

Rockin' Alone (In An Old Rocking Chair)

Dean Martin

Sittin' alone in an old rockin' chair
I saw an old mother with silvery hair
She seemed so neglected by those who should care
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.
(Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.)

Her hands were caloused and wrinckled and old
A life of hard work was the story they told
And I've thought of angels as I saw her there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

(Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.)

Bless her old heart do you think she'd complain
Though life has been bitter she'd live it again
And carry the cross that is more than her share
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair...