

Your Mother Loves You Son

Beulah

You been counting on a sunday
Oh the world, the world, the world,
Has gone insane
Over something
Over nothing
Get excited over everything it said

You've been counting on a savior
Hide your feelings oh you've got to keep them safe
Once a baptist still a menace
Just a long shot everything you feel is fine

Last night's a loaded gun
You better hope that the world won't end tonight
Oh the mother's lovely son
You better hope that the world won't end
Cause you've been betting on yourself again
You better leave, at least you still have a friend
When you're bankrupt and your out of luck
Odds are dropping it's about time you dumped

Last night's a loaded gun
You better hope that the world won't end tonight
Oh the mother's lovely son
You better hope that the world won't end
Cause you've come too far
Think of all the people you'd hurt
Don't wanna make your mother cry
It's not okay, all right?

Last night's a loaded gun
You better hope that the world won't end tonight
Oh the mother's lovely son
You better hope that the world won't end
Cause you've come too far
Think of all the people you'd miss