Mama

Crystal Bowersox

Mama, can you hear me
I've been calling for you for a while now
And Mama, can you feed me
I'm so hungry for comfort and love
And stability
Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some hard years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
I am never coming home...
And one day,
One day you will want your daughter,
You'll often think about her
Through the years
Ooh, then maybe,
Maybe you will write her a letter

Oh, "Return to sender,
No one no longer lives here"
Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some hard years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
Oh, I am never coming,
I am never coming,
I am never coming home...
Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some hard years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
I am never coming,
No way, I'm never coming,
No, I am never coming home...

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