

My Woman, My Woman, My Wife

Marty Robbins

Hands that are strong but wrinkled,
Doing work that never gets done.
Hair, that's lost some of its beauty,
By too many hours in the sun.
Eyes, that show some disappointment;
And there's been quite a lot in her life!
She's the foundation I lean on,
My woman, my woman, my wife.

Everyday has been uphill;
We climb but we can't reach the top.
I'm weak and I'm easily discouraged,
She just smiles when I want to stop.
Lips, that are weary but tender,
With love, that strengthens my life,
A saint, in a dress made of gingham;
My woman, my woman, my wife.

Two little babies were born in the spring,
But died when the winter was new;
I lost control of my mind and my soul,
But my woman's faith carried us through.

When she reaches that river...
Lord, you know what she's worth;
Give her that mansion up yonder,
Cause she's been thru hell here on earth
Lord, give her my share of heaven;
If I've earned any here in this life,
Cause God, I believe she deserves it;
My woman, my woman, my wife,
My woman, my woman, my wife...