

She's My Mother

George Jones

I'm thinking of a little lady
She bears her load without a friend
The one who rocked me in my cradle
And through the years she loves me yet

The roses on her cheeks have faded
And when they pass her on the street
Would break my heart to see them mock her
Although she may not dress so neat

She was the first to ever love me
The first to hold me to her breast
God bless her 'cause she is my mother
And she'll be the last one I'll forget

Her way may seem a bit old fashioned
And some may laugh when passing by
I'm not ashamed to call her mother, my love for her I'll not deny
She was the first to ever love me