

Hank Snow, Rocking Along In An Old Rockin' Chair

Written by Bob Miller
Recorded by Hank Snow

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 wrinckled and old
A life full of hard work were 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 the cross that is more than her share rockin' alone in an old rockin' chair
(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 heart 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