

## The Passion

Billy Bragg

The fear of a daughter can run high  
In the mind of a father to be  
For something is growing inside  
But we don't talk about it, do we

In the long empty passionless night  
Many times to herself she had prayed  
That the baby will love her much more  
Than the big boy who stole her away

And sometimes it takes a grown man a long time to learn  
Just what it would take a child a night to learn

It pains her to learn that some things will never be right  
If the baby is just someone else to take sides in a fight  
Harsh words between bride and groom  
The distance is greater each day  
He smokes alone in the next room  
And she knits her life away

A long time ago she saw visions on the stairs  
And when she felt dizzy her mother was always there  
The home help is no help at all I have not committed a crime  
Angels gaze down from the wall  
Is there a God, Is there a next time