

# Antony And The Johnsons, Sing For Me

Mama's lying on the rotten ground  
There under the tree  
There were the stars in her eyes  
And Goldfingers in her hair  
And I climbed over the garden wall  
Found her swelling in the well  
Pulled her out onto the grass  
And laid Curlies to her face  
To her face, to her face, to her face, to her face  
My mama's going to be gone soon  
Saw her fall like a fountain of dust  
She used to play me around the corner  
She chased me to my soft, soft bed  
Soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed