

# Hey Montana

## Eve 6

Hey Montana take your daughter back  
From the bathrooms of Angeles Vall  
She believes in destiny  
Her name's always misspelled  
Waitressing to pay he rent  
Drinks to quell the smel  
Of people breathing way too close  
Folks who don't mean well  
No one sees the color of your eyes  
No one sees you smile  
No one knows the secrets that you hide  
No one sees you cry  
She parks her car two blocks away  
From apartment 15A  
She walks with somber in her step  
And scores along the way  
Blue's your hue you tiny thing  
Dropping patrons wine  
Singing to your own sad song  
Two feet stuck in the mire  
Hey Montana take your daughter back  
It's clear she needs your care  
These bustling streets are icy vains  
Of a beast who snuffs her prayer  
Her bones and the truth show through

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