



MY MOM IS A SURVIVOR

My Mom is a Survivor
Or so I've heard it said.
But I can hear her crying at night
When all others are in bed.

I watch her lay awake at night
And go to hold her hand
She doesn't know I'm with her
To help her understand.

But like the sands on the beach
That never wash away...
I watch over my surviving Mom,
Who thinks of me each day.

She wears a smile for others...
A smile of disguise!
But through Heaven's door I see
Tears flowing from her eyes.

My Mom tries to cope with death
To keep my memory alive.
But anyone who knows her knows
It is her way to survive.

As I watch over my surviving Mom
Through Heaven's open door...
I try to tell her that angels
Protect me forevermore.

I know that doesn't help her...
Or ease the burden she bears.
So if you get a chance, go visit her ...
And show her that you care.

For no matter what she says...
No matter what she feels.
My surviving Mom has a broken heart
That time won't ever heal.