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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I didn't wanna go So far from home But it was time you know Mom needs time alone But now I need her so She's my mom