White Tar

The Bronx

Baby's got cancer, looking for the answer
She's got cancer, someone romance her
She was one of a kindNow she's perfected
Living on all the lies they injected
Now she's staring at the scars that needed correction
It's not a habit she claims
She's got American eyes
Letting her body go, she's deadRejection, looking for direction
Gimme picture, gimme reception
The clean smell of sin
She's nervous at the hips
The car's right outside and I'm ready to goInfected, living on all of the lies she injected
Now I'm infected
Staring at the scars in need of correction
It's not a habit, I claim
I got American eyes
Letting my body go, I'm deadShe's got cancer, looking for the answer
She's got cancer, someone romance her
She's one of a kindWe got cancer, looking for the answer
We got cancer, looking for the answer
We got cancer, looking for the answer

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