

## Make It On My Own

Anna Ternheim

My baby's gone, gone into a bad dream  
in the shape of a black boot aiming for his head  
They said; watch it woman, get out of here, save your tears  
save your tears for a white love who deserves your prayers  
You don't need matches to make something burn  
They left me your ashes and walked away  
All I can think of is how to get back  
Taking it day by day ...  
I make it on my own,  
make it on my own again  
My baby's gone  
I'm on my own again  
My baby's gone, running down the street like a wild horse  
I said watch out my love, watch out! My baby turned his head  
just in time to feel the breeze of the first blow  
That night the sky turned white across his face