

# Hank Snow, Rocking Alone In An Old Rockin' Chair

Sitting alone in an old rockin' chair  
I saw an old mother with silvery hair  
She seemed so neglected by those who should care  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair

Her hands were caloused and wrinkled and old  
A life full of hard work was the story they told  
And I've thought of angels as I saw her there  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair

Bless her old heart do you think she'd complain  
Though life has been bitter she'd live it again  
And carry that cross that is more than her share  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair  
[ piano ]  
(It wouldn't take much just to gladden her heart  
Just some small re-embrace on somebody's heart)  
A letter would brighten her empty life there  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair

I know some youngsters in an orphan's home  
Would think they owned heaven if she were their own  
They'd never be willing till let her sit there  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair

I look at her and I think what a shame  
The ones who forgot her she loves just the same  
And I think of angels as I see her there  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair  
Rocking alone in an old rockin' chair