

Cause and Effect

Maria Mena

I can't laugh too hard, I'm on a diet.
I'm trying to lose myself,
You ought to try it.
Just starve for six days straight,
Oh, it's a riot.
Ev-e-ry Sun-day night.

I binge, and I barf, 'cause I carry the
Scars of an eight-year-old,
Whose mother applied the same rules
To her kid's body,
As her own.

I think you'll leave me soon,
Though I've no proof of it.
But I'll make it easier for you
By being a little bitch.
And this is just a theory,
But I think the reason
Why I'm scared you'll croak is:

The only male influence I've had,
After daddy up and left,
Were my mother's weekend lovers,
And their alcoholic breaths.

I'll tell you what caused it
If you'll handle the effects (the effects, the effects)
Yes, I'll tell you what caused it
If you'll handle the effects (the effects, the effects)
I'll tell you what caused it
If you'll handle the effects (the effects, the effects)
Yes, I'll tell you what caused it
If you'll handle the effects (whoa!)

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