The Niece

Peter Broderick

Bring peace to the niece
Bring bread to the homestead
Bring love from above

On the surface there's a young girl growin' up, as you do
On the wild, wild ride that's teenage youth
But as this flame starts a-showin' its true glow
I see another drawin' in as if it's time to go

What's the catch, I ask, for this pretty flower
I don't pretend to hold all the world's power
And I don't wanna mess with the sacred, cyclical flow

But when I think of sayin' goodbye to this tree
Everything inside of me says no . . . no!

What falls to the ground nurtures the soil
The breeding grounds for a whole new life of toil
But in the midst of all the struggles and pain
The image of your beauty, Mama, will always remain

Bring peace to the niece and her grandmaEmbedShare Url:CopyEmbed:Copy

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