

Strawberries

WHY?

Strawberries on your birthday, Shirley
The shit I said to hotel managers haunts me
Pall bearers of the first string ready
Discretely gather in the second floor hallway
And I am not okay boys
No I am not okay
No I am not okay boys

Itching like an intern with a sunburn
For what a stone unturned covers
I don't wear rubbers and I don't wear sunscreen
I want to heat my hide, not hide under something
And I am not okay boys
No I am not okay
No I am not okay boys

You mom, she sits while her hair is in curlers
Smokes weed and listens to that Garrison Keiler
That's how I'll live when I quit my rap career
Let her laughter pass the rafters and go out into the atmosphere

Strawberries on your birthday, Shirley
The shit I said to high school counselors haunts me
And I am not okay boys