

Mama, she has taught me well Told me when I was young "Son, (1)\_\_\_\_\_ life's an open book Don't close it 'fore its done The brightest flame burns quickest" That's (2)\_\_\_\_\_ I heard her say A son's heart's sewed to mother But I must (3)\_\_\_\_ 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 (4)\_\_\_\_\_ still remains I (5)\_\_\_\_\_ home at an early age Of what I (6)\_\_\_\_\_ was wrong I never asked forgiveness But what I said is done Let my heart go Let your 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 (7) I gave                     |                           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| But you gave me your emptiness     | 3                         |
| That I'll take to my grave         |                           |
| So let this heart 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 (8) y                  | ou said to me, yeah, yeah |
| I need your 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 heart go                    |                           |
| Mama, let my heart go              |                           |
| You never let my heart go          |                           |
| So let this (9) be st              | till                      |
| (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. your
- 2. what
- 3. find
- 4. that
- 5. left
- 6. heard
- 7. never
- 8. things
- 9. heart

## Fill in the gaps