

## **Buck 65**

### **""ice""**

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All my soul, my head aching tummy  
Why in world was my mother taken from me  
Up until the last minute Ive been looking for the answer  
Hard as tried she couldnt out run the breast cancer  
What am I supposed to do, I need at least another year,  
There comes time everyday I need to have my mother  
hear  
I need to talk to her it's important,  
It seems to be  
I got to make her understand  
Who will be there to pick me up by the waste been  
Plus one day I promised I would take her to grace land  
There is things she needs to see  
For instance I planned on building a family of my own  
She never had grandchildren  
She always helped to make my work in the kitchen  
painless  
I want her to see when I am finally rich and famous  
Who will I ask my stupid questions when they come up  
My first impulse is I want to call my mum up  
But then I am left standing there  
Holding the telephone wishing this head ach would  
leave me the hell alone  
The last thing I need now is for pain to fill my empty  
spaces  
Right now I fell pain in plenty of places  
I need to make her laugh more  
I want to have pictures taken  
She always telling her friend about the records her son  
Richard's making  
I need to listen to her stories and tell her my own ones  
I want her to watch when I hit lots of home runs  
For there are a few things I need to say sorry for  
Blame me instead of your-self  
As for Lorry and Amy  
Ill make sure there ok  
And that they always where there seat belt  
I promise to ease back when ever the heats felt  
I want to go home and show off this weekend  
But I can't and it fells like I might go off the deep end  
Its painful being here  
But it's unfit there

My mothers gone away and it's not one bit fair

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