

# Pink, My Vietnam

Daddy was a soldier he taught me about freedom  
Peace and all the great things that we take  
advantage of

Once I fed the homeless, I'll never forget  
I look upon their faces as I treated them with  
respect  
And

This is my Vietnam  
I'm at war  
Life keeps on dropping bombs  
And I keep score

Momma was a lunatic, she liked to push my buttons

She said I wasn't good enough, but I guess I  
wasn't trying  
Never like school that much, they tried to teach  
me better  
But I just wasn't hearing it because I thought I  
was already pretty clever  
And

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What do you expect from me?  
What am I not giving you?  
What could I do for you to make me OK in your  
eyes?

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