

Blind Lemon Jefferson

"Mother"

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The skies have darkened
And the seas have dried.
Your honest ways have turned to lies.
Your hands of promise
Turned to hands of pain.
You take for granted the life that God create
The life that God created.
The frost and flowers
Mother gave to you,
The muffled whispers bleeding true.
And it doesn't matter how
What kind of eyes your looking through.
Do you see our Mother's dying?
Here's a picture for you.
I wanna paint this picture for you!

With every black choking for breath
And every inch closer to death.
Her hands are held out for you.

(solo)

You said the reasons
We're in the cities that we all made
Was that we rage our poor Mother.
Poor Mother.
Poor Mother.
Now that she's leaving
And she's thrown off all that she gave,
We dig the grave
Of our poor Mother!
The grass ain't growing
In my front yard, no.
Poor Mother.
Poor Mother.
Poor Mother.

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