

Dead Sara "Childhood Courtesy"

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I'm left with promises that are hard to keep
You dressed in black and your told to kill
There's a scratch on the floor and rip in the rug
To clear your voice without something to say
When every momma is beautiful at something
But
I don't know what you're talking about
Every child grows according to plan
But where did my head go? Where did my head go
wrong, mom?
We've got the opposites in common but sometimes
they attract
They keep on pushing my love and always pulling back
But you win, you always win
But you win, but you win always love me, momma
Whenever your momma is beautiful at something
But
I don't what you're talking about
Every child grows according to plan
Where did my head go? Where did my head go wrong,
mom?
Sometimes living is easy, but through your eyes
looking so pretty
This is not a pick and even, to someone like defend
otherwise
When every momma is beautiful at something
But
I don't know what you're talking about
Every child grows according to plan
Where did my head go? Where did my head go wrong?
Thank you mom.

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