

Mona

Irina Bjorklund & Peter Fox

Talking to her plants,
Caring about the ants,
Giving every creature it's own share.

Squirrels on her mind,
Swaying her behind,
She will treat you kind, and always spare.

Cleaning up the house,
Feeding every mouth,
Making everybody feel like home.

Preparing us a feast,
Saying it's the least,
that she can do and whips the chocolate foam.

Mona

Lyrics Submitted by Samarth Mistry

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