

bedside manner

Simon Dawes

Some time as a much older man
I will sit down and put on this song.

It just might make me cry,
Or at the very least a tear in my eye.
I can't take all these years of my life
To be widdle down into a thought
That only appears to the year
I made memories perfectly clear.

Mama, mama

Mama, mama.

I just want to be making my mind,
Keep from changing my mind not to change.

Cause I'm greedy as the sea,
And that's how it always will be.
I'll be somebody now, and I'll be somebody then,

And I'll be all of you all in between.

And then I'll be ready to leave
When the whole world is taken with me.

Mama, mama

Mama, mama.

Mama, mama

Mama, mama.

Cause there're so many days in a year.

And there's so many years in my head.

So I think about when I'll be dead,
And how those very last moments get spent.
And if I think about you is that something you think you'd accept?

Some time as a much older man
I will sit down and put on this song.

It just might make me cry,
Or at the very least a tear in my eye.

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