

Bjrk

"Mama"

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i saw a woman walking down my street,
with grace so beautifully care-fully.
she's a big and pretty mother swinging her handbag
back and forth so joyfully
she's drawing circles with her breasts in her jumper.
give me a big mother,
huge and loving one,
i can crawl upon a cling to,
a large woman, warm and cuddly wet lady,
strong mother.
she's walking down the street,
in front of my window whistling funky tunes
in the ears of my neighbours.
give me a big mother,
one that would always want me.
hot embracing mother,
i can crawl upon and cling to
you can't be safer can't be more secure than with a
breast in each palm,
thats the way i was born and
thats the way i want to die.
give me a big mother,
soft and wet one,
that would caress me in all those special places.
where's a strong mother,
one that squeezes me,
one i can crawl upon and cling to?

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