

# Mama's Opry

Sunny Sweeney

She grew up plain and simple in a farming town.  
Her daddy played the fiddle  
And used to do the calling when they had hoedowns.  
She said the neighbors would come  
And they'd move all my grandma's furniture 'round.  
And there'd be twenty or more there on the old wooden floor,  
Dancin' to a country sound.

The carters and Jimmy Rodgers played her favorite songs.  
And on Saturday nights there was a radio show and she'd sing along.  
I'll never forget her face when she revealed to me,  
That she'd dreamed about singing at the grand ol' opry.

Her eyes, oh, how they sparkled  
When she sang those songs.  
She was hanging the clothes on the line,  
I was a kid just a hummin' along.  
Well, I'd be playing in the grass, to her,  
What might've seemed, obviously.  
There ain't no doubt about it,  
She sure made her mark on me.

She played old gospel records on the phonograph.  
She turned them up loud and we'd sing along,  
How those days have passed.  
Just now that I am older it occurs to me,  
That I was singing in the grandest opry.

And we sang sweet rose of Sharon, abide with me,  
'til I ride the gospel ship to heaven's jubilee.  
And in that great triumphant morning my soul will be free,  
And my burdens will be lifted when my savior's face I see.

So I don't want to get adjusted to this world below,  
But I know he'll pilot me 'til it comes time to go.  
Oh, nothing on this earth is half as dear to me,  
As the sound of my mama's opry

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