

Kept Down

Mother Mother

If I could talk to all the children in the clouds,
The ones who couldn't help but take it lying down,
I'd say, despite your fate, you made your papa proud.
There's just some things a guy like that can't say out loud.
Oh, your mama, well she just didn't know how.
A thousand years of being told to shut her mouth
And kept down, down,
Down, down
Kept down, down,
Down, down. If I could steal away the outcast of the class
I'd break him out of there and take him to the tracks
We'd bet all of it on the horse with a broke back
We'd watch it win while all the stallions came in last.
Oh, boy, you see
Your odds ain't all that bad.
Slim to none, but not so slim you've got to slip between the cracks.
So come back, come back. Pretty girl.
Wicked one.
Caught your curse.
Cut out your tongue.
Ooh, ooh, ooh One by one we let 'em burn off with the sun
Can only hope they're somewhere finally having some fun,
Being young.

Songwriters

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