

Psychedelic Furs, The

"Mother-Son"

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Mary comes in a bows

And all her lipstick, pearls and clothes

Come falling down

Come falling at her feet

Got a knife and a spoon

And a rose on my suit

Mother-son

Dark as crows, here above

I keep two feet on my floor

She's like a dove

There's a law she keeps

Come falling down

Steal her things

Come falling down

All her rings

Come falling down

All that she was sold

Second hand, handed you

With a heart to fill my shoes

And mother-son

Dark as crows

She comes knocking down my doors

Sad mother-son

On a cross, in her sleep

On her sheets

With a lie that she keeps

In here, nothing breathes

A penny sent for your thought

She comes knocking down my door

Sad mother-son

Mother-son

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