Your Mother

Your mother wants to know, If you're coming home, For the three-day weekend, She says "No big deal", But is that how it feels? Your phone voice is all pretend

She makes you feel so small, Like you never moved out at all, You feel so small, But she doesn't mean it after all

Your mother wants to know, Why you're acting as though, She planned the whole life that you lead, She wants so bad to be, A mother perfectly, But she's nothing like what you want to be

She makes you feel so small, Like you never moved out at all, You feel so small, But she doesn't mean it after all

Your mother gets along, But she misses Hong Kong, You know, but never to what extent, She makes Sunday's meal, Into such a big deal, But to you it's a total non-event

She makes you feel so small, Like you never moved out at all, You feel so small, But she doesn't mean it after all