Glen Campbell, Sunflowergc

He got here and wrinkled scared and cryin' The she took him up and held him to her breast And he sure was glad to get what mama offered Then he went to sleep and put his fears to rest It didn't seem to matter what he needed He could always count on mama to supply And regardless of the sleep she might be losin' He always found a twinkle in her eye There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas Creation's most unique and precious pearls 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 coxer off her bible Her hair was gray and her little man was gone There ought to be a hall of fame for mamas Creation's most unique and precious pearls And heaven help us always to remember That the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world Yes, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world