

Mama Sang For Me

The Oak Ridge Boys

Not so very long ago when I was young, and time was mine to spend
I'd do what little boys would do all day until the sun sank low again
When supper time was over I'd climb the stairs and try to fall asleep
I'd close my eyes, say my prayers, and Mama always sang a song for me

She'd sing Jesus hold my hand
Oh how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me
She sang Lord I saw the light
Everything would be alright when Mama sang for me

Years went by like summertime, one day I grew up and moved away
Against my better judgment I was easily and often led astray
But it seemed no matter where I went, whatever kind of trouble I would find
Mama's voice would echo through the cold and lonely corners of my mind

She'd sing Jesus hold my hand
Oh how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me
She sang Lord I saw the light
Everything would be alright when Mama sang for me

I don't try to count the miles or moments that have forced themselves between
And I can't take back the things I've done or be a better man than I have been
But nights I'd do anything to hear my mama sing once again
So I close my eyes, say my prayers
In the stillness I remember when

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