

# Poor Mum

[Molly Drake](#)

Poor mum, poor mum  
After a lifetime of dreaming  
Poor mum, poor mum  
Whatever became of your scheming Nothing worked out  
In the way that you planned  
Nothing was quite as you thought  
Try very hard not to misunderstand  
Joy as it flies  
Cannot be caught Poor mum, Poor mum  
Where did you take a wrong turning?  
Poor mum, poor mum  
Pack up that last little yearning Pack it away with the books and the toys  
Silent and dumb  
Silent and mum Go out and grab at your life  
And forget  
You are poor, poor... "Mum"

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