

# Abigail Washburn, Momma

Momma, please tell me truly  
even though life ain't what it should be  
where can I go to fix these things inside

Cause, momma, it's hard to feel free  
when it's you running thru me  
Just take me now or throw away the key

and so it goes...

Life isn't easy and truth's a dreadful beauty  
and everyone wants to know where they go  
when they die

Momma, I can't help feeling  
that this pain is of your willing  
cool rain from a cloud of strickenine

But maybe, just maybe  
this soul will die before my body  
and I'll live on earth in peace for evermore

and so it goes...

Lately I've thought about me  
separate from your woeful morning  
and I can see a light ringing thru the sky

It sings of coming glory  
strangely tied to this awful story  
it lifts the heart and gives us wings to fly

and so it goes...