

The Sugarcubes, Mama

I saw a woman walking down my street,
Walking with grace, so beautifully carefully,
She's a big and pretty mother, big and pretty mother,
Swinging her handbag back and forth so joyfully.
She's drawing circles with her breasts in her jumper.

Give me a big mother, huge and loving one,
I can crawl upon and cling to ...

She's a large woman, warm and cuddly
Wet lady, strong mother.
She's walking down the street in front of my window
Whistling funky tunes in the ears of my neighbours.

Give me a big mother, one that would always want me,
Hot embracing mother, I can crawl upon and cling to ...

You can't be safer can't be more secure
Than with a breast in each palm,
With a breast in each palm,
That's the way I was born
And that's the way I want to die.

Give me a big mother, soft and wet one,
That would caress me
In all those special places.
Where's a strong mother,
One that squeezes me,
One I can crawl.