

Sing for Me

Antony and the Johnsons

Mama's lying on the rotten ground
There under the tree
There were the stars in her eyes
And Goldfingers in her hair

And I climbed over the garden wall
Found her swelling in the well
Pulled her out onto the grass
And laid Curlies to her face
To her face, to her face, to her face, to her face

My mama's going to be gone soon
Saw her fall like a fountain of dust
She used to play me around the corner
She chased me to my soft, soft bed
Soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed, soft, soft bed