

Chuck Prophet

"Geraldine"

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Hold tight, Geraldine, I need to say what I mean.
Time's gone by for so long and I've seen all the wrongs
that I've done.
Since we have yelled and stomped our feet after you
took me in your arms.
Cut from you, near death you drew the breath that
made me one.

And I must call on your sweet soul
In the times when we walk
In shadows of sorts
I cherish the mother you are.

Hold tight, Geraldine, I need to say what I mean.
Oh, I owe you for the stars in the sky
And the breath that was life of my own.

And I must call on your sweet soul
In the times when we walk
In shadows of sorts
I cherish the mother you are.

And I must call on your sweet soul
In the times when we walk
In shadows of sorts
I cherish the mother you are.
Yes, in the times when we walk
In shadows of sorts
I cherish the mother you are.

Hold tight, Geraldine, I mean to say what I mean.

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