

# Jeff Buckley, Mama, You've Been On My Mind

Perhaps it's the color of the sun cut flat  
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,  
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,  
But mama, you been on my mind.

I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down, don't get upset,  
I am not pleading or saying that "I can't forget you."  
I do not walk the floor bowed down and bent, but yet,  
Mama, you been on my mind.

Even though my mind is hazy and my thoughts they might be narrow,  
Where you been don't bother me nor bring me down in sorrow.  
I don't even mind who you'll be waking with tomorrow,  
But mama, you're just on my mind.

I am not askin' you to say words like "yes" or "no,"  
Please understand me, I have no place I'm callin' you to go.  
I'm just whispering to myself so I can pretend that I don't know,  
Mama, you been on my mind.

When you wake up in the mornin' and look inside your mirror,  
You know I won't be next to you, no, I won't be near.  
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear  
As someone who has had you on his mind.