

HE SANG TO ME

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My mama tells a story, about the day that I was born
My father sat next to her bed and held me in his arms
He knew he couldn't give me the finer things in life
So he gave me what he loved the most that night

He sang to me
Sitting there by her side
Soft and sweet and low
They said I smiled when I should have cried and I know
It was all because he sang to me

His heart always wanted to be up on that stage
But nobody ever told him that he could find a way
He had mouths to feed, bills to pay, a job to keep
But every night before I went to sleep

He sang to me
Sitting there by my side
Soft and sweet and low
And all my cares would drift out of sight and I know
It was all because he sang to me

Time goes by and I grew up
And sometimes when this life gets too much
I remember when

He sang to me
Sitting there by my side
Soft and sweet and low
And all my cares
Drift out of sight and I know
It was all because he sang
It was all because he sang to me