

## **Patty Griffin**

### **"Mother of God"**

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All you kids get out the back door  
I've never seen her this bad before  
She took all her favorite things down from the window  
And broke 'em all over her clean floor

It's Saturday at the mansion  
The oldest boy walks with a slouch  
The young ones are wild in back of the house  
And she gave up and went back to sleep on the couch

Something as simple as boys and girls  
Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world  
Something as hard as a prayer on your back  
Can wait a long time for an answer

When I was little I'd stare at her picture  
And talk to the mother of God  
I swear sometimes I'd see her lips move  
Like she was trying to say something to me

When I was eighteen I moved to Florida,  
Like everyone sick of the cold does,  
And I waited on old people waiting to die  
I waited on them until I was

Something as simple as boys and girls  
Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world

Something as hard as a prayer on your back  
Can wait a long time for an answer

So I'm wearing my footsteps into this floor  
One day I won't live here anymore  
Someone will wonder who lived here before  
And went on their way

I live too many miles from the ocean  
And I'm getting older and odd  
I get up every morning with a black cup of coffee  
And I talk to the mother of God

Something as simple as boys and girls

Gets tossed all around and then lost in the world  
Something as hard as a prayer on your back  
Can wait a long time for an answer...  
Can wait a long time for an answer

Maybe ... it's alright.  
Maybe we won't fight anymore.  
Maybe love is waiting at the end of every room.  
I don't know.  
I don't know.  
But maybe ... maybe it's al.....right.  
(or maybe is al.....right).

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