

My grandparents on my father's side had a strawberry farm. It's a beautiful thing, a beautiful occupation.... a strawberry farm. We always used to try to go down there at just the right time of year. "Oh, are the, are the berries ready? Oh. Good!"

Ella Mae - the redwings returned today  
A little rain fell in the morning  
The afternoon was clear  
An' that song you loved to hear  
Was filling up the fence row where the birds all go  
To talk over their long journey and sing.

Ella Mae - all the gifts you gave  
Tremble in my life like a startled deer  
You gave me my Pa  
Who is in me as you are  
And the southern piney hills  
The clear water and the running rills  
That tumbled through the lives of us all.

Six big men and one big strong woman  
You and little Granpa David raised up there  
They all had families  
We all come back to see you  
You hugged us all in turn  
Cocked you head and said we'd grown  
And touched us with your hands  
That smelled like bread

Ella Mae - it's a clear warm summer's day  
The young birds are trying out their wings  
Ah it's something to see them try  
To get up there and fly  
And my own child is bound to do the same  
Today she learned three birds' names.

Ella Mae - I can see you plain as day  
Sailing out like a ship to your garden  
In your old wide-brim straw hat  
With a long handled hoe in your hand.  
pausing at the gate I see you look south to the pond  
A long time quiet smile on your face.

Ella Mae - when your David went away  
After cutting brush all day long  
Well, your life just slowly closed  
Like a worn out autumn rose  
You coul' not find the bread  
You could not make your lonesome bed  
Or really do a thing but rise and go.

Ella Mae - the redwings left today  
Passing in a long cloud of wings  
They're headed down your way  
They'll be there in a couple of days  
They'll sing that song you loved  
As they fly above  
Your resting place by David in the pines.