

Cyndi Lauper, Mother

Over land and over sea
She reaches out to me
Weaving and threading the loom
From womb to womb

Slaves and merchants
Pilgrims and thieves
Felt her hand and charted skys
By following her moon

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...

Some came and built with stone and bone
Some planted fields on promised land
And harvested their dreams,
Then disappeared
As generations lose their memory
I'll try and remind my heart ...
And hope that it will set me free

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...

Condemning my true nature
I stood outside of myself ... outside of myself
Conditioning is what made me
Lose sight of myself ... lose sight of myself ...
Lose sight

Ravens cry out,
Tides pull in,
Somehow she replenishes ...
Giving birth again

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...