

Billy Walker

"Rockin' Alone in an Old Rockin' Chair"

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(Bob Miller)

Sitting alone in an old rockin' chair
I saw an old mother with silvery hair
She seemed so neglected by those who should care
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

Her hands were caloused wrinckled and old
A life of hard work was the story they told
And I've thought of angels as I saw her there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

Bless her old heart do you think she'd complain
Though life has been bitter well she'd live it again
And carry the cross that seems more than her share
Just rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

It wouldn't take much to gladden her heart
Some small remembrance on somebody's part
A letter would brighten her empty heart there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair.

I look at her and I think what a shame
The ones who forget her she loves just the same
And I think of angels as I see her there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair...

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