

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

Steve Wariner

He got here and wrinkled scared and cryin'
Then she took him up and held him to her breast
And he sure was glad to get what mama offered
Then he went to sleep and put his fears to rest

It didn't seem to matter what he needed
He could always count on mama to supply
And regardless of the sleep she might be losin'
He always found a twinkle in her eye

There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas
Creation's most unique and precious pearl
And heaven help us always to remember
That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world

She taught him all the attributes of greatness
That she knew he couldn't learn away from home
And by the time she wore the cover off her Bible
Her hair was gray and her little man was gone

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And heaven help us always to remember
That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world
Yes, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world