

10,000 Maniacs, My Mother The War

[lyrics: Natalie Merchant & Michael Walsh/music: J.C.Lombardo]

she borders the pavement
flanks avenues
parades pass white glove attended by
my mother the war

she'll raise a shaft
lift a banner
toss a rose
my mother the war

she's made every effort
to salvage the few
bought fourteen liberty bonds
my mother the war

mother the war

she knows every neighbor
chats at their doors
compare econosize electric appliances
my mother the war

share tea and a seat
by my cradle with
my mother the war

mother the war

caressing the globe
touch on his isle
she wrings hands in pensive waiting
my mother the war

haunts her doorway
begs her postman
is there word for
my mother the war

momentos of distant vigil
three years each tour
"hands of god enfold him" prayed
my mother the war

mother the war

in bitter defiance
she's spitting the corps
she's wet a brood short league for combat
my mother the war

well acquainted with sorrow
left millions in grief
my mother the war

fold
laced
carrion
blood
soaked
robes

mother the war