

Eve

"Rocking Alone in An Old Rocking Chair"

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Sitting alone in an old rocking chair
I saw an old mother with silvery hair
She seemed so neglected by those who should care
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

Her hands were all callused and wrinkled and old
A life of hard work was the story they told
And I thought of angels as I saw her there
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

Bless her old heart, do you think she'd complain
Though life has been bitter she'd live it again
And carry that cross that is more than her share
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

It wouldn't take much just to gladden her heart
Just some small remembrance on somebody's part
A letter would brighten her empty life there
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

I know some youngsters in an orphans' home
Who'd think they owned heaven if she was their own
They'd never be willing to let her sit there
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

I look at her and I think "What a shame"
The ones who forgot her she loves just the same
And I think of angels as I see her there
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair

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