

## **The Supremes**

### **"I'm Livin' In Shame"**

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Mom was cookin' bread  
She wore a dirty, raggedy scarf around her head  
Always had her stockings low  
Rolled to her feet, she just didn't know

She wore a sloppy dress  
Oh, no matter how she tried, she always looked a mess  
Out of the pot she ate  
Never used a fork or a dinner plate

I was always so afraid  
For my uptown friends to see her  
Afraid one day when I was grown  
That I would be her

In a college town  
Away from home, a new identity I found  
Said I was born elite  
With maids and servants at my feet

I must have been insane  
I lied and said mama died on a weekend trip to Spain  
She never got out of the house  
Never even boarded a train

Married a guy, was livin' high  
I didn't want him to know her  
She had a grandson, two years old  
That I never even showed her

I'm livin' in shame  
Mama, I miss you  
I know you're not to blame  
Mama, I miss you

Came a telegram  
Mama passed away while making homemade jam  
Before she died  
She cried to see me by her side

She always did her best  
Oh, cooked and cleaned and always in the same old

dress  
Workin' hard down on her knees  
Always tryin' to please

Mama, mama, mama, can you hear me?  
Mama, mama, mama, can you hear me?

I'm livin' in shame  
Mama, I miss you  
I know you've done your best  
Mama, I miss you

Won't you forgive me, mom  
For all the wrong I've done?  
I know you've done your best  
I know you've done the very best you could  
But I never understood

Workin' hard down on your knees  
Mama, you were always, always tryin' to please

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