

Buck Owens, Dust On Mother's Bible

Chorus:

There's dust on mother's bible
Its cover's worn with age
And though it's old and wrinkled
Mama's there on every page

The night the angels called her
Mama called me to her side
And handed me her bible
Said "Son, let God be your guide."

Chorus:

There's dust on mother's bible
Its cover's worn with age
And though it's old and wrinkled
Mama's there on every page

--- Instrumental ---

I picked up mother's old bible
To my heart I pressed it tight
And I heard her softly whisper
"Son, I'll meet you on the other side."

I kissed my mother's old bible
And I wiped away the dust.
Oh, you never know until she's gone
How you'll miss your mother's love

Chorus:

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Its cover's worn with age
And though it's old and wrinkled
Mama's there on every page...