

# Mother

Cyndi Lauper

Over land and over sea  
She reaches out to me  
Weaving and threading the loom  
From womb to womb

Slaves and merchants  
Pilgrims and thieves  
Felt her hand and charted skys  
By following her moon

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...

Some came and built with stone and bone  
Some planted fields on promised land  
And harvested their dreams,  
Then disappeared  
As generations lose their memory  
I'll try and remind my heart ...  
And hope that it will set me free

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...

Condemning my true nature  
I stood outside of myself ... outside of myself  
Conditioning is what made me  
Lose sight of myself ... lose sight of myself ...  
Lose sight

Ravens cry out,  
Tides pull in,  
Somehow she replenishes ...  
Giving birth again

Mother ... Mother ... Mother ...