

Come child lay your head down
This river sings without sound
All of these things in your mind
Leave them behind

My mother's village
Is inside
How can one leave her?
Mother of time

Come child eat of this fruit
All of me is for you
For you are my very own
Welcome, welcome home

My mother's village
Is inside
How can one leave her?
Mother of time

Mother of the virtuous
Or mother of the wicked
We're upon your lap here
And all of us are children
Poetry's no use when describing who you are
Creator of the love that's inside of my heart
Darker than the night, yeah, brighter than the sun
Higher than the mountains, deeper than the ocean
You keep the world turning
You're an unseen power
I know not the time
Not the place, or the hour
Rising with the sun
Shine and setting with the moon
All your instruments are playing
All are perfectly in tune
Flowing with the water
And burning in the fire
My mama is the queen of this whole empire
As I sit back while I watch her play the part
As the beggar, as the king, as the thief, it's her art
I am just a color in her unseen picture
A pen in her hand as she writes her scripture

My mother's village
Is inside