

Rock A Bye

7 Year Bitch

Well I drink and I cry
Clench your fists, grit my teeth
Lotta smoke, wipe my eye
Why'd ya have to go and die?
And everything seems like nothing
Up against what your { ?}
'Cuz pain was pain
But pain was never {?} that (?)
Well here I am and here I go...
You sleep, so sound, no sign of struggle around
But this is not sleepin' I didn't hear your fists pound
No, I didn't hear your fists pound
Don't you roll my baby away
'Cuz there's a couple more things I wanted to say
Don't you roll my baby away
There's a couple more things I wanted to say
Don't you roll my baby, my baby away
Wake up!
Wake up!