

Jeff Finlin, She's A Mama Now

We used to talk about hell while the dead birds fell
From the poison wires around the old church bells
We used to drink 'em on up now, till we fell down
Then pick each other up off the ground
She used to sing of a cold blue storm brewing on the rise
Now she just lights up the world with a magic in her eyes

Yeah shes a mama now, calls a love her own
Bows to little Bhudda as she points him toward the throne
Whistles lullabies and prayers before the night
No more wheres or whys or hows
Yeah shes a mama now

We used to soak them sheets and make love again
Now she beats em on a rock and hangs them in the wind
Instead of picking me up now she leaves me on the floor
In a million colored pieces, to check the kings drawers
She used to sing of a cold blue storm brewing on the bow
But now she just moos like a dog and barks like some kinda cow

Yeah shes a mama now
She wears a big halo made of hammered tin
That he rattles on the floor, of biscuit buttock cheeks
Endless little feats and possibilities

Yeah, shes a mama now, calls a love her own
Bows to little Bhudda as he sits upon his throne
Whistles lullabies and prayers before the night
No more wheres or whys or hows
Yeah shes a mama now