

Somedays the most that you hoped you do
Is step in your leather shoes
And make your way around the block
Days that tired mother of ours
And living has made her sad
How she wishes she could stop the clock

And so, I'm told, I wear, and I'm worn
Come clean, come clean, come near, come home
Come home

You always come home to those empty rooms
And wonder what's left to lose
Folding sheets cause you can never stop
Days that tired mother of ours
And living has made her sad
How she wishes she could stop the clock

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