

Mother Of God

[Patty Griffin](#)

All you kids get out the back door
I've never seen her this bad before
She took all her favorite things down from the window
And broke 'em all over her clean floor
It's Saturday at the mansion
The oldest boy walks with a slouch
The young ones are wild in back of the house
And she gave up and went back to sleep on the couch
Something as simple as boys and girls
Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world
Something as hard as a prayer on your back
Can wait a long time for an answer
When I was little I'd stare at her picture
And talk to the mother of God
I swear sometimes I'd see her lips move
Like she was trying to say something to me
When I was eighteen I moved to Florida,
Like everyone sick of the cold does,
And I waited on old people waiting to die
I waited on them until I was
Something as simple as boys and girls
Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world
Something as hard as a prayer on your back
Can wait a long time for an answer
So I'm wearing my footsteps into this floor
One day I won't live here anymore
Someone will wonder who lived here before
And went on their way
I live too many miles from the ocean
And I'm getting older and odd
I get up every morning with a black cup of coffee
And I talk to the mother of God
Something as simple as boys and girls
Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world
Something as hard as a prayer on your back
Can wait a long time for an answer
Can wait a long time for an answer

Songwriters

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