

Make It On My Own

Anna Ternheim

My baby's gone, gone into a bad dream
in the shape of a black boot aiming for his head
They said; watch it woman, get out of here, save your tears
save your tears for a white love who deserves your prayers
You don't need matches to make something burn
They left me your ashes and walked away
All I can think of is how to get back
Taking it day by day ...
I make it on my own,
make it on my own again
My baby's gone
I'm on my own again
My baby's gone, running down the street like a wild horse
I said watch out my love, watch out! My baby turned his head
just in time to feel the breeze of the first blow
That night the sky turned white across his face