

Mother

Cocoon

What does, what does it feel like to be sorry ?
Why did, why did I find a broken rosary in your bed ?
Don't give, don't give a mark to what I did
Because from one to ten I just guess I deserve a four.

Oh Mother don't worry,
There's still a part of me
That is worth knowing,
But it makes no sense to me.
Oh it makes no sense to me.
Don't tell me what I could or should have done.

Now the boats are all gone and I didn't want to wave them by.
And it's time, Oh Lord, for once to end what you start !
Oh and you can trust me, I know you made the hardest part.

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There's still a part of me
That is worth knowing,
But it makes no sense to me.
Oh it makes no sense to me.

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