

Greedy Crime

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It was an ordinary life.
She was a regular wife.
Made lemon pie for my father
Mmmm hmm

She wasn't cool, not much glamour.
Didn't marry for love, it had to find her.
That's how the girl became my mother.
She love me, my sister and brother.

Chorus:
Call the police it's a greedy crime.
Call the police it's stealin' her mind.
Call the police it's takin' her time.
Call the police it's a greedy crime.

What was ordinary and plain,
Was mine just the same.
She could sing me to slice like no other.
Mmmm, my mother.

Gone are those days and who is she?
My mother who sang in the dark to me.
Clouds on her face, nerves all a jangle.
Stolen from us by plaques and tangles.

Chorus:

Questions fill my lips.
If she doesn't know me do I still exist?
Clouds on her face, nerves all a jangle.
Stolen from us by plaques and tangles.

Chorus:

Hooo oo hoo hoo ooo