

Annie Haslam**"Mama"**

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I was watching the woman that was walking down my street
Walking with grace, so beautifully, carefully
She's a big and pretty mother, big and pretty mother
Swinging her hand-bag back and forth so joyfully
She's drawing circles with her breasts in her jumper

Give me a big mother
Huge and loving one
I can crawl upon
And cling to

She's a large woman...
Warm and cuddly...
Wet lady...
Strong mother...

She's walking down the street in front of my window
Whistling funky tunes in the ears of my neighbours

Give me a big mother
One that will always want me
Hot, embracing mother
I can crawl upon
And cling to

Can't be safer, can't be more secure
Than with a breast in each palm
Than with a breast in each palm
That is the way that I was born
And that is the way that I want to die

Give me a big mother
Yes, a soft and wet one
That would caress me
In all those special places
Where's a strong mother
One that squeezes me
One that I can crawl upon

