

Pretty Things

"Come Home Momma"

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With stiffened back, dressed in black
Enters doctor pessimism, no one called him.
He sips his tea, demands his fee,
Offers not one word of comfort to those grieving.

Come home momma
You know the old man is dying.
Brothers, sisters,
They stand around and they are crying.

He takes his hat, snaps it back
On the empty head old lester
Thought might save him.
He snaps his purse, sends for the hearse,
Then he's off to dance beneath
Bright mirrored ceilings.

Come home momma.

It's such a bitch, when the ditch
That they're digging is for your old man to lie in.
It grows so cold, when you're told
That old lester's house is sold;
The mortgage closing.

Come home momma.

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