

## George Jones "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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