

# Kirsty Hawkshaw, Mother

No-one looks at me, how they looked at  
me. No-one talks to me, how they talked  
to me. And it feels so strange,  
Now that we are three.  
Nothing is the same as it used to be.

And I'm frightened too,  
That you might not see.  
I'm still a child,  
Though a child is growing in me.

Have I lost her now to a better place?  
Will I see her smile, on my baby's face?  
Can I live my life, with her style and  
grace? Can I take the role,  
Fill the empty space?

And I'm frightened too,  
That I might not be.  
All that her dreams  
Said a daughter of hers would be.

Mother, Mamon, Mama, Mother.  
Mother, Mamon, Mama, Mother.

Mother, Mamon, Mama, Mother.  
Mother, Mamon, Mama, Mother.

I'm frightened too,  
Mother.