

Diana Ross, I'm Livin' In Shame

Mom was cookin' bread
She wore a dirty, raggedy scarf around her head,
Always had her stockings low,
Rolled to her feet, she just didn't know

She wore a sloppy dress
Oh, no matter how she tried, she always looked a mess
Out of the pot she ate,
Never used a fork or a dinner plate

I was always so afraid for my uptown friends to see her,
Afraid one day when I was grown, that I would be her

In a college town
Away from home, a new identity I found,
Said I was born elite
With maids and servants at my feet

I must have been insane
I lied and said Mama died on a weekend trip to Spain
She never got out of the house,
Never even boarded a train

Married a guy, was livin' high, I didn't want him to know her
She had a grandson two years old that I never even showed her

I'm livin' in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you're not to blame
Mama, I miss you

BREAK

Came a telegram
Mama passed away while making homemade jam
Before she died,
She cried to see me by her side

She always did her best
Oh, cooked and cleaned and always in the same old dress,
Workin' hard down on her knees,
Always tryin' to please

Mama, Mama, Mama, can you hear me?
Mama, Mama, Mama, can you hear me?

I'm livin' in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you've done your best
Mama, I miss you

Won't you forgive me, Mom,
For all the wrong I've done?
I know you've done your best
I know you've done the very best you could
But I never understood
Workin' hard down on your knees,
Mama, you were always, always tryin' to please
(fade out)