

# Bill Miller, Old Dreams And New Hopes

Old pictures kept in a tattered cardboard box  
And after church on Sunday it was a crazy thing to watch  
How we'd gather 'round the table like pieces of a puzzle that didn't fit  
I don't believe there was one memory that my momma could not relive

She has old dreams and new hopes  
Worn out quilts and jump ropes from days gone by  
She has old dreams and new hopes  
Cold hands, warm heart and a faith that just won't die

When everyone had gone to bed, my dad was in the kitchen eatin' pie  
He's listening to his radio, I don't believe I ever saw my daddy cry  
Put behind his days of drinkin', but I do believe that the bottle took its toll  
Now he needs his nights for thinkin' cause his heart just can't admit he's growing old

He has old dreams and new hopes  
Worn out books and a pack of smokes to get him by  
He has old dreams and new hopes  
Good jokes, strong coffee and a heart that just won't die

I can see him in the kitchen fast asleep with the morning coming on  
And my momma's sleeping peacefully with her crucifix and her pictures all around  
She'll be up before he notices making eggs and bacon for his day  
He'll warm up his cup of coffee, get a hug and be on his way

They have old dreams and new hopes  
Nine children and a house in the woods to get them by  
They have old dreams and new hopes  
Faced the hard times together with a love that just won't die  
No, it just won't die  
Just won't die