

Spring Awakening, Mama Who Bore Me

[WENDLA]

Mama, who bore me. Mama, who gave me
No way to handle things, who made me so sad
Mama, the weeping. Mama, the angels
No sleep in Heaven or Bethlehem

Some pray that one day, Christ will come a callin'
They light a candle and hope that it glows
And some just lie there crying for him to come and find them
But when he comes, they don't know how to go

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