

# Nanci Griffith, Mary & Omie

My daddy was a longshoreman in New Orleans,  
My mamma kept score just watchin' the Mardi Gras ...  
oh me, ... I sat on the front porch watchin' the rails roll out,  
I was waitin' for my Omie to take me outta this south  
it was me and my sisters ... like to wore that front porch out

And there can't be more to this livin' than loving my Omie  
We're both sittin' back here watchin' our children grow  
If there's a better ace in the deck,  
Well, ... baby, come on and show me ...  
If you ain't got a hand then get on your wheel and roll,  
'cuz there could never be a better hand than these hearts I hold

Me and my Omie ... we settled down here in Houston  
Oh, and one by one, we moved my sisters west  
We bought a house in the suburbs and we've got four fine children  
We are black middle class because Omie wouldn't settle for less  
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My children are the first thing in my mornin' ...  
My Omie is the last thing in my night  
Oh, in between I dream about that porch back home  
and I bless my daddy for the love within that house  
But, ... I thank my Omie for takin' me outta the south

... look at these hearts I hold ... oh, look at these hearts I hold  
... look at these hearts I hold ... there ain't no place like home  
look at these hearts we hold ... look at those hearts you hold  
Hey! ... my Omie's got a heart of gold ... look at these hearts we hold  
... take a look at those hearts you hold ... !&quot;