

## FOR TERESA

word & music by Jennifer Schaffer  
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Mother's little helper  
Help me find the strength I lack  
Steel my nerves and stop my shakin  
I ain't never comin back  
Once I thought his love would save me,  
Save us from my family trap  
But it turns out he's no different  
Feel my life fadin to black  
Feel my life fadin to black

Sent the kids down the road to momma's house  
He told me, so I did  
I learned how to shoot in the woods at night  
And how to keep my bruises hid  
Now I've lived on this ridge for 33 years,  
since the day that I was born  
I always dreamed of crossing that county line  
Cross the river and be gone  
Cross the river and be gone

I hear his truck pull up in the driveway  
He's come home early to test my hand  
Dirty dishes still in the kitchen  
My legs to weak from fear to stand  
But when the front door slams I run for the back  
And I grab just what I can  
Close my eyes and pray to a long lost God  
That he'll take me as I am  
That he'll take me as I am

Momma sing to me,  
Go to sleep a little baby  
when you wake, you'll have cake  
And all the pretty little horses  
Oh, hear me now

I find I'm walkin down this backroad, barefoot and wet,  
blinded and cold from all the rain  
Feelin heavy in my right hand  
The weight is causin me to strain  
So I drop something in the long tall grass  
growin by the Church of All-Saints  
See a flash of gleamin metal  
and scarlet-coloured stain  
And a scarlet-coloured stain

Let me rise above these hills,  
Flyin high and free from all the pain  
Mother's little helper, help me now  
Mother, won't you help me now.