

Mary Magdalan "Debbie"

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Hey debbie,
How you been? its me Mary Jane. you know, your only daughter; the one you left in pain. the one you left over the heroin and cocaine, and its been really hard for me to come see you again. and i don't even know if Im hurt, or if I'm mad... oh, and by the way, have you seen or heard from dad? I think he's doing good he's living with his new wife. I heard she keeps him clean and I guess she treats him right. and I know how pop-pop died really must have hurt you, cancer took the only father both of us ever knew. and its been really hard on grandma, we don't speak any longer; she disowned me too, told me I was just like my mother. and I know that being a teenage mom wasn't that appealing, but I can still remember the sun you painted on my ceiling. now Im an artist too except I do it for the healing; to take away this heartache and this misery Im feeling.

AND IVE GROWN TIRED OF BEING ALONE
LORD I KNOW
STARRY EYES CLOSE
AND MOMMA WHY WONT YOU EVER COME HOME
STARRY EYES CLOSE

They say that you and I, we share the same traits... the same pretty eyes, they say they see you in my face. same Cybil moods, same wicked ways, same addictions, except you took it to the vein. I was always afraid of you, the track marks on your arms. and you were always passing out and taking me to bars. or you left me alone, or you left me in the car, now Im all alone and you left me with these scars!

My sleep is filled with nightmares about the life you chose. were you alone in that apartment, did you really overdose? I wonder, could I have stopped it, did you even leave a note? I didn't even know you lived a mile from my home! that afternoon I heard you died I thought it was a joke; I didn't know that you were sick, or that you had had a stroke. I would have went to see you at least we could have spoke. why'd you have to die so young you were just 33 years old!!

AND IVE GROWN TIRED OF BEING ALONE
LORD I KNOW
STARRY EYES CLOSE
AND MOMMA WHY WONT YOU EVER COME HOME
STARRY EYES CLOSE

Well here I am momma, standing at your grave. lay my head down on the marble just to ease the pain. I used to come here all the time and pray that you were saved; get on my knees close my eyes and ask the lord for strength. and I understand cause I got my own set of sins, but it makes me sad to think how WEAK you really must of been. you had a choice between your only child and heroin, and it was heroin that won the battle in the end? and not a day goes by I don't think about what could have been, but in the end I'm at your grave fighting tears again. I miss you bad as fuck, my throat keeps tightening up, do you even remember I have a birthday coming up? Until the day...not a day goes by that you don't walk with me. there's so many things I wanna say but I guess its just to late, momma... can you hear me?

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