

# Jesus' Mother

## Busman's Holiday

From the stained glass window, to the back of the room  
Sun spread like the last bit of butter  
Shading the corners, it flattered the room and I stare at Jesus mother  
Though I can't remember how I got here last night  
By the lords will I am not in the gutter  
Tangerine florescent, clouds fill the sky And black filled the time to the present  
Thank god for old ladies and these highway churches  
See highlights of dark nights uncovered  
I wish i could tell them with words made of gold  
But I stare at Jesus's mother  
Grandma through the screen door and the daisies of blue  
As the pool light turn off with the summer  
Me and my brother in the cool waters touch  
And I stare at Jesus's mother  
Sometimes I feel distant as I drift through this word Like the birds shadow glides 'cross the pavement  
There is something in nothing and I know that for sure  
For I stare at Jesus's mother  
Hey I should not complain for its all 'bout the same  
There are lonely men all 'cross this nation  
Some broadcast their billfold to to see a channel of love  
And I have to pay for relations  
Two thick yellow ribbon, too answer a questions  
But below it is black and uncertain  
You are coming of going, that is all that you need  
And I think of Jesus's mother.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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