

Nellie McKay, Mama & Me

It's just my mama and me
And though I know it may be
Hard to be mama and me
Well we got time
Time time
With my mom by my side
I know I'll always survive
We'll never give up the fight
Cause we got time
Time time time
I didn't wanna go
So far from home
But it was time you know
Children got to roam
But now I need her so
She's my mom

There's a lotta things that I'm proud of in this world
I got a pinch of Shirley Chisholm
And a sprinkle of That Girl
Are you lookin at me
Cuz there's no one else here
I'm a legally blonde 3
The curse of the big hair
And now the critics've weighed in
Well it's time to give credit
To the person who's the limit
Although she's never said it
To whom I am indebted
Who cuts the final edit
She's my mama mama mama and I want you all to get it

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So hold on
Hold tight
This meetin's adjourned
For people with degrees
You got a lot to learn
We been earnin jack shit man
Feelin the burn
Lost the girdle
Jumped the hurdle
So now it's our turn
See I been livin with my mama
Since I was an embryo
Never had Nintendo
Saw a lot of Brecht though
I only knew you since Jewel went techno
You think I'm gonna listen and write you a check
No
I felt so small
Barely big enough to crawl
My mother would call me
As I stalled by the wall

Of the daycare I was placed in
While she's making low wages
And my granny's tracin those crazy sad faces
That I taste in my soul
Old as coal in the mountains
Movin over me slowly
Scoldin me when I'm lonely
And waiting for mama
To enfold me and hold me
As she told me
We were gonna be okay

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I think back to those days
It makes me so mad
Can't even fathom
The chasm she had to collapse
I'm an educated woman
But I wanna attack
Wanna slap my granddad
Wanna wack my dad
Where were you
When we were at the welfare office
The atmosphere's toxic
The clerks are obnoxious
The kids nosh on chocolate
Chompin their losses
Can't even charge the clothes
So play with osh b'gosh boxes
Those bruises
Short fuses
Of bad guys
And black eyes
The losin
The oozing
Of blood down your right thigh
The wantin to die
With your nose broken
Heart chokin
Hitchin a ride with a
Chain smoking
Plain spoken
Gent who's gonna drive you
As far as he can
But he ain't got the rent
And you ain't got a man
What now mama
Tell me you got a plan
We're gonna make little darlin
With a government grant

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But it was time you know
Mom needs time alone
But now I need her so
She's my mom