

When I'm feeling down  
And find myself in trouble  
Sick and tired of all the daily cares  
When I'm close to tears with bringing up the children  
I recall the days when I was young

And then I say this little prayer  
Looking at your picture standing there

Mother this is me, I have to say 'I'm sorry'  
For all the moments that I broke your heart  
Mother, now I see what you've been going through  
And that I am so much, so much like you

Different points of view  
And other moral senses  
Bandied words, you solved it all so well  
Now I follow you, it's not a bed of roses  
Many times I felt I was in hell

But then I said this little prayer  
Looking at your picture standing there

Mother this is me, I have to say 'I'm sorry'  
For all the moments that I broke your heart  
Mother, now I see what you've been going through  
And that I am so much, so much like you

I wished that you were here again  
To talk about it all  
'Cause now I need your wisdom most of all

Mother this is me, I have to say 'I'm sorry'  
For all the moments that I broke your heart  
Mother, now I see what you've been going through  
And that I am so much, so much like you  
(Oh mother don't you know? I miss you so)