

## **Tammy Wynette**

### **"No Charge"**

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My little girl came up to me in the kitchen this evenin'  
While I was fixing supper  
And she handed me a piece of paper she'd been writin'  
on  
And after wipin' my hands on my apron I read it, and  
this is what it said

For mowin' the yard, five dollars  
For makin' my own bed this week, one dollar  
Goin' to the store, fifty cents  
Playin' with little sister while you went to the store,  
twenty-five cents

Takin' out the trash, one dollar  
Gettin' a good report card, five dollars  
And for rakin' the yard, two dollars  
Total owed, fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents

Well, I looked at her standin' there expectantly  
And a thousand memories flashed through my mind  
And so I picked up the pen, and turnin' the paper over  
This is what I wrote

For the nine months I've carried you growin' inside me,  
no charge  
For the nights I've sat up with you, doctored you,  
prayed for you, no charge  
For the ties, folding clothes and for wipin' your nose,  
there's no charge  
When you add it all up, the full cost of my love is, no  
charge

Well, when she finished readin' she had great big old  
tears in her eyes  
And she looked up at me and said, "Mommy, I sure do  
love you"  
Then she took the pen and in great big letters she  
wrote, 'Paid in full'  
When you add it all up, the cost of real love is, no  
charge

