

## Mother Sunday

No Address

There are places that I've been to  
Places part of me  
Places that I've left  
And I don't remember them

There are things I want to tell you  
Secrets that I keep  
Things I've got to tell you  
But they're better left unsaid

People that I talk to  
Think they're wasting time  
Think that they are trapped  
But I know that's just a lie

Pull your candle in closer  
Put your hand above the flame  
Smash your glass on the table

Now talk about love

Well, there's love I can remember  
Love not far away  
Lovers I remember  
But there's nothing left to say

Pictures I've forgotten  
Pictures part of me  
Pictures on the wall  
All get put away

Let's stop all of this talking  
Just sit and take it in  
Stop or I am walking  
And all we got is wasted