

There is Nothing Like a Mother's Love

She forgot my birthday last year, though it was the first time
But then the calls stopped coming here, for weeks at a time

And you ask me if I'm getting used to it
A little more I say
Holding on to the last of the memories as they slip away

There is nothing like a mother's love
There is nothing like a mother's love
If there's just one thing I'm certain of
There is nothing like a mother's love

Now she smiles and she takes my hand and she says hello to me
Then she asks, "Have you met my son?" as she points at the orderly

And you ask me if I'm getting used to it
A little more each day
Holding on to the last of the memories as they slip away

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