

## Rosemary Jane

Frank Turner

Rosemary Jane is the first out of bed  
Every morning the same, but there's mouths to be fed  
With the money she gets from a man who is dead to himself  
And dead to everyone else  
My sisters and I were always too young  
To remember the line about holding your tongue  
While the grown folks are talking, but the silence began  
Long ago for Rosemary Jane  
Sweet Rosemary Jane

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say  
We haven't forgotten, the remarkable way  
That you took all that pain on your shoulders  
And put it away, Rosemary Jane

When I think of the things you had to endure  
We were young, we were careless, headstrong and unsure  
You guided us gently to the right path  
Whether loved or ignored, Rosemary Jane  
I know I gave you a grey hair every time I messed up  
Each one a silver reminder that my mistakes add up  
Through every one of my unforced errors, every slip  
You never gave up  
Sweet Rosemary Jane

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say  
We haven't forgotten, the remarkable way  
That you took all that pain on your shoulders  
And put it away, Rosemary Jane

Unsure of the path in No Man's Land  
Unsure of myself in No Man's Land  
Never quite alone in No Man's Land

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say  
That we'll never forget it, the remarkable way  
That you took all that pain on your shoulders  
And put it away, sweet Rosemary Jane  
Sweet Rosemary Jane  
Rosemary Jane  
Rosemary Jane