

There's a hole wearing through this couch of mine
And all the cushions are falling out
One little piece at a time
You might see yourself in me
But I don't see nobody I know
This isn't the way I figured it would be
When I figured it a long time ago

There's a rule me and my little boy have
You've got to say 'I love you' before you close your eyes
Then he can dream himself to sleep and I can pray or cry
One thing I have taught him well is to never wonder why
why wonder why

I see Mars, reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes
And he says "Mama, I'm going to get there someday"
And I say "Fly."

Well, you can hold the whole entire world in your hands
Or you can borrow all of your lessons from me
Life is not a lesson son, I tell him life is just a dream
And it's not as bad as it looks right now, but nothing's as
bad as it seems, not as it seems...

I see Mars, reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes
And he says "Mama, I'm going to get there some-
Mama, I'm going to get there someday"
And I say "Fly."

Well, there's a hole wearing through this heart of mine
And all of the filling is falling out
one piece at a time, but...

I see Mars, reflecting in my little boy's brown eyes
And he says "Mama, I'm going to get there some -
Mama I'm going to get there someday"
And I say "Fly. I know you can FLY."