

The Psychedelic Furs, Mother-Son

mary comes in a bows
and all her lipstick pearls and clothes
come falling down
come falling at her feet
got a knife and a spoon
and a rose on my suit
mother-son
dark as crows
here above
i keep two feet on my floor
she's like a dove
there's a law she keeps
come falling down
steal her things
come falling down
all her rings
come falling down
all that she was sold
second hand handed you
with a heart to fill my shoes
and mother-son
dark as crows
she comes knocking down
sad mother-son
on a cross
in her sleep
on her sheets
with a lie
that she keeps
in here, nothing breathes
a penny sent
for your thought
she comes knocking down my door
sad mother-son
mother-son