

## Without Mama Here

Charley Pride

Not long ago in the heat of the summer  
Mama sat down for meals she prepared  
None of us thought of it being her last one  
We just thought mama would always be here

The fall of the year came and went without mama  
We finally got used to her being gone  
I believe like always she's still watchin' o'er us  
And by the grace of God we'll be with her fore long

There's somebody missing from our dinner table  
Someone's amen at the end of the prayer  
The family's all gathered on Sunday as always  
But it don't seem like Sunday without mama here

Now winter is with us and mama's still walking  
Where the sun's always shinin' and the cold winds don't blow  
Now mama will sit with all of the angels  
At the right hand of God at a table of gold

There's somebody missing from our dinner table  
Someone's amen at the end of the prayer  
The family's all gathered on Sunday as always  
But it don't seem like Sunday without mama here  
No it don't seem like Sunday without mama here