



My Mother's Son

Right after I moved to Nashville in 1986, I went to a Sunday night writers' show at the Bluebird. The special guest that night closed out the show with a tremendous set that included a song called Highway 29, a road that he said ran through his mama's hometown of La Grange, Ga. I went and introduced myself to him after the show and told him that La Grange was where my mama was born. We struck up a friendship that has lasted to this day. Pat Alger has been a surrogate big-brother, a true friend and a mentor since that introduction long ago. Pat and I finally got around to writing a song for those two angel women, Jo and Virginia. Blessed are we to have been their respective sons.

I've climbed mountains
That I thought I'd never climb
I've had my moments in the sun
From time to time
Fellow travelers I know I've helped a few
I guess I've done the best that I can do

But the one thing that I had no hand in doing
Still remains the finest thing I've ever done
No gift I gave, but one forever given to me
It was the day that I was born my mother's son

I learned to stand up tall
Standing there beside her
She'd never bend
No matter how the world denied her
I learned how to weather any storm that comes
By the grace of being born my mother's son

How I depended on
Knowing in her eyes
I could do no wrong

Pat Alger/Tony Arata

Rosebriar Music/Tony Arata Music (ASCAP)