

The Weeks

"Hold It Kid"

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Well it gets cold in here;
These years they pass with fear
Your daddy don't love you anymore.
The fear it comes and goes.
Money goes up their nose.
Your mama don't live here anymore.
Just dry your cheeks girl,
Wipe your eyes,
Just close the door,
It'll be alright.
Your daddy's tripping with the needle in his arm.
These tears they come at night; You'll live and learn to
fight.
Your mama don't love you anymore.
The belt it wraps so tight,
The pain around your life.
Your daddy don't live here anymore.
Just dry your cheeks girl,
Wipe your eyes,
Just close the door,
It'll be alright.
Your daddy's tripping with the needle in his arm.
These tears they come with pain
Looking into their veins
Your daddy don't love you anymore.
The tears they come with harm
Money goes in their arms
Your mama don't live here anymore

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