

We Share Our Mothers Health

The Knife

We came down from the north
Blue hands and a torch
Red wine and food for free
A possibility
We share our mothers' health
It is what we've been dealt
What's in it for me
Fine
Then I'll agree Trees there will be
Apples, fruits maybe
You know what I fear
The end is always near You say you like it
You say you need it
When you don't
Looking better
Shining brighter
Than you do

Songwriters

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