

It's Alright

Angie Aparo

Maybe I'm a baby with a mouth to feed

Maybe I'm a cancer waiting to eat

Maybe I'm a razor on a wrist to bleed

Maybe only water or a bucket of keroseneIt's alright

 We are landing this ship soon

 It's alright

No more trips around the moonMomma does the dishes in her wedding ring

 Daddy never wishes now for anything

 Sister on the corner like a boy's wet dream

 A little bit of hell in a bucket of velveteen

 Songwriters

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