

Jessie Ware, Sam

Sit inside a railway station
drinking a cup of coffee on my own
Listen to the strangers conversation
about children and holidays in Rome

last night I sat inside a barroom
I was thinking about my childhood home
I think I need to talk to my mamma
cause I'm about to have a child of my own

and I hope I am as brave as my mother
wondering what kind of mother will i be
I hope she knows that I found a man far from my father
save my baby and me

I am thinking about my husband
for 17, the only love i know
I can place no one above him
so beautiful and so naïve

I not even call my fairy
about the life's that's got to find me home
for many years the lights are blind me
but now finely hold me home

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