

# I'm Livin' in Shame

Diana Ross

Ooh-ooh-ooh

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