

## Mama's Dead

James Brown

Mama's dead, never again would she hold my hand  
Never again to hear her call my name  
How I miss it much more than I show, I miss it, oh  
My mama's dead  
No one to talk to when I'm, when I'm feeling low  
No one understand me when I, when I go too far  
I need help, help, what will I do without help?  
She tried so hard to make me a respectable man  
She didn't really know me and she didn't really understand  
She worked like a slave and prayed hard everyday  
What did I do for her? My way was not her way  
But now she's gone, her troubles are over, the pain is gone  
I wish, I had made her proud to call me son  
Because I love her more than she knows  
More than she knew I love her  
No one to cry, no one to sit by the bed side  
No one to watch the light in my window  
No one, no one to come in  
Come in and pull the cover over my head at night  
No one to say, son, everything will be alright  
No one to say, somebody up there loves us  
Lay your head on mama's breast and rest, yeah  
Everybody got a mother and you know what I'm talking about  
Mama's dead, mama's dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead