

## Jane Siberry

### "My Mother Is Not The White Dove"

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My mother is not the white dove.  
(Oh hey ohh oh. Oh huh ay ay) My mother,  
my mother. She is the flight of the white dove,  
and when I do not feel her feeling me,  
when I do not feel her feeling me,  
that is when I am lost. (Ohh.)

My mother, ahh,  
she is the blackness against which the stars are  
placed,  
against which the stars are placed, ah,  
and when I do not feel her feeling me,  
when I do not feel her feeling me,  
I, uh, that's when I am, uh,  
trailing lost. (Oh, oh.)

My mother, she,  
she is the long cry that is pulled from our hearts  
as we lift our faces from the lap of loneliness,  
uh, the lap of loneliness.  
(Ah hah hah hah hah. Oh, oh, hey now, hey now.)

My mother, she is not the white dove.  
She is the flight of the,  
she is the flight of the,  
she is the flight.

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