The Supremes, I'm Livin' In Shame (1969)

(Pam Sawyer/R. Dean Taylor/Frank Wilson/Berry Gordy/Henry Cosby)

Mom was cooking bread
She wore a dirty raggety scarf around her head
Always had her stockings low, rolled to her feet
She just didn't know
She wore a sloppy dress
Oh, no matter how she tried, she always looked a mess
Out of the pot she ate, never used a fork or a dinner plate

I was always so afraid for my uptown friends to see her
Afraid one day when I was grown, that I would be her

Ah, in a college town
Away from home a new identity I found
Said I was born elite, with maids and servants at my feet
I must have been insane
I lied and said momma died on a weekend trip to Spain
She never got out of the house, never even boarded a train

Married a guy, was living high
I didn't want him to know her
She a grandson, two years old
That I never even showed her

I'm living in shame
Momma I miss you
I know you're not to blame
Momma I miss you

Came a telegram
Momma passed away while making homemade jam
Before she died, she cried to see me by her side
She always did her best
Ah, cooking, cleaning, always in the same old dress
Working hard down on her knees
Always trying to please

Momma, momma, momma can you hear me?
Momma, momma, momma can you hear me?

I'm living in shame, momma I miss you
I know you've done you're best
Momma I miss you
Won't you forgive me mom?
For all the wrong I've done
I know you've done your best
Oh, I know you've done your very best you could
But I'm never understood
Working hard down on her knees...