

George Huff

"Mama's Hands"

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My daddy's hands held ten's and two's while mom's
were holding me
And daddy's hands lost everything to a hand of Kings
and three's
Then daddy's hands they shook so bad that he turned
to wine
But mama's hands were strong and calm as they held
on to mine

Yes mama's hands held on to mine to guide me day
and night
And it took the sting of mama's hands to teach me
wrong from right
When times were bad and money slim she'd fold her
hands and pray
And somehow she would make the food hold out
another day

Now mama's hands were cold with age, they tremble
as she prays
But her voice is strong as she thanks God for all the
bygone days
She looks at me and then she smiles she knows I
understand
That everything I am today I owe to mama's hands
Everything I am today I owe to mama's hands

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