

Rackets & Drapes

"Love With A Fist"

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(Child playful laughter)

The bruises on my skin
Are all from falling off the swing
My daddy likes to buy me ice cream
For my blackened eyes

Daddy loves me with his fist (x2)

I never want to go to school
Because they laugh at me
They point thier fingers
At my birth marks all over me
Daddy loves me with his fist (x2)

Mommy won't you stop your crying
Daddy always say's he sorry
Mommy tell me why your crying
Daddy say's that he's not leaving
Mommy cries when Daddy's drinking

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