

## Mama

The Sugarcubes

I saw a woman walking down my street,  
with grace,  
so beautifully carefully.  
she's a big and pretty mother  
swinging her handbag  
back and forth so joyfully  
she's drawing circles with her breasts  
in her jumper.

give me a big mother,  
huge and loving one,  
i can crawl upon  
and cling to,

a large woman,  
warm and cuddly wet lady,  
strong mother.  
she's walking down the street,  
in front of my window  
whistling funky tunes  
in the ears of my neighbours.

give me a big mother,  
one that would always want me.  
hot embracing mother,  
i can crawl upon  
and cling to

you can't be safer can't be more secure  
than with a breast in each palm,  
that's the way i was born  
and that's the way i want to die.

give me a big mother,  
soft and wet one,  
that would caress me  
in all those special places,  
where's a strong mother,  
one that squeezes me,  
one i can crawl upon  
and cling to?