

Vaya Con Dios, Mothers And Daughters

She thinks she knows you
She thinks she owns you
She wants everything to be
The way she told you
Of course she loves you
Worries about you
She'll smother you 'till you're chokin'
Tell me, don't you
Say Mama, tell me why
Has pleasure got to rhyme with sacrifice?
You had your ways
I have mine
Your little girls a woman
Don't you realize?
Of course she loves you
She adores you
She'll smother you 'till you're chokin'
Tell me, don't you?
She'll try to cage you
She'll enrage you
Walking 'round your life
Deciding for you
Sometimes she'll praise you
Sometimes she'll scorn you
Her dreams from yesterday
Could have destroyed you
Now Mama, tell me why?
Has pleasure got to rhyme with sacrifice?
You had your days
I have mine
Your little girl's a woman now ...
For quite some time