

Happy Home

Paula Cole

I remember the pain in my mother's eyes,
I remember the pain of her compromise years ago.
I always wanted to help to make it go away,
I didn't know it was her freedom that she needed so.

And she said to me, she said to me:

He hitch-hiked to Maine,
We went cross-country.
I had to leave my home,
I had to raise a family
We did the best we could being so young,
We tried to hard to build a happy home.

I never knew what to say to anybody,
I didn't know what to do, I was far too young.
But everybody could feel the suffocation,
Underneath for facade of a happy home.

And she said to me, she said to me:

Home sweet freedom, flowing in my eyes, Home sweet freedom,
flowing in my mind.

Sacrificed her dreams to motherhood,
Waiting and waiting to be understood fully.
Sacrificed her years to the family,
Waiting and waiting to be heard finally.

And she said to me, she said to me...