

Mamma's Kitchen

Cece Winans

I remember Saturdays, helping Mama in her kitchen
Conversations prying, baking with passing down the wisdom
She said, "Baby girl, you're a queen and this is how you should be treated?"
Words she washed with tears and planted in my soul
Can we just go back to the simple kinda living?
Can we just go back and maybe start from the beginning?
Back to better days, when love was for the giving
Can we just go back to the way we were?
Mama said there was a time when brothers were each other's keepers
Sisters held each other close, till there was nothing left between them
Back when a song was a song, you could sing along, didn't matter how long
Just as long as it spoke to ya, sung to ya, do you know what I mean?
Can we just go back to the simple kinda living?
Can we just go back and maybe start from the beginning?
Back to better days, when love was for the giving
Can we just go back to the way we were?
Now I'm chasing rainbows and dreams
Trying hard to believe, this is how it could be
Yesterday was yesterday, tomorrow's just a day away
By then it may be too late, maybe we can start today
Can we just go back to the simple kinda living?
Can we just go back and maybe start from the beginning?
Back to better days, when love was for the giving
Can we just go back to the way we were?
Can we just go back to the simple kinda living?
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