

# Mothers And Daughters

## Vaya Con Dios

She thinks she knows you  
She thinks she owns you  
She wants everything to be  
The way she told you  
Of course she loves you  
Worries about you  
She'll smother you 'till you're chokin'  
Tell me, don't you  
Say Mama, tell me why  
Has pleasure got to rhyme with sacrifice?  
You had your ways  
I have mine  
Your little girls a woman  
Don't you realize?  
Of course she loves you  
She adores you  
She'll smother you 'till you're chokin'  
Tell me, don't you?  
She'll try to cage you  
She'll enrage you  
Walking 'round your life  
Deciding for you  
Sometimes she'll praise you  
Sometimes she'll scorn you  
Her dreams from yesterday  
Could have destroyed you  
Now Mama, tell me why?  
Has pleasure got to rhyme with sacrifice?  
You had your days  
I have mine  
Your little girl's a woman now ...  
For quite some time

Songwriters

DAVE GRUSIN Published by

Lyrics © FOX MUSIC, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>