

Dust On Mother's Bible

Buck Owens

There's dust on mother's Bible its pages are worn with age
And though it's old and wrinkled mama's there on every page
The night the angels called her mama called me to her side
And she handed me her old Bible said son let this be your guide
Now I picked up mama's old Bible and to my heart I pressed it tight
And I thought I could hear her whisper ever so gently
Son I'll meet you on the other side
I kissed my mama's old Bible and I wiped away the dust
Oh you'll never know until she's gone how you miss your mother's
love