

## **Veils, The**

### **"Advice for Young Mothers to be"**

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She found the world embedded in the snow  
Too bad the rest have made it all their own  
There's got to be a better way somehow that I don't  
know  
Wish I could find the words and heal my baby

She made a crib of blankets from the floor  
Painted the bluest colour on the walls  
I don't want to know the time, I don't care about that at  
all  
Nobody knows the way to heaven, baby

This can't go on  
Your advice for young mothers to be  
Will never find the words  
Darling, believe me

So here it is - your hearts out in the cold  
The friends you kept still call you on the phone  
The Vicar said it's wrong but, hey what does he know  
He said it's wrong but that the lord forgave me

Well I don't want your pity and your scorn  
Boy, why are you preaching  
No ones listening anymore  
That life of yours sickens me directly to my maternal  
core  
No man alive has earned the right to save me

This can't go on  
Your advice for young mothers to be  
Will never find the words  
Darling, believe me

This can't go on  
Your advice for young mothers to be  
Will never find the words  
Darling, believe me

Now here I am - I'm pushing 24  
I've got a house and a little terrace on the lawn

My baby's grown  
And I'm happy as a fawn  
Now only the beauty of the world delays me

This can't go on  
Your advice for young mothers to be  
Will never find the words  
Darling, believe me

This crown of thorns  
Your advice for young mothers to be  
Will never find the words  
Darling, believe me

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