

Diana Ross

"I'm Livin' In Shame"

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I'M LIVIN' IN SHAME

Diana Ross and The Supremes

Mama was cookin' bread
She wore a dirty raggedy scarf around her head
Always had her stockings low
Rolled to her feet 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 that
The uptown friends would see her
Afraid one day when I was grown
That I would be her
In college town away from here
A new identity I found
That 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 living high

I didn't want him to know her
she had a grandson two years old
That I never even showed her
I'm living in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you're not to blame
Mama, I miss you

Got a telegram
Mama passed away while making home made jam
before she died she cried to see me by her side
She always did her best
Ah cooked and cleaned and always in the same old
dress
Working hard, down on her knees
Always trying to please

Mama, mama, mama can you hear me
Mama, mama, mama can you hear me
I'm living in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you've done your best
Mama, I miss you
Won't you forgive me mama
For all the wrong I've done
I know you've done your best
Oh I know you've done the very best you could
Mama I thought you understood
Working hard, down on your knees Mama you're
always, always trying to please

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