

A Flock Of Seagulls, Nightmares

You keep stopping when you could be walking,
Looking at the pictures on the wall.
You keep quiet when you should be talking.
You just don't make any sense at all.

Remember when you were much younger,
And you were lying in your bed
Among the satin sheets and pillows,
Your mother there to ease your head.

Mama, Mama, I keep having nightmares.
Mama, Mama, Mama, am I ill?
Mama, Mama, Mama, hold me tightly.
Mama, Mama, do you love me still?

But now it's diff'rent you are older.
There's no one here to hold you hand.
Your Mama's gone beyond the veil, Joan.
There's no one left who understands.

Mama, Mama, I keep having nightmares.
Mama, Mama, Mama, am I ill?
Mama, Mama, Mama, hold me, hold me tighter.
Mama, Mama, do you love me still?

Do you love me?
Do you love me?

So you're left standing in the corner.
You keep your face turned to the wall.
A fading dream, a fading mem'ry,
A shooting star that had to fall.

Mama, Mama, I keep having nightmares.
Mama, Mama, Mama, am I ill?
Mama, Mama, Mama, hold me, hold me tighter.
Mama, Mama, do you love me still?
Do you love me?
Mama, Mama, do you love me still?
Do you love me?
Mama, Mama, do you love me still?
Do you love me?
Mama?

Typed by John Manfreda