

| Mama, she has (1)                | _ me well |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Told me when I was young         |           |
| "Son, your life's an open book   |           |
| Don't close it 'fore its done    |           |
| The brightest flame burns quicke | st"       |
| That's what I heard her say      |           |
| A son's heart's (2)              | to mother |
| But I must find my way           |           |
| Let my heart go                  |           |
| Let your son grow                |           |
| Mama, let my heart go            |           |
| Or let this heart be still       |           |
| Yeah, still                      |           |
| Rebel, my new last name          |           |
| Wild blood in my veins           |           |
| Apron strings around my neck     |           |
| The mark that still remains      |           |
| I left home at an (3)            | age       |
| Of what I heard was wrong        |           |
| I (4) asked forgiver             | ness      |
| But what I said is done          |           |
| Let my heart go                  |           |
| Let (5) son grow                 |           |
| Mama, let my heart go            |           |
| Or let this heart be still       |           |
| Never I ask of you               |           |
| But never I gave                 |           |

But you gave me your emptiness

That I'll take to my grave

## Fill in the gaps

| Never I ask of you                            |
|---|
| But (6) I gave                                |
| But you gave me (7) emptiness                 |
| That I'll take to my grave                    |
| So let this (8) be still                      |
| Mama, now I'm coming home                     |
| I'm not all you wished of me                  |
| But a mother's love for her son               |
| Unspoken, help me be                          |
| Yeah, I took your love for granted            |
| And all the things you said to me, yeah, yeah |
| I need (9) arms to welcome me                 |
| But a cold stone's all I see                  |
| Let my heart go                               |
| Let your son grow                             |
| Mama, let my heart go                         |
| Or let this heart be still                    |
| Let my (10) go                                |
| Mama, let my heart go                         |
| You never let my heart go                     |
| So let this heart be still                    |
| (Oh whoa)                                     |
| Never I ask of you                            |
| But never I gave                              |
| But you gave me your emptiness                |
| That I'll take to my grave                    |
| So let this heart be still                    |



- 1. taught
- 2. sewed
- 3. early
- 4. never
- 5. your
- 6. never
- 7. your
- 8. heart
- 9. your
- 10. heart

## Fill in the gaps