

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 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