

# My Mother's Son

Johnathan Rice

All the Protestant girls  
They're all swinging their hips  
Fresh coat of red on their lips  
In a solar eclipse  
I sat on the steps  
Church bells rang in my ears  
Big blue sky was so clear  
When the sun disappeared

White horses on the highway ride under this strange and darker  
sky  
A wind will come and scatter seeds and it will bury all of these  
The children sing across the plains their voices rise and quickly  
fade

On a passenger train  
Slightly out of my mind  
All the women so kind  
Sending chills down my spine  
And I fell into sleep  
And in that sleep I did dream  
That I was torn at the seams  
I don't know what it means

Inside of mama baby kicks  
And this house is made of stone and sticks  
All these things can break my bones and everyone must run alone  
I run all night with bursting lungs  
I will always be my mother's son

Yes I will always be my mother's son  
And I'm no different from anyone

Stopped traffic and stadium lights  
That's the view from the sky  
As that old black bird flies  
I wish I could fly  
What will we become  
When we sleep in the dirt  
Who will rise up first  
One can never be sure