

# 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 keyAnd so it goesLife isn't easy and truth's a dreadful beauty  
        And everyone wants to know where they go  
        When they dieMomma, I can't help feeling  
            That this pain is of your willing  
        Cool rain from a cloud of strickenineBut maybe, just maybe  
            This soul will die before my body  
And I'll live on earth in peace for evermoreAnd so it goesLately I've thought about me  
            Separate from your woeful morning  
        And I can see a light ringing through the skyIt sings of coming glory  
            Strangely tied to this awful story  
        It lifts the heart and gives us wings to flyAnd so it goes

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