

Hank Snow, My Mother

There are friends who will want you but just for a day
There are pals you think true but they'll cast you away
But there's one loving soul boys I'll sure recommend
Through this old world of sorrow she'll be true till the end

Mother though her hands are all wrinkled and old
Mother silver hair that has lost all the gold
You left her alone went to roam through the years
But all that you left her was heartaches and tears
So kiss her old brow whisper softly and true
Mother you're just an angel and I love you

On the door of a cottage a wreath sadly hung
And a hearse stood there waiting as the choir softly sung
There were flowers in their beauty and the old Parson he prayed
This was the last tribute as we left for her grave
She won't meet you tonight son when you crave her caress
She has reared you to manhood and now you've laid her to rest
Those flowers in their beauty to her they're unknown
Cause tonight she's with the angels up around God's great throne
So don't wait that late son to try and repay
Give those flowers and give those treasures but give them today
Let her know that you love her and kinda show her that you care
Cause she's your mother God love her she's as true as a prayer

So kiss her old brow whisper softly and true
Mother you're just an angel and I love you