Sleep

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My Mother's Face

My mother's face is seldom in my head.
I cannot see it every waking day,
but feel her love within my soul instead.

Diseased by sadness, struggled to her end.
Left us helpless, our lives in disarray.
My mother's face is seldom in my head.

A time of tears, for many did I shed.
My world collapsed, I longed in such a way
to feel her love within my soul instead.

Memories of laughter, clothes she made of thread.
Watching the piano, the music that she'd play.
My mother's face is seldom in my head.

She made the greatest cookies, the mouths she fed.
She let me eat the dough balls that split off the tray.
I feel her love within my soul instead.

When times are hard, I kneel down at my bed,
and pray to my angel knowing its okay.
My mother's face is seldom in my head.
I feel her love within my soul instead.

--Mark Crowe

Sleep

Oh how I do love to sleep
But the morning doth still creep
I won't wash my hair,
So I'll have time to spare,
And I'll continue my counting of sheep.

--Heather Ruffalo