

Hazel Dickens "Mama's Hand"

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I said goodbye to that poor little mining town
With just a few old clothes that had made the rounds
I knew I was leaving a lot of things that were good
But I thought I'd make a break while I still could.

As I looked back to wave once more
To mama crying in the door
For me and for what the world might have in store
For she knew I'd never be her little girl no more

She was drifting back to another time
When she was young and hoped to find
A better life than what her mama's had been
And it was hard to let go of mama's hand
My mama's hand

Chorus
One old paper bag full of hand-me-downs
Plain old country girl raised on gospel sound
With only the love she gave me - pride in what I am
And it was hard to let go of mama's hand
My mama's hand

I thought of all the years she slaved
Thought of all the love she gave
'Tried to make this run-down shack a home
A dream that really died 'fore it was born.

But she pulled us through the hardest times
And made us hold our head up high
A gift we carry with us all our lives
For we were oh so special in mama's eyes

As I looked back down that dusty road
To mama and her heavy load
I knew what I was leavin' - I'd never find again
And it was hard to let go of mama's hand
My mama's hand

Chorus
One old paper bag filled with hand-me-downs
Plain old country girl raised on gospel sound

With only the love she gave me - pride in what I am
And it was hard to let go of mama's hand
My mama's hand

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