

Rockin' Alone (In an Old Rockin' Chair)

[Slim Whitman](#)

Sitting alone in an old rockin' chair
I saw an old mother with silvery hair
She seemed so neglected by those who should care
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
Her hands were caloused and wrinckled and old
A life of hard work was the story they told
And I've thought of angels as I saw her there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
[steel]
Bless her old heart do you think she'd complain
Though life has been bitter she'd live it again
And carry the cross that is more than her share
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
It wouldn't take much to gladden her heart
Just some small remembrance on somebody's part
A letter would brighten her empty life there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
[steel]
I know some kids in an orphan's home
Who think they owned heaven if she was their own
They'd never be willing to let her sit there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
I look at her and I think what a shame
The ones who forgot her she loves just the same
And I think of angels as I see her there
Rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair

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