

I'm Livin' in Shame

Diana Ross

Ooh-oooh-oooh

Mom was cooking 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 living high, I didn't want him to know her
She had a grandson, 2 years old, that I never even showed her

I'm living 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
Ah, cooking, cleaning, always in the same old dress
Working hard down on her knees, always trying to please

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

I'm living 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
Ooh, I know you've done the very best you could
But I never understood
Working hard down on your knees