

# My Woman, My Woman, My Wife

Dean Martin

Hands that are strong, but wrinkled  
Doin' work that never gets done  
Hair that's lost some of the beauty  
By too many hours in the sun

Eyes that show some disappointment  
And there's been quite a lot in her life  
She's the foundation I lean on  
My woman, my woman, my wife

Everyday has been uphill  
Oh, we've climbed, but we can't reach the top  
I'm weak and I'm easily discouraged  
She just smiles when I want to stop

Lips that are weary but tender  
With love that strengthens my life  
A Saint in a dress made of gingham  
My woman, my woman, my wife

Two little babies were born in the Spring  
But died when the Winter was new  
I lost control of my mind and my soul  
But my woman's faith carried us through

When she reaches that river  
Lord, you know what she's worth  
Give her that mansion up yonder  
'Cause she's been through hell here on Earth

Lord, give her my share of Heaven  
If I've earned any here in this life  
'Cause, God, I believe she deserves it  
My woman, my woman, my wife