

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)