

## Dust On Mother's Bible

**Buck Owens**

There's dust on mother's Bible its pages are worn with age  
And though it's old and wrinkled mama's there on every page  
The night the angels called her mama called me to her side  
And she handed me her old Bible said son let this be your guide  
Now I picked up mama's old Bible and to my heart I pressed it tight  
And I thought I could hear her whisper ever so gently  
Son I'll meet you on the other side  
I kissed my mama's old Bible and I wiped away the dust  
Oh you'll never know until she's gone how you miss your mother's  
love