

Somebody's Mom

Pointed Sticks

Please don't look at me
I've seen all that I want to see
You take your cigarettes and light them
Forty year old household item
You've got housewifeitis
With a terminal solution
Your face is like a preview of
September's Television

And you're somebody's Mom (Mom)
Even if you're just a lazy useless bum
And you married somebody's dad (Dad)
If I had been your children I sure would have been mad

And now you say your husband's queer
Running with the secretary
While you stay home and cure your ills
With sedatives and other pills

And you're somebody's Mom (Mom)
Even if you're just a lazy useless bum
And you married somebody's dad (Dad)
If I had been your children I sure would have been mad

And you're somebody's, you're somebody's (Mom)
You're somebody's, you're somebody's (Mom)
You're somebody's, you're somebody's (Mom)
You're somebody's, you're somebody's, you're somebody's (Mom)