

Potts Sherri
"Would Have Called You Billy"

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although i call myself a mother,
i don't have you in my arms
you're not here to hold and to call my own
not here for me to love...
but i am your mother
although others don't see it
i carried you inside me for months
watched my stomach grow
waiting with excitement and fear of the day
that you would join me
merely a child myself
i felt your small kicks,
i spent the late nights
praying for you and the early mornings being sick
until one day, far to early,
the pains started coming, unlike
anything i have ever felt before i told myself everything
would be ok, it would all work out,
but i was wrong
i did not work out as i had planned, nothing like the
movies

there was no little bundle of joy, just a small baby
without a chance

already gone, never really here, not a breath in this
world

a boy, so small and so perfect, I'm sure you had your
daddies eyes,

although you never opened them.

as i held you to say good-bye, to the son i will never
know

i thought about all the things you would of done

all the trips to the zoo, the smiles, the laughter

never will you have your first kiss, never a chance to
fall in love

to the others all i am is a messed up teenager,

not a human who has feelings of my own,

who can experience a loss as well

they don't see that i am a mother,

as you are not with us, only in our hearts

and with me i shall take the memories

of all the days spent waiting,

and dreaming of what wasn't meant to be

people try to tell me to move on, but i wont

it's too hard without you

i've tried the sewing, the reading, the help groups

and talking to friends,

it's no use

i've baked batch after batch of cookies,

but nothing seems to ease the pain

i can see you now, a month old, a year old, graduating,
star of the football team
god took you away from us, for a reason unseen by
many
and with him you shall be,
until the day i may join you
and we will live together once more
to this story there is no happy ending, only more pain
and sorrow
eventually, it will ebb, but for now i must continue,
without my son,
little william, your friends would have called you
billy.....

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