

## MY MOTHER WAS A SINGER

I see my mother in the mirror,  
I see her more and more each day  
There's no denying that's her nose,  
her mouth, her laugh  
But guess what I heard someone say?  
My mother was a singer  
Imagine my surprise  
I wonder, did she grow up with a dream or two.  
And did they die, the way dreams do

She never shared her little secret,  
And all the while, who'd ever guess  
She filled her world with little girls  
and shoes and socks and dentist trips  
She never needed to impress  
And say she'd been a singer, and could've been a star  
And did she have her quiet moments now and then  
Wondering what might have been  
[At center stage her heart set free](#)  
She would have been a lot like ... ME.

Oh I can picture you - A gardenia in your hair  
Swingin' and swayin' in front of Benny Goodman  
Bet you would've made the men fall  
Madly in love with you  
Every time you sang . . . Deep Purple

So when I look at my reflection  
I know there's more than meets the eye  
My mother's dream of long ago, it lives through me  
Does that mean dreams don't have to die?  
And that's why I'm a singer, cause she gave me her song  
The love and joy she poured into her family  
Are shining through my melody  
That's why I'm a singer, and she gave me my song  
From now on when I'm singing  
I'll hear her sing along

Music and Lyrics by Eileen Valentino  
Music for Bridge by Lanny Meyers  
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\* Lyrics in [blue](#) are recent rewrites

### The Story Behind the Song...

Just after my mother passed away in 1989 one of her oldest friends told me that in her youth, my mother was a singer! She took weekly voice lessons and even sat in at piano bars – where everyone was convinced she'd end up on Your Hit Parade. My mother loved to watch me sing but never once gave me advice or critiques; never once said, "I was pretty good in my day." I was floored at this news. Soon after, I became pregnant, and when I was too big to perform anymore, I answered the phones at night in a huge NYC law firm. I wrote these lyrics on a very slow night. A few days later, I took a long walk through Central Park and that's when the melody came to me. I didn't write the bridge (swingin' and swayin' and a gardenia in her hair) til a few months later. I asked the multi-talented Lanny Meyers to write a melody for it.