No Charge

Tammy Wynette

My son came to me in the kitchen this evening'
While I was making supper
And he handed me a piece of paper he'd been writing on
And after wiping my hands on my apron I read it, and this is what it saidFor mowing the lawn, five pounds
For making my own bed this week, two pounds
Going to the shop, two pounds
Playing with little brother while you went to the shops, two poundsTaking out the rubbish, one pound
Getting a good report card, five pounds
And for raking the yard, two pounds
Total owed, 19 poundsWell, I looked at him standing there expectantly
And a thousand memories flashed through my mind
And so I picked up the pen, and turning the paper over
This is what I wroteFor the nine months I've carried you growing inside me, no charge
For the nights I've sat up with you, doctored you, prayed for you, no charge
For the ties, folding clothes and for wiping your nose, there's no charge
When you add it all up, the full cost of my love is, no chargeWell, when he finished reading he had great big old tears in his eyes
And he looked up at me and said, "Mum, I sure do love you"
Then he took the pen and in great big letters he wrote, 'Paid in full'
When you add it all up, the cost of real love is, no charge

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