

# Rockin' Alone (In an Old Rockin' Chair)

Dean Martin

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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