

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.