

# Amos Tori, Playboy Mommy

Amos Tori  
From The Choirgirl Hotel  
Playboy Mommy  
In my platforms  
I hit the floor  
Fell face down  
Didn't help my brain out  
Then the baby came  
Before I found  
The magic how  
To keep her happy  
I never was the fantasy  
Of what you want  
Wanted me to be  
Don't judge me so harsh little girl  
So  
You got a playboy mommy  
But when you tell em my name  
And you want to cross that  
Bridge all on your own  
Little girl they'll do you no harm  
Cause they know  
Your playboy mommy  
But when you tell em my name  
From here to Birmingham I got a few friends  
I never was there  
Was there when it counts  
I get my way  
You're so like me  
You seemed ashamed  
Ashamed that I was  
A good friend of American soldiers  
I'll say it loud here by your grave  
Those angels can't  
Ever take my place  
Somewhere where the orchids grow  
I can't find those church bells  
That played when you died  
Played Gloria  
Talkin bout  
Hosanah  
Don't judge me so harsh little girl  
You got a playboy mommy  
Come home  
But when you tell them soldiers my name  
And cross that bridge all on your own  
Little girl they'll do you no home  
Cause they know your playboy mommy  
I'll be home  
I'll be home  
To take you in my arms