

My Mother The War

10,000 Maniacs

She borders the pavement
Flanks avenues
The parades pass
White glove attended by

My mother the war

She'll raise a shaft
Lift a banner
Toss a rose

My mother the war

She knows every neighbor
Chats at their doors
Compare
Econosize electric appliances
Come share tea
And a seat by my
Cradle with

My mother the war

Forsaken vigil
Three years each tour
Hands of God enfold him
Prayed mother of the war
Haunt a doorway
Beg a postman
Is there word
For mother the war

5 black stars

In bitter defiance
She's spitting the corps
Wet a brood
Short league for combat

My mother the war

Well acquainted
With sorrow
With grief

My mother the war

Folded lace
Carrion and
Blood soaked robes
Folded lace
Carrion
Blood soaked
Shroud

My mother the war
Tiskáno z pisnický-akordy.cz