

## 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