

Dead Beat Mom

NOFX

She's a dead beat mom, a one woman pogrom
A tri-polar paradigm, a lunatika time bomb
When everything is alright, she makes everything wrong
Living only to spite and spit napalm

She's a dead beat mom
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A storm without a calm
VPA and lithium is what she should be on
An emotional vacuum, a good vibe tampon
She got her degree in poisonous pedagogy
Taught by her mom

Someone stop her before she destroys
The childhoods of my two boys
My sons mean everything to me
So I pray for some agency
To tell her that she's wrong

But the dead beat mom isn't able to hack it
She needs to be in a Prada straight jacket
A padded rubber room is where she belong
It's the perfect place for, maybe add some mace for

The dead beat mom, she's my Vietnam
I got PTSD and an STD
Is everything okay?
No everything is wrong
Last week I saw her humming this song

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