

# Fernando Ortega, Anita's Heart

She tells you how her canyon walks can ease a mother's fear.  
The trails and big groves comfort her,  
she feels close to god out there.  
But that's just how she makes it through, she's given up a lot inside.  
And even in those spreading trees  
she'll still break down and cry.  
She's praying again her daughter will land with both feet on the ground.  
Nobody knows which, way she'll go, or if she'll ever come around.  
Maybe this time she'll finally find the pieces that have come apart.  
And there'll be no more breaking, no more breaking either heart.  
She carries around a photograph of her beautiful, coltish girl.  
In a big white shirt, her head tossed back,  
a free spirit in this world.  
You want to forget all that she's done, and all she's compromised.  
You can close your eyes and believe that now,  
she's the same girl in disguise.  
She's praying again her daughter will land with both feet on the ground.  
Nobody knows which, way she'll go, or if she'll ever come around.  
Maybe this time she'll finally find the pieces that have come apart.  
And there'll be no more breaking, no more breaking either heart.  
Her mothers heart, wide as the sea,  
would rock her back on a rising tide.  
She cradles the memory, then lets it go,  
she has to leave the girl behind.  
She's praying again her daughter will land with both feet on the ground.  
Nobody knows which, way she'll go, or if she'll ever come around.  
Maybe this time she'll finally find the pieces that have come apart.  
And there'll be no more breaking, there'll be no more breaking,  
there'll be no more breaking, no more breaking either heart.