

# Lori McKenna, Mars

Well there's a hole wearin' through this couch of mine  
And all of the cushions are falling out  
One little piece at a time  
You might see yourself in me  
But I don't see nobody I know  
This isn't the way I figured it would be when I figured it  
A long time ago... a long time ago

Well there's a rule me and my little boy have  
You've got to say I love you before you close your eyes  
And he can dream himself to sleep and I can play or cry  
One thing I have taught him well is to never wonder why  
Why, wonder why

And I see Mars reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes  
And he says Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
And I say fly

Well you can hold the whole entire world in your hands  
Or you can borrow all of your lessons from me  
Well life is not a question, son  
I tell him life is just a dream  
It's not as bad as it looks right now  
Because nothing's as bad as it seems  
Not as it seems

I see Mars reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes  
And he says Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
I see Mars reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes  
And he says Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
And I say fly

Well there's a hole wearin' through this heart of mine  
And all of the filling is falling out  
One little piece at a time  
But I see Mars reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes  
And he says Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
Mama I'm gonna get there someday  
And I say fly... I know you can fly