

**Division III Winner**

**My Family**

*Brittany Howard*

They say that times were tough then  
That money was very tight  
But I remember my childhood  
And I know that can't be right

Mom would cook our dinner  
Dad came home at five  
We were all sitting at the table  
Waiting for him to arrive

We wouldn't eat from a microwave  
Or a restaurant down the street  
We all ate Mom's home cooking  
And boy that can't be beat

We didn't eat in front of the TV  
Or with a phone in our hand  
We weren't plugged into a stereo  
bopping to the latest band

We would all sit at the table  
Everyone in their place  
There were never any surprises  
We recognized every face

Brothers to the left of me  
Sisters to the right  
That's the way we ate dinner  
Every single night

We laughed we joked we talked we ate  
We were a family don't you see  
Though some may have been raised poor  
You can see it wasn't me

We ate collards we ate biscuits  
We ate fatback and black-eyed peas  
We said yes sir we said no sir  
We said thank you ma'am and please

So when you talk of family life  
Or how it used to be

Though many had more money  
None were as rich as me

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