

Glen Campbell, Hand That Rocks The Cradle

He got here red and wrinkled, scared and crying
and she took him up and held him to her breast
and he sure was glad to get what mama offered
and he went to sleep and put his fears to rest
There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas
Creation's most unique and precious pearl
And Heaven help us always to remember
That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world
She taught him all the attributes of greatness
That she knew he couldn't learn away from home
And by the time she wore the cover off her bible
Her hair was gray and her little man was gone
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