

# 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, that's the way i was born and that's 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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