

## Mother-Son

The Psychedelic Furs

Mary comes in a bows  
And all her lipstick pearls and clothes  
Come falling down  
Come falling at her feet  
Got a knife and a spoon  
And a rose on my suit  
Mother-son  
Dark as crows  
Here above  
I keep two feet on my floor  
She's like a dove  
There's a law she keeps  
Come falling down  
Steal her things  
Come falling down  
All her rings  
Come falling down  
All that she was sold  
Second hand handed you  
With a heart to fill my shoes  
And mother-son  
Dark as crows  
She comes knocking down  
Sad mother-son  
On a cross  
In her sleep  
On her sheets  
With a lie  
That she keeps  
In here, nothing breathes  
A penny sent  
For your thought  
She comes knocking down my door  
Sad mother-son  
Mother-son