

Mama's Hands

George Jones

My daddy's hands held ten's and two's while mom's were holding me

And daddy's hands lost everything to a hand of Kings and three's

Then daddy's hands they shook so bad that he turned to wine
But mama's hands were strong and calm as they held on to mine

Yes mama's hands held on to mine to guide me day and night
And it took the sting of mama's hands to teach me wrong from right

When times were bad and money slim she'd fold her hands and pray

And somehow she would make the food hold out another day

Now mama's hands were cold with age, they tremble as she prays
But her voice is strong as she thanks God for all the bygone days

She looks at me and then she smiles she knows I understand
That everything I am today I owe to mama's hands

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