

One, two, three

Sat inside a railway station
Drinking a cup of coffee on my own
Listening to the strangest conversation
About children and holidays in Rome

Last night I sat inside a bar room
And I was thinking 'bout my childhood home
I think I need to talk to mama
'Cause I'm about to have a child all of my own

And I hope I'm as brave as my mother
Wondering what kind of mother will I be?
I hope she knows that I found a man far from my father
Sam, my baby, and me

I've been thinking about my husband
From seventeen, the only love I've known
And I could place no one above him
So beautiful and so naive alone

I've not even called my family
About the life that's about to find me home
For many years, the lights would blind me
But now I finally

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Wondering what kind of mother will I be?
Hope she knows that I found a man far from my father
Sam, my baby, and me
It's just Sam, my baby, and me