

Dreaming of a Little Cabin (duet with Pam Gadd)

Porter Wagoner

In dreams of yesterday I wander back to my little cabin door
I strolled beside an old rock garden and saw familiar scenes once more
I heard the organ softly playing its music came so sweet and low
And I heard my mother softly saying as she did so many years ago
(I was dreaming of a little cabin when I heard somebody called my name
I looked and saw a sweet old lady I did seem I was a child again
She gently put her arms around me and kissed her little boy once more
And I knew it was the same sweet mother that have kissed me many times before)I heard her sing the rock of
ages and silver threads among the gold
She told me once again of Jesus within a little cabin fold
She opened up a faded Bible where the family record used to be
And I knew it was the same sweet mother that years ago had craded me
(I was dreaming of a little cabin...

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