

Ian Hunter, Shallow Crystals

(Ian Hunter)

Her life gets smaller in his eyes
And he wonders if he thinks he should cry
Oh mother the colour's gone and left your hair
And he wonders if he thinks he should care
She told him how to play a guitar
She told him how to be a star
But mother were you really there

My friend don't speak he's such a mixed up boy
I wonder if she sold him his toys
A kiss on the cheek a conversation decoy
In his cute little corduroys
Oh she taught him how to win the game
She taught him everything is your name
Oh mother did you have to destroy
Mother if you really cared
You'd talk to him cry for him
All you every did was dream
All you ever said was be cool be cool be cool
And I think you made a mess of his life
And I think he made a mess of your life
And I think it made a mess of my life

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