

Diffuser, 35

Momma holds my dreary head
When a splinter digs my skin

Money ain't tight when the money's gone
She rights me when I'm wrong

All alone
On your own
Now You're 35

All alone
Cold as stone
Now you're 35

Crafty words dripped through the screen
But I know she loves me better

Jealous of a rich boy in the mud
Your liquor is thicker than blood

All alone
On your own
Now You're 35

All alone
Cold as stone
Now you're 35

All alone
On your own
Now You're 35

All alone
Cold as stone
Now you're 35