

# Shania Twain, Coat Of Many Colors

Back through the years I go wandering once again  
Back to the seasons of my youth  
I recall a box of rags that someone gave us  
and 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  
momma sewed the rags together sewing every piece with love she made my coat of many colors th

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 only from rags but I wore it so proudly  
Although we had money but I was rich as I could be in my coat of many colors  
my mama made for me

So with patches on my britches and holes in both my shoes  
in my coat of many colors I hurried off to school  
just to find the others laughing and a making fun of me  
in my coat of many colors my mama made for me  
and oh I couldn't understand for I felt I was rich  
and I told them all the love my mama sewed in every stich  
and I told them all the story mama told me while she sewed  
and how my coat of many colors was worth more than all their clothes

But they didn't understand and I tried to make them see  
one is only poor only if they choose to be  
now I know we have no money but I was rich as I could be  
in my coat of many colors mama made for me  
made just for me