

# The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

Glen Campbell

He got here and wrinkled scared and cryin'  
Then she took him up and held him to her breast  
And he sure was glad to get what mama offered  
Then he went to sleep and put his fears to rest

It didn't seem to matter what he needed  
He could always count on mama to supply  
And regardless of the sleep she might be losin'  
He always found a twinkle in her eye

There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas  
Creation's most unique and precious pearl  
And heaven help us always to remember  
That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world

She taught him all the attributes of greatness  
That she knew he couldn't learn away from home  
And by the time she wore the cover off her Bible  
Her hair was gray and her little man was gone

There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas  
Creation's most unique and precious pearl  
And heaven help us always to remember  
That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world  
Yes, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world