

For Mama

Linda Lewis

(Linda Lewis)When the night comes creeping in
And you know you can hide
Can you hear that lonely sound?
It is out there or inside?
Mama, don't you let your fire grow old
Don't let your cradle grow cold
You are my first home
You are my first love
You are my first food
Mama, my daughter
This time around

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>