

# I'm Livin' in Shame

The Supremes

Mama's cooking bread  
She wore a dirty, raggedy scarf around her head  
Always had her stockings low, rolled to her feet  
She just didn't know  
She wore a sloppy dress  
Oh, no matter how she tried, she always looked a mess  
Out of the pot she ate, never used a fork, or a dinner plate

I was always so afraid that my uptown friends would see her  
Afraid one day when I was grown, that I would be her

Ah, in a college town  
Away from home a new identity I found  
Said I was born elite, with maids and servants at my feet  
I must have been insane  
I lied and said mama died on a weekend trip to Spain  
She never got out of the house, never even boarded a train

Married a guy, was living high  
I didn't want him to know her  
She had a grandson two years old  
That I never even showed her

I'm living in shame  
Mama I miss you  
I know you're not to blame  
Mama I miss you

Came a telegram  
Mama passed away while making homemade jam  
Before she died, she cried to see me by her side  
She always did her best  
Oh, cooked and cleaned and always in the same old dress  
Working hard, down on her knees  
Always trying to please

Mama, mama, mama can you hear me?  
Mama, mama, mama can you hear me?

I'm living in shame, mama I miss you  
I know you're not to blame, mama I miss you.

Won't you forgive me mom?  
For all the wrong I've done?  
I love you so much mom.

I know you've done the very best you could  
But I never understood  
Working hard down on her knees...  
Mama you were always, always tryin' to please!