

Mama

Crystal Bowersox

Mama, can you hear me
I've been calling for you for a while
And Mama, can you feed me
I'm so hungry for comfort and love
And stability

Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some odd years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
I am never coming home

And one day,
One day you will want your daughter,
You'll often think about her
Through the years
Then maybe,
Maybe you will write her a letter

Oh, "Return to sender,
No one no longer lives here"

Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some odd years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
Oh, I am never coming,
I am never coming,
I am never coming home

Well, it's too bad you waited
Twenty some odd years
To realize you hated
This mess that you've created
Oh I am never coming,
I am never coming,
I am never coming home