

THE OFF BEAT
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MOTHER'S DAY

Melissa Knox

Oh roses red, expensive
I hand them straight to Mom.
Her thorny eyes look pensive
Her smile is far from calm.

I hand them straight to Mom.
Her mouth as red as blood.
Her smile is far from calm
She thinks my name is Mud.

Her mouth as red as blood
I'd rather give her thorns.
She thinks my name is Mud
Her mood, as always, warns.

I'd rather give her thorns.
Her thorny eyes look pensive.
Her mood, as always, warns.
Oh roses red, expensive.