

The Itch

Holy Mother

Oh did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch
Cause it's eatin' at your mind
You need it all the time
Beggin' on account of your fix
Oh did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch
You're crawlin' on the sand
With your face in hand
Rummage through the trash of your life
Wipin' off a page
Just to read all the hate
Givin' up the hope to survive
Lady, don't you call yourself my mother
I've been runnin' all my life
To find why
Oh did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch
Cause it's eatin' at your mind
You need it all the time
Beggin' on account of your fix
Did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch
Did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch
Cause it's eatin' at your mind
You need it all the time
Beggin' on account of your fix
Did you ever think you'd satisfy that itch