

## **Kristy Lee Cook** **"Coat Of Many Colors"**

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Back through the years,  
I go wonderin' once again  
Back to the seasons of my youth  
I recall a box of rags that someone gave us,  
And how my momma put the rags to use  
There were rags of many colors,  
And every piece was small  
And I didn't have a coat,  
And it was way down in the fall  
Momma sewed the rags together,  
Sewin' every piece with love  
She made a coat of many colors,  
That I was so proud of.

As she sewed, she told a story,  
From the bible, she had read  
About a coat of many colors,  
Joseph wore and then she said,  
Perhaps this coat will bring you,  
Good luck and happiness  
And I just couldn't wait to wear it,  
And momma blessed it with a kiss.

My coat of many colors,  
That my momma made for me  
Made only from rags,  
But I wore it so proudly  
Although we had no money,  
I was rich as I could be  
In my coat of many colors,  
My momma made for me.

So with patches on my britches,  
And holes in both my shoes  
In my coat of many colors,  
I hurried off to school  
Just to find the others laughing,  
And making fun of me  
In my coat of many colors,  
My momma made for me.

And oh I couldn't understand it,

For I felt that I was rich  
And I told them of the love,  
My momma sewed in every stitch  
And I told 'em all the story,  
Momma told me while she sewed,  
And how my coat of many colors,  
Was worth more than all their clothes.

But they didn't understand it,  
And I tried to make them see,  
That one is only poor,  
Only if they choose to be  
Now I know we had no money,  
But I was rich as I could be,  
In my coat of many colors,  
My momma made for me  
Made just for me

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