

I'm Livin' in Shame

The Supremes

Mama's cooking bread
She wore a dirty, raggedy scarf around her head
Always had her stockings low, rolled to her feet
She just didn't know
She wore a sloppy dress
Oh, no matter how she tried, she always looked a mess
Out of the pot she ate, never used a fork, or a dinner plate

I was always so afraid that my uptown friends would see her
Afraid one day when I was grown, that I would be her

Ah, in a college town
Away from home a new identity I found
Said I was born elite, with maids and servants at my feet
I must have been insane
I lied and said mama died on a weekend trip to Spain
She never got out of the house, never even boarded a train

Married a guy, was living high
I didn't want him to know her
She had a grandson two years old
That I never even showed her

I'm living in shame
Mama I miss you
I know you're not to blame
Mama I miss you

Came a telegram
Mama passed away while making homemade jam
Before she died, she cried to see me by her side
She always did her best
Oh, cooked and cleaned and always in the same old dress
Working hard, down on her knees
Always trying to please

Mama, mama, mama can you hear me?
Mama, mama, mama can you hear me?

I'm living in shame, mama I miss you
I know you're not to blame, mama I miss you.

Won't you forgive me mom?
For all the wrong I've done?
I love you so much mom.

I know you've done the very best you could
But I never understood
Working hard down on her knees...
Mama you were always, always tryin' to please!