

Horse Feathers, Mother's Sick

Mother's sick. She's gone mad.
A daughter's tricked, she's been had.
Life just don't always fold up neat.
Sadness will come in different sheets.
As blue eyes state, on your father's face,
hides some grace.
All those years your youth has stole.
How your wife and your body
has taken toll, toll, toll.
Grab your mother, bring her ears.
Tell her things she'll never hear.
Like how her bark, it has calmed
before her bite, bite, bite.
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Like how her bark, it has calmed
before her bite, bite, bite.
We're beat, beat, beat asleep on feet.
Goodnight, night, night let's calm this fight.