

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Mother

You never took some time
You never needed praise
You would work your hands to the bone
You would work your hands to the bone
You always made the time
You got me on my way
You would work your hands to the bone
Just to turn our house to a home

A different kind of hero
With a different kind of strength
Another word for savior
And another word for saint

Mother, a fighter and a lover
Always there by my side no matter what I am going through
And there's no other, the place where we take cover
And I know everybody's saying they got the best one
But that ain't true
'Cause I do

I know I made it tough
I know I caused you pain
You loved me like the angel, I'm not
But you still held me down like a rock
There's nothing I could do
There's nothing I could say
The words can float away through the years
So I wrote them down for you here

The person that I turn to
And the person that I trust
The voice inside my head when I think I'm giving up

Mother, a fighter and a lover
Everything I'll ever have and all I am is because of you
And there's no other, the place where we take cover
And I know everybody's saying they got the best one
But that ain't true
'Cause I do

No matter where I go
Or where I'm at in life
You'll always be my

Mother, fighter and a lover
Always there by my side no matter what I am going through
And there's no other, the place where we take cover
And I know everybody's saying they got the best one
But that ain't true
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