

# Annuals, Mama

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