

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