

Alison Krauss, Momma Cried

Momma loved us, every one.
Every daughter, every son.
She gave herself so happily,
That's just the way she was, you see.

From dawn to dark she'd find a chore.
And work it 'til it was no more.
And every day until she died,
In the evening, Momma cried.

Momma cried;
There was mourning in the evening.
And Momma cried;
'Cos her little girl was gone.

Her little girl was snatched away.
She was there and then just gone one day.
And Momma blamed herself, I'd say,
But all of us had debts to pay.

Momma cried;
There was mourning in the evening.
And Momma cried;
'Cos her little girl was gone.

I did my best to cheer her pride.
That day that something broke inside.
I swore I'd find her and I tried.
In the evening, Momma cried.

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There was mourning in the evening.
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