

Cyndi Lauper

"Mother"

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Over land and over sea
She reaches out to me
Weaving and threading the loom
From womb to womb

Slaves and merchants
Pilgrims and thieves
Felt her hand and charted skys
By following her moon

Mother
Mother
Mother
My mother

Some came and built in stone and bone
Some planted fields on promised land
And harvested their dreams
Then disappeared

As generations lose their memory
I'll try and remind my heart
And hope that it will set me free

Mother
Mother
My mother
Mother

Condemning my true nature
I stood outside of myself, outside of myself
Outside of myself

Conditioning is what made me
Lose sight of myself, lose sight of myself
Lose sight

Ravens cry out
Tides pull in
Somehow she replenishes
Giving birth again

My mother
Mother
Mother
My, my mother

Mother, mother, mother
Mother, mother, mother
Mother, mother
My, my, my mother

Mother
Mother
Mother

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