

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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