

Abigail Washburn "Momma"

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Momma, please tell me truly
Even though life ain't what it should be
Where can I go to fix these things inside

'Cause, momma, it's hard to feel free
When it's you running through me
Just take me now or throw away the key

And so it goes

Life isn't easy and truth's a dreadful beauty
And everyone wants to know where they go
When they die

Momma, I can't help feeling
That this pain is of your willing
Cool rain from a cloud of strickenine

But maybe, just maybe
This soul will die before my body
And I'll live on earth in peace for evermore

And so it goes

Lately I've thought about me
Separate from your woeful morning
And I can see a light ringing through the sky

It sings of coming glory
Strangely tied to this awful story
It lifts the heart and gives us wings to fly

And so it goes

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