Coat of Many Colors

Norma Jean

Back through the years I go wonderein' once again back to the seasons of my youth
I recall the box of rags that someone gave us how my mama put the rags to use
There were rags of many colors and every piece was small
And I didn't have a coat and it was way down in the fall
Mama sewed the rags together sewed every piece with love
She made my coat of many colors that I was so proud of
As she sewed she told a story from the Bible she had read
About a coat of many colors Joseph wore and then she said
Perhaps this coat will bring you good luck and happiness
And I just couldn't wait to wear it and mama blessed it with a kissMy coat of many colors that my mama made for me
Made it all from the rags that I wore it so proudly
Although we had no money I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colors my mama made for meSo with patches on my breaches and holes in both my shoes
In my coat of many colors I hurried off to school
Just to find the others laughin' and a makin' point of me
In my coat of many colors my mama made for me
And oh I couldn't understand it I felt I was rich
And I told them all the love my mama sewed in every stitch
And I told them all the story mama told me while she sewed
And how my coat of many colors was much more than all their clothesBut they didn't understand it and I tried to make them see
That one is only poor only if they used to be
Now I know we had no money I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colors my mama made for me made just for me

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