

One, two, three

Sat inside a railway station  
Drinking a cup of coffee on my own  
Listening to the strangest conversation  
About children and holidays in Rome

Last night I sat inside a bar room  
And I was thinking 'bout my childhood home  
I think I need to talk to mama  
'Cause I'm about to have a child all of my own

And I hope I'm as brave as my mother  
Wondering what kind of mother will I be?  
I hope she knows that I found a man far from my father  
Sam, my baby, and me

I've been thinking about my husband  
From seventeen, the only love I've known  
And I could place no one above him  
So beautiful and so naive alone

I've not even called my family  
About the life that's about to find me home  
For many years, the lights would blind me  
But now I finally

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Wondering what kind of mother will I be?  
Hope she knows that I found a man far from my father  
Sam, my baby, and me  
It's just Sam, my baby, and me