Mama

The Sugarcubes

I saw a woman walking down my street, with grace so beautifully carefully.
she's a big and pretty mother swinging her handbag back and forth
so joyfully she's drawing circles with her breasts in her jumper.
give me a big mother, huge and loving one, i can crawl upon a cling to, a large woman,
warm and cuddly wet lady, strong mother.
she's walking down the street, in front of my window whistling funky tunes in the ears of my neighbours.
give me a big mother, one that would always want me.
hot embracing mother, i can crawl upon and cling to you can't be safer can't be more secure
than with a breast in each palm, thats the way i was born and thats the way i want to die.
give me a big mother, soft and wet one, that would caress me in all those special places.
where's a strong mother, one that squeezes me, one i can crawl upon and cling to?

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