

Christians in Black

Rogue Wave

Mama's working in the garden
She's picking herbs so she could feed them
The dinner roll's the only value
Saying "look what I did, so I could feed them"

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Shuttled between L.A. and Oakland
Miles and miles between and above them
Born and raised to be an alcoholic
Were you too old or young to stop it?

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Once I faked election
Idle eyes that don't get met
With feelings out in the open
Every day's just like the next

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