

My Mother Was A Lady

Marty Robbins

Two drummers they were seated in a grand hotel one day
While dining they were chatting in a joking sort of way
There came a pretty waitress to bring a tray of food
They spoke to her familiarly in a manner that was rude

At first she did not notice nor make the least reply
When somethin' that was said to her brought a teardrop to her eye
She turned on her tormentors, her cheeks were blushing red
Approaching as a picture and this is what she said

My Mother was a lady and yours, I would allow
You may have a sister who needs protection now
I've come to this great city to find my brother dear
You would not dare insult me, sir, if brother Jack were here

The two sat there in silence, their heads hung low in shame
Forgive us, miss, we meant no harm, pray tell us what is your name
She told him and he cried aloud I know your brother too
We've been friends for many, many years and he ofttimes speaks of you

Come go with me when I go back and if you'll only wed
I'll take you to him as my bride, for I've loved you since you said
My Mother was a lady and yours, I would allow
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