

The Cat's Pajamas

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Who would've known?
To the lips of a failed writer
To crash a cup of wine
To throw a toast to an island that's slowly sinking
I can almost hear you
Hear you crying
Momma you are killing yourself
Momma what can I do?
And I'll be the one putting pins into my fingertips
Only to erase the memories
And to laugh when I think what my father did
She sits
She waits
She toasts her prayers
Not speaks of them
Momma you are killing yourself
Momma what can I do?
She sits
She waits