

Michelle Featherstone

"Mother"

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Standing in my mother's dress I feel her sweet caress
blowing through me like a storm from the east
whisper to me all your dreams
I'll keep them safe here in the seams
somehow you have thought them out of reach

holding onto apron strings
it's funny what nostalgia brings
I remember wanting to be just like you
though lines across your face appear
they represent you're worried
don't pick me up for I must learn to fall

but mother, mother do I make you proud
mother, mother, mother do I make you proud of me

all the strength that you possess
I feel it here inside this dress
I am myself because of who you are
I wonder where your spirit lies
but I see it clearly in your eyes
I am alive inside because of you

but mother, mother do I make you proud
mother, mother, mother do I make you proud of me

but mother, mother, mother do I make you proud
mother, mother, mother do I make you proud of me

oh I hope
mother, mother, mother I hope I make you proud of me
proud of me

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