

BROODS, Mother & Father

The nights are getting shorter
I don't know where to go
I am getting older
And I'm starting to show
And ever since I left my mother
It's much harder to know
How to make my own life here
How to make my own home

I don't want to wake up lonely
I don't want to just be fine
I don't want to keep on hoping
Forget what I have in mind
I don't want to wake up lonely
I don't want to just be fine
I don't want to keep on hoping
Forget what I have in mind
Forget what I have in mind

I remember the time when a kiss on the hand was enough
Cause we know we were feeling
What it meant to be love
But ever since I left my father
It's much harder to know
How to make my own life here
How to make my own home

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This face's starting to fade
They're slipping through my hands
It's where my heart was made
And where people always land

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