

All my soul, my head aching tummy
Why in world was my mother taken from me
Up until the last minute I've been looking for the answer
Hard as tried she couldn't out run the breast cancer
What am I supposed to do, I need at least another year,
There comes time everyday I need to have my mother hear
I need to talk to her it's important,
It seems to be
I got to make her understand
Who will be there to pick me up by the waste been
Plus one day I promised I would take her to grace land
There is things she needs to see
For instance I planned on building a family of my own
She never had grandchildren
She always helped to make my work in the kitchen painless
I want her to see when I am finally rich and famous
Who will I ask my stupid questions when they come up
My first impulse is I want to call my mum up
But then I am left standing there
Holding the telephone wishing this head ach would leave me the
hell alone
The last thing I need now is for pain to fill my empty spaces
Right now I feel pain in plenty of places
I need to make her laugh more
I want to have pictures taken
She always telling her friend about the records her son Richard
's making
I need to listen to her stories and tell her my own ones
I want her to watch when I hit lots of home runs
For there are a few things I need to say sorry for
Blame me instead of your-self
As for Lorry and Amy
I'll make sure there ok
And that they always wear their seat belt
I promise to ease back when ever the heats felt
I want to go home and show off this weekend
But I can't and it feels like I might go off the deep end
It's painful being here
But it's unfit there
My mothers gone away and it's not one bit fair