

## Never, The "Baba Yaga"

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I guess it's under my bed  
Lonely mother rocks & holds her head  
It takes her love to give  
And gives her nothing in return  
And outside snowflakes fall  
The witch crawls through her hole  
Loneliness haunting us all  
But no doctor to call

And you can make friends with the moon  
And soon you'll paint something beautiful  
Heaven look down on me  
And kill all my worries  
This ghost sits on my bed  
We walk through her head  
And loves all the things she sighs  
She puts me down to bed

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