

Grandma Sang Off Key

Wanda Jackson

One of the fondest memories that I have as a child
Was of my old grandmother who was gentle meek and mild
Sunday morning always found her dressed in finest lace
Then we'd go to church and sing God's grace

Glory hallelujah that's what grandma sang
She had to be the happiest person that I've ever seen
She'd clap her hands sing a song about Jesus set her free
And the Lord didn't mind that my grandma sang off key

People used to joke about my grandma being loud
For you could hear her singing far above the crowd
Preacher Bill would laugh at her and then he'd say to me
Wish we had more people who could sing off key

Then came that final Sunday I sat in church alone
And whispered to the Lord I know You had to take her home
But I sure miss the way my grandma used to sing for me
And I really didn't mind when she sang off key

Now she's gone to heaven at last her soul's at rest
Now she's singing with the choir that has to be the best
And every Sunday I can hear the angels sing for me
But above the rest I hear one voice that's singing off key