

To Mama

Ron Greene (finished 21 April 2017)

As a scheming youth i often used
 "You don't love me"
 To get my way
 When it didn't work on your mother,
 I learned to value
 Your love for the first time.

4/4 p1 capo 2
 A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m

A cocky pre-teen, I mumbled "nigger"
 Your calm reply:
 "We don't use that word."
 Just to think it now causes unease.
 But from your comment
 Grew my social conscience.

A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m

As a surly teen, i finally saw
 Though both of you
 Left daily for work,
 Only you worked upon return.
 I thought "That's not fair" –
 My first feminist step.

A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m

Through my college years and beyond
 I did not see
 Your struggles with cancer.
 Too busy with career and marriage
 To be the loving son
 That i should have been.

A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m

As a senior i saw you cope
 With life in your nineties,
 And observed your decline.
 I think that the love i returned through the years
 Was insufficient,
 A fact that haunts me.

A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m

But looking back over our lives,
 I'm proud to have been
 Your favorite son.
 I could not have had a better teacher;
 I'll be ever grateful
 To have known your love.

A_m C F C
 C A_m
 F G
 G E_m D_m A_m
 A_m D_m
 G A_m A_m
 D_m G A_m A_{note}