

📍 ***I'm A Mother/ I'm a Writer***

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I sit here in the stillness, and my thoughts are all of you
And I wonder and I worry so, as mothers often do
Oh, dear ones, how I needed all these days to be alone
But comes the evening, here I am - reaching for the phone

And it seems that every pleasure has its cost
And what I try so hard to find is lost
Still I must seek these lonely times to find a part of me
then I'll be home, Your mama's comin' home

Sometimes when I try to write, so much keeps crowdin' in
And my life's a book with worn-out pages - scattered by the wind
I love you both so dearly, and I've never had regrets
But other voices beckon, I'm afraid that I'll forget CHORUS

Sometimes the life I lead begins to tear my heart in two
And the rage comes spilling out and shadows everything we do
And it's then I need you love, but I need most to be alone
To take some time - a glass of wine - then mama's comin' home
CHORUS