

# Yes

## Murder By Death

Your mama's singing with the angels  
Let her go, let her go  
You got no need to feel so guilty  
Let her go, let her go Yes, everyone comes and goes  
White in the head before we know  
Set things right before you go  
Let the people you love know You wake up feeling she's still with you  
Let her go, let her go  
But all you see's an empty room  
Let her go, let her go Yes, everyone comes and goes  
White in the head before we know  
Set things right before you go  
Let the people you love know You pressed your face against her headstone  
Offered up a prayer for others like her  
The trees were bare when mama left us  
Now they bloom and fruit On Sunday morning when the church bells ring  
And the laundry's flapping in the southern breeze  
The choir's howling and your mama sings  
Don't take it so hard, don't take it so bad  
Think of the good times that we had And now you follow in her footsteps  
Walk the same steps that she walked in  
Begged of gods both low and mighty that she might return  
You offer up the words but they just burn your tongue Yes, everyone comes and goes  
White in the head before we know  
Set things right before you go  
Let the people you love know Yes, everyone comes and goes  
White in the head before we know  
Make amends before it gets worse  
If the heartache don't get you first If the heartache don't get you first  
If the heartache don't get you first  
If the heartache don't get you first

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>