

Mutlu**"Mama's Not Coming Home"**

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She was a kid when her boy was born
Love made a beautiful child
Time carried on now her heart's been torn
Between love and her will to provide

She leaves him alone by the TV light
Eating out a tin from the fridge
Waits for the train, disappears in the night
Over the Brooklyn Bridge

Mama's not coming home tonight
There's a tear welling up in her eye
All that she wants is a better life to provide

She packs a bag with her loving hands
Sends him to school with a kiss
Heads off to work at the coffee stand
Later she works the third shift

She's always seen that the cupboard is full
With patience and care for his needs
Still buys the lotto card pays all the bills
And hangs on to her dreams

Mama's not coming home tonight
There's a tear welling up in her eye
All that she wants is a better life to provide

Someday you'll be a man
And love may find your way
I hope that you'll understand
Sometimes life's got other plans

Still buys the lotto card, pays all the bills
And hangs on to her dreams

Mama's not coming home tonight
There's a tear welling up in her eye
All that she wants is a better life to provide
Mama's not coming home tonight
You could see by the look in her eye

She said we're gonna make us a better life
Then she smiles

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