

## Mama's Table

The Oak Ridge Boys

We'd pull a chair up every night  
And eat and talk and joke and fight  
Us kids learned wrong from right  
At mama's table.

With just some hickory wood and screws  
It's where my daddy read the news  
You didn't put your dirty shoes  
On mama's table.

It was the centre of the best times I remember  
Sometimes the only thing that brought us all together  
Grandma passed it down when I was in a cradle  
It's in my kitchen now but it's still my mama's table.

It's where my brother and I played games  
I just knew he'd gone insane  
The day he carved his name  
In mama's table.

And when we got down on our luck  
It seemed like it held us up  
you could always feel the love  
In mama's table.

It was the centre of the best times I remember  
Sometimes the only thing that brought us all together  
Grandma passed it down when I was in a cradle  
It's in my kitchen now but it's still my mama's table.

It got some faded spots and cracks  
And a couple of burns from candle wax  
There's a memory in each scratch  
On mama's table.