

I'm calling you from somewhere in London
It's been a while since I've been back home
I'm imagining you and dad dancing
And I'm asking how you are because I really wanna know
Maybe it's a little overdue
Maybe I just haven't found the time
It's hard to write a song for somebody that means as much as you
But in the words of Bobby Dylan "mama you been on my mind"
Cuz you were always there when the bastards got me down
When they took all my possessions and they ran me out of town
You sang me through the good times and you prayed me through the worst
I've seen a lot of angels but you'll always be the first
What a world I'd be walking through
If every boy like me had a mother like you

I miss the subtle way you clear your throat
I miss the way you prolong every pointless anecdote
I miss the stubborn faith you have that things'll work out fine
And the brutally slow pace at which you make me drink my wine
I miss the optimism in your eye
I miss the downtown coffee that you never let me buy
I miss the way you shoot your famous disapproving look
I even miss the ruined meals you're so afraid to undercook

Cuz you were always there when the bastards got me down
When I climbed out of the pit and there was no one else around
You sang me through the good times and you prayed me through bad
You gave me any little sense of right and wrong I had
What a world I would wake up to
If every boy like me had a mother like you

And I'm sorry if I hurt you, or if I did bad things
I'm sorry for the pain I can only imagine being a mother brings
Thank you for the job you did of raising such a gent
And for bailing me out every time I'm just shy of the rent

Cuz you were always there when the bastards got me down
And it felt like the world was happy just to let me drown
You sang me through the summer and you prayed me through the storm
Your arms were there to die in from the moment I was born
What a world I'd be walking through
What a world this would be it's true
If every single boy had a mother like you