

# Home Stretch

## Seven Mary Three

Yeah you in your mother's new shoes  
Bet you like them as much as her blues  
Don't tell anyone but I plan to move  
The first time you look away Tell me the new apron strings  
Taste to you, yes  
My pretty young things  
You tell me that hatred is king  
(It's to the weak and the manor born) Like a trick that you've fallen for  
You recognize me because  
There's only one sound to love Bye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good  
Bye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good  
Bye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good-bye Tell me you in your mother's new shoes  
Bet you like them as much as her blues  
Don't tell anyone, but I'm born to move  
Like the first star you ever saw Tell me the new apron strings  
Trace to you, yeah  
My pitied young things  
I tell you that love can be king  
(It's to the meek and the manner born) But like a trick that you've fallen for  
You recognize me because  
There's only one sound to love

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