

Hank Snow

"Rocking alone in an old rocking 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
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair.

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

--- Instrumental ---

(It wouldn't take much just to gladden her heart
Just some small re-embrace on somebody's heart)
A letter would brighten her empty life there
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair.

I know some youngsters in an orphan's home
Would think they owned heaven if she were their own
They'd never be willing till let her sit there
Rocking alone in an old rockin' 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 rockin' chair.

Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair...

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