

Norma Jean, Coat Of Many Colors

Back through the years I go wonderin' once again back to the seasons of my youth
I recall the box of rags that someone gave us how my mama put the rags to use
There were rags of many colors and every piece was small
And I didn't have a coat and it was way down in the fall
Mama sewed the rags together sewed every piece with love
She made my coat of many colors that I was so proud of
As she sewed she told a story from the Bible she had read
About a coat of many colors Joseph wore and then she said
Perhaps this coat will bring you good luck and happiness
And I just couldn't wait to wear it and mama blessed it with a kiss

My coat of many colors that my mama made for me
Made it all from the rags that I wore it so proudly
Although we had no money I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colors my mama made for me

So with patches on my breaches and holes in both my shoes
In my coat of many colors I hurried off to school
Just to find the others laughin' and a makin' point of me
In my coat of many colors my mama made for me
And oh I couldn't understand it I felt I was rich
And I told them all the love my mama sewed in every stitch
And I told them all the story mama told me while she sewed
And how my coat of many colors was much more than all their clothes

But they didn't understand it and I tried to make them see
That one is only poor only if they used to be
Now I know we had no money I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colors my mama made for me made just for me