

Yes

Murder By Death

Your mama's singing with the angels
Let her go, let her go
You got no need to feel so guilty
Let her go, let her go
Yes, everyone comes and goes
White in the head before we know
Set things right before you go
Let the people you love know
You wake up feeling she's still with you
Let her go, let her go
But all you see's an empty room
Let her go, let her go
Yes, everyone comes and goes
White in the head before we know
Set things right before you go
Let the people you love know
You pressed your face against her headstone
Offered up a prayer for others like her
The trees were bare when mama left us
Now they bloom and fruit
On Sunday morning when the church bells ring
And the laundry's flapping in the southern breeze
The choir's howling and your mama sings
Don't take it so hard, don't take it so bad
Think of the good times that we had
And now you follow in her footsteps
Walk the same steps that she walked in
Begged of gods both low and mighty that she might return
You offer up the words but they just burn your tongue
Yes, everyone comes and goes
White in the head before we know
Set things right before you go
Let the people you love know
Yes, everyone comes and goes
White in the head before we know
Make amends before it gets worse
If the heartache don't get you first
If the heartache don't get you first
If the heartache don't get you first

If the heartache don't get you first
If the heartache don't get you first

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