

# Mother May I

## My Education

Did you ever really think that you'd  
Expose the truth that pains the page?  
And in their asking, did you see their lie  
The motive true and earnest side?Four in the morning, should they wake up  
Or see them precious in this sleep?  
Every step should break the same  
With every move and every needSo run little children, play  
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on  
So run little children, play  
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother onCould you ever really wish of them?  
One of your games and counts of truth  
With every moment you'll trace the doubt  
And of the premise, what about?Will they ever really see an end  
Or does it matter now from then?  
What of their love for once pronounced  
And of this love a loss withoutSo run little children, play  
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on  
So run little children, play  
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on(I should have known)  
God only knows when your word isn't pure  
And the blood on your hands isn't yours  
I won't believe any word that you tell  
And I won't drink the blood if it spillsSo give them the story, they want you too  
Give them the story they want, kiss to you girl  
Before you fall down and leave meSo give them the story, they want you too  
Give them the story they want, kiss to you girl  
Before you fall down and leave meSo give them the story, they want you too  
Before you leave me  
So give them the story, they want you too  
Before you leave meSo give them the story, they want you too  
Before you leave me  
So give them the story, they want you too  
Before you leave meGod only knows when your word isn't pure  
And the blood on your hands isn't yours  
I won't believe any word that you tell  
And I won't drink the blood if it spillsGod only knows when your word isn't pure  
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