

Psychedelic Furs

"Mother-Son"

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Mary comes in a bows
And all her lipstick, pearls and clothes
Come falling down
Come falling at her feet

Got a knife and a spoon
And a rose on my suit
Mother-son

Dark as crows, here above
I keep two feet on my floor
She's like a dove
There's a law she keeps

Come falling down
Steal her things
Come falling down
All her rings
Come falling down

All that she was sold
Second hand, handed you
With a heart to fill my shoes

And mother-son
Dark as crows
She comes knocking down my doors
Sad mother-son

On a cross, in her sleep
On her sheets
With a lie that she keeps
In here, nothing breathes

A penny sent for your thought
She comes knocking down my door
Sad mother-son

Mother-son

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