Mama

Annuals

Well, I promise
There's no truth
In that lovely, wooden home
You spent your youth
I promise
That I won't leave
Before you dress my arms
Back up in sleeves
Mama, oh Mama
Where's the trust in running?
Baby cool your head, I'm coming

I've hunted
Down my past
Held it close to the earth
I made it last
But now
Solace still keeps my head
Just knowing all that's said, and done
Is simply dead
Father, oh Father
My thoughts they all come drumming
Telling me to just keep humming,
Mama, oh Mama
Where's the trust in running?
Baby cool your head, I'm coming

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