

Bjork

"Mama"

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I was watching a woman who was walking down my street,
Walking with grace so beautifully care-fully.
She's a big and pretty mother, a big and pretty mother,
Swinging her handbag 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 one 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 would always want me.
Hot embracing mother,
I can crawl upon and cling to.
You can't be safer can't be more secure
Than with a breast in each palm, with a breast in each palm.
That's the way i was born
And that's the way i want to die.
Give me a big mother,
Soft and wet now,
That would caress me in all those special places.
Where's a strong mother,
One that squeezes me,
One i can crawl upon and cling to?

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