

## **Kate Campbell**

# **"In My Mother's House"**

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Photographs  
And old forty-fives  
Stowed beneath  
A homecoming gown  
Pictures of me  
At sweet sixteen  
But everything's  
Not as it seems  
In my mother's house

When I go home  
For holidays  
There's so much  
To talk about  
And sometimes  
We disagree  
On politics  
And theology  
In my mother's house

The chimes  
In the hall  
Sound every hour  
The sun and moon  
Go 'round  
Time flies by  
And fades  
Like the flower  
And I can't  
Slow it down

I spend my days  
With music and words  
Playing these songs  
From town to town  
And everyone sees  
What they want to see  
But I'm just the girl  
Who used to sing  
In my mother's house

I am

A prodigal daughter  
But in my wandering  
I have found  
There is  
A wideness in mercy  
And there'll always be  
A place for me  
In my mother's house

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