedagogy  
Taught by her mom

Someone stop her before she destroys  
The childhoods of my two boys  
My sons mean everything to me  
So I pray for some agency  
To tell her that she's wrong

But the dead beat mom isn't able to hack it  
She needs to be in a Prada straight jacket  
A padded rubber room is where she belong  
It's the perfect place for, maybe add some mace for

The dead beat mom, she's my Vietnam  
I got PTSD and an STD  
Is everything okay?  
No everything is wrong  
Last week I saw her humming this song

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