There She Goes

Howard Goodall & Original London Bend it Like Beck

There she goes
There she goes
Full of fear, full of rage, far from here, from the cage of my heart
And it's only the start
Off she sails
Off she sails
Sad and lost, like a ship, tempest tossed in the grip of the storm
True to type and to form
And there's nothing, no nothing, we mothers can possibly say
All our weeping and wailing won't ever disway them from sailing away
Hey, there I go
There I go
Scheming schemes for a life which, it seems, has a life of its own
As she goes it alone
Look at me
Look at me
Making free with her pain, saying see how much pain could be spared
If that pain could be shared
When there's nothing, no nothing, we mothers can offer, I know
And our children grow colder and surer the stronger and older they grow
And so,
There they go
See them go
Far too fast to resist with one last tiny twist of the knife
Taking half of your life
There she goes
There she goes
On the run like her dad, well that's one I can add to my woes
And I doubt if she knows
Of the hurt that I hide as the truth starts to dawn that a river has dried, that a story has drawn to a close
And she goes, off she goes, where she goes, which is anyone's guess
And she'll need less and less of her mother the further she flows
There she goes
There she blows
There she goes
But God speed and God bless her wherever she goes
There she goes
There she goes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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