Hook, Line and Sinker

Scrapomatic

Baby born, her mother torn
Cast into that fifth dimension
Grew up fast, can't remember the last...
Time she felt love and affection
Yellow eyed, aggressive pride
Can't see past the old reflection
Always something wrong
But she was never at fault
With the man and his wisdom
Say it again

What'cha holding in that bag?
Wolves howl and wolves beg
Bet you go back for your dollar
Young mama was thinking
That life ain't worth living
And you still got that grease on your teeth

A Sunday congregation in a joyful celebration
She moved in the front door, straight out the back
No harm in leaving, having never believed in
Something that's invisible
Like it is, like it was, a world without love
You'll never miss her when she's dead and gone
Another heavy loss at such a heavy cost
She took it hook, line and sinker
Say it again

What'cha holding in that bag?
Wolves howl and wolves beg
Bet you go back for your dollar
Young mama was thinking
That life ain't worth living
And you still got that grease on your teeth

Lyrics submitted by tyler brown.

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