

Hank Locklin, Little Acorns

Give my mama credit cause my mama said it so your little acorns made of love
If that's how you're slowin' and with time that's growin'
They'll turn into great big oaks above
As I grow old I can see it's true and mama that's why I intend to do
This good life is laid off resting in the shade of
Little acorns that we sowed with love