

# Mother

Cyndi Lauper

Over land and over sea  
She reaches out to me  
Weaving and threading the loom  
From womb to womb  
Slaves and merchants  
Pilgrims and thieves  
Felt her hand and charted skys  
By following her moon  
Mother  
Mother  
Mother  
My mother  
Some came and built in stone and bone  
Some planted fields on promised land  
And harvested their dreams  
Then disappeared  
As generations lose their memory  
I'll try and remind my heart  
And hope that it will set me free  
Mother  
Mother  
My mother  
Mother  
Condemning my true nature  
I stood outside of myself, outside of myself  
Outside of myself  
Conditioning is what made me  
Lose sight of myself, lose sight of myself  
Lose sight  
Ravens cry out  
Tides pull in  
Somehow she replenishes  
Giving birth again  
My mother  
Mother  
Mother  
My, my mother  
Mother, mother, mother  
Mother, mother, mother

Mother, mother  
My, my, my mother  
Mother  
Mother  
Mother

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