

Emma Burgess

"Massachusetts"

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Massachusetts wanna go
Will I see ya I don't know
My nose was cold you told me so
From eating syrup in the snow
Mama said there's nothin here to do
But pat your dog and have a brew
Goin makin out in cars
Sunset in the parkin lots

Oh I miss you so
Still so hard to let you go
And I wanna see
What you think of me

Make a wish and count to three
I always wondered what we'd be
Would we grow up and leave
And cut away those apron strings
I couldn't stay you understand
My daddy's just a drinkin man
My momma's actin up again
I had to make a bigger plan

Oh I miss you so
Still so hard to let you go
And I wanna see
What you think of me

As I get older now I know
That time is precious with your folk
Gramma's gettin old
And this distance getting harder all the Time
I wanna fly a silver plane
And fill a bottle with your rain
Bring it to california
Know I'm always thinkin of ya

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