

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