

## Strawberries

WHY?

Strawberries on your birthday, Shirley  
The shit I said to hotel managers haunts me  
Pall bearers of the first string ready  
Discretely gather in the second floor hallway  
And I am not okay boys  
No I am not okay  
No I am not okay boys

Itching like an intern with a sunburn  
For what a stone unturned covers  
I don't wear rubbers and I don't wear sunscreen  
I want to heat my hide, not hide under something  
And I am not okay boys  
No I am not okay  
No I am not okay boys

You mom, she sits while her hair is in curlers  
Smokes weed and listens to that Garrison Keiler  
That's how I'll live when I quit my rap career  
Let her laughter pass the rafters and go out into the atmosphere

Strawberries on your birthday, Shirley  
The shit I said to high school counselors haunts me  
And I am not okay boys