

The Veils, Advice For Young Mothers To Be

She found the world embedded in the snow
It's too bad the rest have made it all their own
there's got to be a better way somehow but I don't know
Wish I could find the words and heal my baby
She made a crib with blankets for the floor
Painted the bluest colour on the walls
I don't want to know the time I don't care about that at all
Nobody knows the way to heaven baby
No, this can't go on
Your advice for young mothers to be
We'll never find the words, darling believe me
So here it is your heart's out in the cold
The friends who care still call you on the phone
The vicar said it's wrong but hey what does he know
He said it's wrong but that the Lord forgave me
Well I don't want his pity and your scorn
Boy why you preaching no one's listening anymore
That old live of yours sickens me
Directed I'm on an eternal call
No man alive has earned the right to save me
No, this can't go on
Your advice for young mothers to be
We'll never find the words, darling believe me
No, this can't go on
Your advice for young mothers to be
We'll never find the words, darling believe me
Now here I am, I'm pushing 24
I've got a house and a little terrace on the lawn
My baby's grown and I'm as happy as a fawn
Now only the beauty of the world delays me
No, this can't go on
Your advice for young mothers to be
We'll never find the words, darling believe me
No, this crown of thorns
Your advice for young mothers to be
We'll never find the words, darling believe me