Pretty Hair

Human Highway

Your mother helped you move
Made your transition smooth
Your community was there
The youthful faces, pretty hair
You were surrounded, by your peers

Then one day you saw it You went home and tried to draw it You couldn't get it quite right Its luminescence was so strangely bright

Living in a fantasy Of toxicity (toxic-ly)

You're rubbing up against the veneer of disease
You didn't know, you didn't ask you know that its easy
But you don't care you like it that way
Being taken by surprise
And narrowly narrowly
Avoiding your demise

A year later, early one morning You woke up coughing you poor thing Turned on the radio, but it wasn't active There was a blackout, it was radioactive

So your mother came to get you
Because that's what mothers do
Left your neighborhood in pieces
Reduced to rubble and debris
Driving back to the suburbs in her SUV

Watched it on TV

In your fathers den of iniquity

And you changed the channel

When you saw your old friend

It was burning pretty hair was melting off your skin