My Mother's Son (EP Version)

Johnathan Rice

All the Protestant girls
They're all swinging their hips
Fresh coat of red on their lips
In a solar eclipse
I sat on the steps
Church bells rang in my ears
Big blue sky was so clear
When the sun disappearedWhite horses on the highway ride under this strange and darker sky
A wind will come and scatter seeds and it will bury all of these
The children sing across the plains their voices rise and quickly fadeOn a passenger train
Slightly out of my mind
All the women so kind
Sending chills down my spine
And I fell into sleep
And in that sleep I did dream
That I was torn at the seams
I don't know what it meansInside of mama baby kicks
And this house is made of stone and sticks
All these things can break my bones and everyone must run alone
I run all night with bursting lungs
I will always be my mother's sonYes I will always be my mother's son
And I'm no different from anyoneStopped traffic and stadium lights
That's the view from the sky
As that old black bird flies
I wish I could fly
What will we become
When we sleep in the dirt
Who will rise up first
One can never be sure

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