

Eric Burdon

"Mother Earth"

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Mother Earth is waitin' for you, yes she is.
She is big and she's round,
And it's cold way down in the ground.

You may not be happy all the time,
You may never be that way,
Mother Earth is waitin' for you,
For that debt you've got to pay.

Don't care how big you are,
I don't care what you were,
When it all is up,
You've got to go back to Mother Earth.

You could be blas with life,
Only make love to foreign girls,
You may have a little jet, baby,

And fly all around the world,

Don't care how big you are,
I don't care what you were,
When it all is up,
You've got to go back to Mother Earth.
She is waitin'?; for you. Yea.

When it all is up,
You got to go back,
Way back to Mother Earth, yes.

I feel so bad, oh, all I can do is sing these blues,
Yea.
When it all is up,
You've got to go back to Mother Earth.
Oh baby you hear what I say?

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