



THE MAYOR

"Back In My Cradle Days"

A Little Boy went to the
Mayors office barefooted and blue
He said with tears Mayor,
We are hungry, God sent me to you.

Chorus

We don't have any money,
To buy us any bread.
All I have to sell you
Is my little cradle bed.

Mother just had enough to
Buy her a pair of shorts today.
I wish she would wear a
dress like she used to when she did
pray.

Yes, she used to shout and
Go to church with us too.
Now she goes to Dances
Daddy is so lonely and blue.

He made my little cradle bed
My initials he carved on there
She used to rock me to
Sleep and sing to me Sweet Hour of
Prayer

"Mayor"

Does your daddy work Sundays
He does but its four of us to eat.
Yes son here is some money
Buy shoes for on your feet.

Keep your little cradle bed
I wont take it from you.
Thank you kindly Mayor
May God Bless you.

He calls the Mayor the next day
Mother is shouting like she used to
She played over the organ
Softly God will take care of you.

By Evangelist
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*Blessed Is The Woman Whose Exam-
ple Is Virtuous Both In Side And Out*

My Brother was
a Great Mayor
in West. Va from
his stories I composed
many songs.

You look like
him I get letters
all over from Mayors
God Bless Chese
God Bless You.

Mayors Office
Atlanta
Georgia

