

My Yiddishe Momme

Tom Jones

My yiddishe momme I need her more then ever now
My yiddishe momme I'd like to kiss that wrinkled brow
I long to hold her hands once more as in days gone by
And ask her to forgive me for things I did that made her cry

How few were her pleasures, she never cared for fashion's style
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Her jewels and treasures she found them in her baby's smiles
Oh I know that I owe what I am today
To that dear little lady so old and gray
To that wonderful yiddishe momme of mine