

## Iwrestledabearonce "The Cat's Pajamas"

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Who would of known?  
To the lips of a failed writer  
To crash a cup of wine  
To throw a toast to an islan that's slowly sinking  
I can almost hear you  
Hear you crying  
Momma you are killing yourself  
Momma what can I do?  
And I'll be the one putting pins into my fingertips  
Only to erase the memories  
And to laugh when I think what my father did  
She sits  
She waits  
She toasts her prayers  
Not speaks of them  
Momma you are killing yourself  
Momma what can I do?  
She sits  
She waits

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