

# Happenstance

The dB's

Run back to your mother, tell her all the cruel things that I did  
Comes as no surprise to her, I was never smooth enough for her kid  
A mother knows what's best she said  
A mother knows what's good  
So run back to your mother, she always said you would

Happenstance we fell into an off-the-cuff vitriolic remark  
All I ever wanted was to make you so damn happy  
But the mother knows what's best she said  
A mother knows what's right  
So run back to your mother, out of mind out of sight

Think for yourself  
Think it through  
Don't let her live for you  
Think for yourself  
Think of me  
Think of what I'm saying  
Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
And come back to me

When it happened, as it happened, it was the worst thing I've ever felt  
Someday in your cul-de-sac you'll realize what it meant  
A mother knows what's best she said  
Your ballerina curls  
So run back to your mother like a good little girl

Think for yourself  
Think it through  
Don't let her live for you  
Think for yourself  
Think of me  
Think of what I'm saying  
Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
You'll come back to me

She walks into the room so late at night  
Shuts the window, Luna bright  
She brushes your arm and tucks you in  
And plants a kiss  
And wonders where in the world you've been

Your mother knows what's best she said  
A mother knows what's good  
So run back to your mother, she always said you would  
She always said you would

Think for yourself  
Think it through  
Don't let her live for you  
Think for yourself  
Think of me  
We could be so happy

Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
Think for yourself  
You'll come back to me  
You'll come back to me  
You'll come right back to me  
Forget your mother