

Hunter Ian

"Shallow Crystals"

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Ian Hunter)

Her life gets smaller in his eyes

And he wonders if he thinks he should cry

Oh mother the colour's gone and left your hair

And he wonders if he thinks he should care

She told him how to play a guitar

She told him how to be a star

But mother were you really there

My friend don't speak he's such a mixed up boy

I wonder if she sold him his toys

A kiss on the cheek a conversation decoy

In his cute little corduroys

Oh she taught him how to win the game

She taught him everything is your name

Oh mother did you have to destroy

Mother if you really cared

You'd talk to him cry for him

All you every did was dream

All you ever said was be cool be cool be cool

And I think you made a mess of his life

And I think he made a mess of your life

And I think it made a mess of my life
Mother if you really cared
You'd talk to him cry for him
All you every did was dream
All you ever said was be cool be cool be cool
And I think you made a mess of her life
And I think she made a mess of your life
And I think it made a mess of my life
I think you made a mess of my life
I think you made a mess of my life

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