

Time

"Molly Tha Superhero"

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She reads
Fairy tales
From a book
That's what hope, offers
Her mother stays depressed
Washing away worries with soap operas [x2]

Her name was molly
Only five years old
Teacher imaginary nostradamus, predicts the little
girls jail bate
Father in prison
Mother autistic, only watches television
Polite girl, uncle took her to play bumper cars
Giving courtesy waves and didn't tail gate
Molested when she was six
One parent, one child, no one to talk to stalemate
She visisted better worlds with her eyes
Told her mom it was reading
Thought she could cut the problems out by bleeding
Always wearing long sleeves to cover up the scars
During the commercials, mother would try to explain
why daddy was behind
Bars
But everytime she would get to the end
The TV would get her mom side tracked
And molly would go back to her imaginary friend
His name was joe
He'd follow her around wherever she would go
He was the only one to sing her happy birthday
He protected and said he loved her
Even though she didn't feel worth it for him to say
Teacher thought she was schitzophranic
Joe would often leave but always asked her to stay
She told her classmates she'd be gone by tomorrow
and they were to blame
They laughed, ha, and tomorrow came
She cried in her attic
Told her mom she'd kill herself as she tied the rope
proper
Through the vent she heard her mother say:

I told all my children you got one life to live
And to follow the guiding light
One day you'll wake up in a general hospital
When you die, you go to another world
But that's just the days of our lives
Just before she was going to step of the box, joe
stopped her
(You know why? because)
She reads fairy tales from a book
That's what hope offers
Her mother stays depressed
Washing away worries with soap operas [x2]
With soap operas

Now she's sixteen
Mopping floors making fries with joe at burger king
Still never had a man
Just friends with benefits
Staring at herself in the mirror
Noticing joe's face and her's had a resemblance
He would always listen, never asking questions
Catching her tears in her palms, he'd give them back
as diamonds
Looked over her, even when she was resting
One day, came home from job
Door slightly cracked, didn't need to use door knob
She saw joe, exstatic and he was glad to say
That in front of the television, her mom passed away
She wondered what did the truth hold
Held back the tears, camouflaging her face as neutral
She ran in her mother's room
Felt for a pulse, life, empty
Under the bed she found a journal and read the last
entry
It mentioned nothing of her daddy in jail
Joe watched as she read patiently
She put her hand over her mouth and screamed as she
ran to the basement
She, dug all alone with her bleeding fingernails till she
found bones
Her mother murdered her father
Who was he? she had to know
She found a birth certificate in the addict
Mother low life murdering villain
Father, joe
He said, even in the afterlife I'll still be around

He said thank you and hugged her
Cause her tears in his palm and said he loved her [x2]

She reads fairy tales from a book

That's what hope offers
Her mother was laid in front of soap operas [x2]
To this day, she still works at burger king solving
mysteries
And I heard she makes a dope whopper

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