

Diana Ross

"I'm Living In Shame"

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Momma's cooking bread
She wore a dirty raggedy scarf around her head
Always had her stockings low, low 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 that my up-town friends would
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 at least 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

Man of god was living high, I didn't want him to know
her
She had a grandson two years old that I'd never even
shown her

I'm living in shame, Momma I miss you
I know you're not to blame, Momma I miss you

Came a telegram
Momma passed away while making home-made jam
Before she died she cried to see me by her side
She always did her best
Oh, cooking, cleaning, always in the same old dress
Working hard down on her knees, always trying to
please

Momma, Momma, Momma can you hear me
Momma, Momma, Momma can you hear me

I'm living in shame, Momma I miss you

I know you've done your best, Momma I miss you
Won't you forgive me, Momma, for all the wrong I've
done
I know you've done your best, ooh
I know you've done the very best you could
But I never understood
Working hard down on your knees
Momma you were always, always trying to please

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