

The kitchen smells like orange peels
Her stomach turns like a spinning wheel
Put the baby down in her little seat
You should rest now ma'am you should eat
It ain't right you been working all day
All us kids getting in your way
So she goes to bed as soon as the kitchen's clean
That don't mean a thing to you,
But it does to me...

Well I don't know if this part is true
How memories lie they way they do
But I can see her in our living room
With a smile on her face she's dancing to
Judy Garland, Carnegie Hall, Sunday April 23rd
She said her cousin had a balcony seat
That don't mean a thing to you,
But it does to me...

Oh Lord, am I good enough?
When this world spin as hard as it does
We both know how it shakes some people up
So how did you decide to give me so much love

She never said a word to me
About dying, about how she'd leave
In all her pain she would never cry
Me and my best friend Tina would ride our bikes
From Lelland Road up Daily Drive
We took a paper route one summer time
Tina's mom said I was part of the family
That don't mean a thing to you
But it does to me...

No one's had a bigger say
In who I am today.
I swear I've tried to be worthy of
The name they gave me when I was young,
But I ain't that pretty and I ain't that brave,
And my kids have seen me cry
They should have given her name to my sister Marie,
That don't mean a thing to you
But it does to me...