Mother, Mother

by Nancy McCallion

Mother, mother say what is and say what's true

What of love tell me everything and I'll know just what to do

Daughter, daughter what I say is not from not

I don't know the ways of everything

My own corner's all I got

Is it wit, is it charm, is it but a pretty face

Who am I that he should woo me, what is the price of his embrace

A woman she should be giving, accompany and seek no prize

But what of me my thoughts and measure

What of me my power's denied

Will I grow old and scared and lonely not to have him by my side

You grow old and scared and lonely passion lost or satisfied

You grow old and scared and lonely if you have him if you don't

But who am I to so advise you, you will have him or you won't

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What of love tell me everything and I'll know just what to do

And I'll know just what to do

And I'll know

From [Trouble](http://www.nancymccallion.com/hostbaby2/website/music/edit/Mother,%20mother%20say%20what%20is%20and%20say%20what's%20true%20%20What%20of%20love%20tell%20me%20everything%20and%20I'll%20know%20just%20what%20to%20do) by Nancy McCallion & The Mollys