

## I Think of the Women...

Babies and diapers and two o'clock feedings  
Bath time and bed time and storybook readings  
Play dates and homework and "please clean your room"  
Could all of these people have come from my womb?!

Toast is burning  
Stomach churning  
Sometimes I get stressed  
I think of the women who've walked in my shoes  
And know that I have been blessed

Mopping the floor and preparing a lesson  
Wishing I owned a nice delicatessen  
Kisses and sweet little hands on my face  
I know that these moments are hard to replace

I hear glass break  
Feel my head ache  
Just another day  
I think of the women who've been here before  
And know that I'll be OK

Teenagers driving and curfews and dating  
All of the late nights we stay up "debating"  
Dishes and laundry and dinner to cook  
I'd much rather curl up and read a nice book

When I hurry  
Start to worry  
If this day will end  
I think of the women who've stood where I stand  
And know that I have a friend

Kindness and patience and helping each other  
Sharing and learning to be a good mother  
Love and support through the good times and bad  
These are the things that I'm grateful I've had

When balloons pop  
When my stocks drop  
When I'm feeling blue  
I think of the women who've been where I am  
And know that I'll make it through!