

# Glen Campbell, Hand That Rocks The Cradle

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