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Annuals "Mama"

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Well, I promise there's no truth in that lovely, wooden home you spent your youth. I promise that I won't leave before you dress my arms back up in sleeves, Mama, oh Mama. Where's the trust in running? Baby cool your head, I'm coming.

I've hunted down my past, held it close to the earth.

I made it last. But now solace still keeps my head, just knowing all that's said, and done is simply dead, Father, oh Father. My thoughts they all come drumming. Telling me to just keep humming, Mama, oh Mama. Where's the trust in running? Baby cool your head, I'm coming

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