

Hey montana take your daughter back,
From the bathrooms of Angeles Vall.
She believes in destiny
Her names always misspelled
Waitressing to pay the rent
Drinks to quell the smell
Of people breathing way too close,
Folks who don't mean well
No one sees the color of your eyes
No one sees your smile
No one knows the secrets that you hide
No one sees you cry
She parks her car two blocks away, from apartment 15A
She walks with somber in her step and scores along the way
Blue's your hue you tiny thing Dropping patrons wine
Singing to you own sad song
Two feet stuck in the mire
Hey montana take your daughter back
It's clear she needs your care
These bustling
Streets are icy veins of a beast who snuffs her prayer
Her bones and the truth show through