

Dean Martin, My Woman, My Woman, My Wife

Hands that are strong but wrinkled
Doing work that never gets done
Hair that's lost some of the beauty
By too many hours in the sun
Eyes that show some disappointment
And there's been quite a lot in her life
She's the foundation I lean on
My woman, my woman, my wife
Every day has been uphill
Though we climb, but we can't reach the top
I'm weak, and I'm easily discouraged
She just smiles when I want to stop
Lips that are weary but tender
With love that strengthens my life
A saint in a dress made of gingham
My woman, my woman, my wife
Two little babies were born in the spring
But died when the winter was new
I lost control of my mind and my soul
But my woman's faith carried me through
When she reaches that river
Lord, you know what she's worth
Give her that mansion up yonder
'Cause she's been through hell here on earth
Lord, give her my share of heaven
If I've earned any here in this life
'Cause God I believe she deserves it
My woman, my woman, my wife