

## Grascals

# "Some Things I Want to Sing About"

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I can still see mama stooped around those cotton stalks.

If she picked one, she picked a hundred bales.

Me and all my brothers would take turn about,

Dragging mama's sack up to the scales.

While little baby sister slept in peaceful sleep.

Mama laid her in the trailer shade.

Daddy was in Danville working for the railroad.

When he was coming home we couldn't wait

.

These are just some things I want to sing about

Memories I can't live without.

Diamonds buried deep down in my mind.

Thoughts I can't quit thinking,

A fountain I'll keep drinking from,

And a taste that's gettin' sweeter all the time.

[ Break]

I remember thinking town was where Grandmother's lived.

Where brothers went to catch a bus or train.

A treasured thought was daddy grinnin' ear to ear

Every time we'd hear the old Chuck Wagon Gang.

Among the many things I can't forget about,

Was seeing mama bowed in silent prayer.

I turned and left her slowly, without her ever knowing

There was ever anybody there.

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