

## Keith Whitley

### "Memories of Mother"

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On a dark stormy night the angels called mother  
The love that we shred for such a short while  
She called us around and told us she's leaving  
Then closing her eyes she went with a smile.

Mother's at rest in a lonesome old graveyard  
On a hill far away there stands her white tomb  
With the grass covered o'er it seems so neglected  
When the spring season comes sweet flowers will  
bloom.

I'll never forget the love mother gave us  
As children we played around our old home  
I know her reward is a mansion in heaven  
While children on earth are scattered and gone...

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