

# 10. I Am A Queen

from Three Wolves Howling

Jarred M. Corona

Mother

♩ = 120

I asked so lit-tle I said, "Donotleave."

Piano

5

Mom

When you did, I hid the way I bris-tled, begged you, "Help me, please."

Pno.

8

Mom

Then you go and wait un-til my night-mares drip in-to the day\_ this trea-sure's now a worth-less

Pno.

11

Mom

one, as use-less as a set-ting sun. Now with the stars and moon as wit-ness-es,

Pno.

15

Mom

tell me how could you do this — to me?

Pno.

20

Mom

You're in — love, that's so sweet.

Pno.