

# She's My Mother

[George Jones](#)

I'm thinking of a little lady  
She bears her load without a friend  
The one who rocked me in my cradle  
And through the years she loves me yet The roses on her cheeks have faded  
And when they pass her on the street  
Would break my heart to see them mock her  
Although she may not dress so neat She was the first to ever love me  
The first to hold me to her breast  
God bless her 'cause she is my mother  
And she'll be the last one I'll forget Her way may seem a bit old fashioned  
And some may laugh when passing by  
I'm not ashamed to call her mother, my love for her I'll not deny  
She was the first to ever love me

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