

## Hazell Dean

### "Song For My Mother"

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In the hollow of your arms, snuggled up all safe and  
warm,  
You used to tell me tales of unicorns and kings.  
But how could i comprehend all the things you told me  
then  
Of your madness and your struggling?

And my mind would swim in fantasies, like a piece of  
driftwood in the sea.  
I had no touchstone for reality. you were my reality.

Like a dark and unlit room or the far side of the moon,  
Your insanity spoke emptiness and fear.  
And no matter how i tried, how i questioned and i  
ried,  
I just could not penetrate that thin veneer.

And i know you tried to comfort me, to soothe and  
reassure me.  
But then your strength would always fail and in it's  
place a silken veil.

Like a dried and wrinkled prune, a deflated toy balloon,  
I cam home and found you strewn across the floor.  
And as they lay you on your bed i heard you say,  
"if i a dead, how come it just keeps on hurting more  
and more?"

And you left me in the early spring. all they said was,  
"mommy's resting."  
And how was i to know, so young, it wasn't something i  
had done?

So please try and understand, i will love you as i can.  
I do not blame you; you're not guilty.  
But still there's no way to describe the relief i finally  
found  
Upon learning it was you, and not me, that was crazy.

