

She's a Working Mom

Dean Friedman

By dean friedman
She's a working mom. from the time the alarm clock rings,
Till the coffee's on, she can handle a million things.
Their daddy's gone, but she keeps keeping on.
First she picks out their clothes, then she wipes a runny nose,
Makes their beds and when the bathtub overflows, she remains so calm.
Let's here it for the working mom.
She goes to bed with the night light on.
'cause ghosts and goblins in the middle of the night,
Give sleepy children such a fright.
With one touch, they're gone.
She's a working mom. and she keeps all her kids in line,
With an outstretched palm, and a warning they'd better mind,
Cause one more time and they will see stars shine.
But they're not scared 'cause mommy starts to smile
And they all know that in a little while, things'll be just fine.
Let's here it for the working mom.
She goes to bed with the night light on.
'cause ghosts and goblins in the middle of the night,
Give sleepy children such a fright.
With one touch, they're gone.
She's a working mom and it wasn't the life she chose.
Drive the kids to school and then off to work she goes.
But heaven knows, how her love for them grows.
At times it's hard, but she has no regrets
'cause in her heart she knows the love she gets, it overflows.
Let's hear it for the working mom.
She goes to bed with the night light on.
'cause ghosts and goblins in the middle of the night,
Give sleepy children such a fright.
With one touch, they're gone.
And ghosts and goblins in the middle of the night,
Give sleepy mommies such a fright.
With one touch they're gone.
Let's hear it for the working mom.
Let's hear it for the working mom

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