

Celebrate Mothers.

It's quarter to eight as she walks through the door,
Her children play with their toys on the floor,
Their babysitter soon will arrive.
She'll be with them until quarter to five.
This mother of three has needs to be met,
She dreams that one day she'll stay home but not yet,
There are bills to be paid, her children need shoes,
She can't wait for someone to bring her good news.

Her husband's returned from a land far away,
Battle scars don't show, he has little to say,
While Mom takes the brunt, keeps the family afloat,
While governments sit round big tables and gloat.
This mother also has fought in this war,
She has nurtured the children, watched the news from afar,
She has prayed every day for their dad to return,
Now he has arrived, she can tell he's been burned.

She was quick to behold the pain in his eyes,
It seemed he'd lost interest in his little boys,
While Mom remains strong, she must work until,
The day finally comes when her husband is well.
O yes we have heard, men of war and their plight,
But what of the mothers, who's awake half the night,
With a child who is sick, and no one to share
Her burdens, her turmoil, through another long year.

CSB @CBS.