

Grá mo chroí, mo mhamaí, cé go raibh mé cineál scanraithe
Nuair a tháinig sí abhaile 's an teach go hiomlán salach
Níl mé ag iarraidh tabhairt amach, no, níl mé ag iarraidh troid anocht lad
Tá an cheann seo duitse, mo mhamaí cliste

Pasta pesto, prátaí rósta, teach go hiomlán focain reoite
Saoire fada ar an chósta 's cleachtadh ceol, I nearly lost it
Níl mé ag iarraidh tabhairt amach, no, níl mé ag iarraidh troid anocht lad
Tá an cheann seo duitse, mo mhamaí cliste

'Cause níl faic níos crua de na single mas
She'd knock the cunt out of any da, she'd break a jaw
Dá mbeadh an gá, she'd go berzerk gan any fáth
Like, "níor ghlan tú an focain leithreas I gceart, ye wee focan shite"
Foc, that's me gettin' bate again tonight, and then Dyrt goes...

Thank fuck mam's don't do a runner
'Cause some dads spend years buying butter
I just took another line with my brother
So I want to tell my mam that I love her

Seo ceann do na mná, a bhíonn ag obair gach lá
Ag cur iad féin I mbaol, oh, ar mhaithe lenár saoil
Seo ceann do mo mhamaí, gan thú bheinn tanaí
Gan thú bheinn a banaí, oh is grá liom thú a mamaí...

My father's child, my mother's son
That line can be troublesome
Ah sure, what's done is done
And my mother is a stubborn cunt
For a son, no needed assistance
'Twas Breda and Vincent 'til he flew off and left me in Breda's hands
'Cause my father had Peter Pan syndrome symptoms
But I don't begrudge you Vince
I'm sure that you loved your kids
You just weren't able to be there enough because of trauma you suffer with,
but fuck it, it's
All in the past, it's all in the bag I haul on my back
And never complained, it brought me the knack of knowing how trauma impacts
It's a whacked-
out without thought for their mam when she's giving them all that she can
Trapped in their self-centered thoughts about all that they lack because they
y're missing a bond with their dad
But she played dad when the job was his, so I want to say thanks for all you
did
Every cloud, as they say, the problem is
That's just another line that I'll probably sniff

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Is grá liom thú mamaí, a mhamaí, ye had me eating shite dinners like spuds a
nd salami
Ach is cuimhin liom go minic bheadh braillín úr nuair a thiocfas mé abhaile
ar mo leabáí

Ar bith ar mé ag spraoi, since I fell out your gee
Ní minic a bhfeicfinn tú I do shuí
Mo mhamaí, mo laoch, táim buíoch duit mar bhí
I gcónaí bia ar mo phláta, calling me do wee ghrása
And you never went mad, whenever I had a cóisir I do theach
Is mó an bhuíochas leatsa, mo mháthair croíúil snasta
As mo bheatha, cuimhní sásta, and slapping me when you had to

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