

# Pretty Things, Come Home Momma

With stiffened back, dressed in black  
Enters doctor pessimism, no one called him.  
He sips his tea, demands his fee,  
Offers not one word of comfort to those grieving.

Come home momma  
You know the old man is dying.  
Brothers, sisters,  
They stand around and they are crying.

He takes his hat, snaps it back  
On the empty head old lester  
Thought might save him.

He snaps his purse, sends for the hearse,  
Then he's off to dance beneath  
Bright mirrored ceilings.

Come home momma.

It's such a bitch, when the ditch  
That they're digging is for your old man to lie in.  
It grows so cold, when you're told  
That old lester's house is sold;  
The mortgage closing.

Come home momma.