

# Momma

Abigail Washburn

Momma, please tell me truly  
Even though life ain't what it should be  
Where can I go to fix these things inside 'Cause, momma, it's hard to feel free  
When it's you running through me  
Just take me now or throw away the key And so it goes Life isn't easy and truth's a dreadful beauty  
And everyone wants to know where they go  
When they die Momma, I can't help feeling  
That this pain is of your willing  
Cool rain from a cloud of stricken one But maybe, just maybe  
This soul will die before my body  
And I'll live on earth in peace for evermore And so it goes Lately I've thought about me  
Separate from your woeful morning  
And I can see a light ringing through the sky It sings of coming glory  
Strangely tied to this awful story  
It lifts the heart and gives us wings to fly And so it goes

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