

# Hug

## Nathan Carter

I remember I wasn't much older, four or maybe five at the most,  
Goin' to school morning were colder, there was no such thing as a Bus.  
Our mother d'be searching for school bags and combing our hair the wrong way,  
As she buttered our toast and buttoned our coats, here's what my mother did say. Ah we all need a hug in the  
morning, and one at the end of the day.  
many as possible squeezed in between to keep life's troubles at bay.  
No matter where ever you ramble, our problems be great or be small.  
It's my believe that for instant relief, a hug is the best cure of all. I met an old exile in Boston, he longed to go  
back home one day.  
But he thought no one there would be caring, for he'd been so long away.  
To stop the tear drop in his coffee, he gave his old whiskers a tug.  
And he knew all he'd give all he needed to live, for a big welcome home again hug.  
Ah we all need a hug in the morning, and one at the end of the day.  
And many as possible squeezed in between to keep life's troubles at bay.  
No matter where ever you ramble, your problems be great or be small.  
It is my believe that for instant relief, a hug is the best cure of all. A letter can bring consolation, a phone call can  
brighten the night.  
In the midst of great aggravation, they can put at least some things to right.  
When your heart just feels like it's breaking, your life's slipping down past the plug.  
And you feel like a ghost, the thing you want most is someone to give you a hug.  
Ah we all need a hug in the morning, and one at the end of the day.  
And many as possible squeezed in between to keep life's troubles at bay.  
No matter where ever you ramble, your problems be great or be small.  
It is my belief that for instant relief, a hug is the best cure of all.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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