

THOSE BIG BOILED PUDDINGS SHE USE TO MAKE
AND THE HEAD CHEESE FROM THE OLD HOGS HEAD.

OUR OLD TEA KETTLE, IT WAS IRON AND BLACK,
AND IT'S WATER BOILED JUST ALL DAY LONG
OR STEAMED AWAY, JUST SETTING THERE
TOWARD THE BACK AS TIME WENT ON.

IT MADE THE ROOM ALL SOFT AND MOIST
AND STEAMED UP ALL THE WINDOW PANES.
THAT'S WHERE I DREW SO MANY THINGS
AND SOMETIMES WRITE MY NAME.

THIS STOVE OF MA'S STOOD ON FOUR LEGS.
SHE KEPT THEM SHINING BLACK,
EACH ONE HAD A FACE THAT LOOKED RIGHT AT ME
OF A FIERCE OLD TIGER CAT.

BUT OUR TABBY CAT, SHE WAS NOT AFRAID
FOR SHE LOVED TO COME EACH DAY
AND LAY BENEATH THAT STOVE AND SNOOZE AND SLEEP
JUST AS LONG AS MA WOULD LET HER STAY.

THE WARMING OVEN STOOD UP HIGH
ABOVE THOSE SHINING LIDS,
WITH TWO LITTLE DOORS ONE COULD LET DOWN,
THERE'S WHERE THE FRYING PANS WERE HID.

OF ALL THE THINGS ABOUT THIS STOVE
THEY ARE SO VERY DEAR TO ME.
THEY ARE MEMORIES NOW THAT I BRING BACK,
OF THINGS THAT USE TO BE.

I WOULD LIKE TO DANGLE DOWN MY FEET,
JUST LIKE I DID BEFORE,
I WOULD LIKE TO WARM MY TOES AGAIN
UPON THAT SAME OLD OVEN DOOR.

I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THAT WOOD FIRE BURN
JUST LIKE I DID WHEN I WAS YOUNG
AND CATCH AGAIN THAT THRILL OF YOUTH
BEFORE MY LIFE IS REALLY DONE,

O DREAMS THAT COME AND PASS AWAY.
THEY LEAVE A SPARK OF LONGING THERE
OF YEARS THAT'S GONE TO NEVER MORE RETURN
WHEN ONLY MEMORY BRINGS THEM NEAR.

THEY WILL NOT REALLY COME AGAIN I KNOW
FOR IT'S JUST A LONGING DREAM OF OLD
OF THINGS FOREVER PAST AND GONE,
JUST LIKE MY MOTHER'S DEAR OLD STOVE.