Written January 4, 2004
By Sam Weaver

The Old Gorton Home

Down Albany Street
I walked alone
And came upon
The old Gorton home

My thoughts went back
Through man's time warp sphere
To the family
That once lived here

The Dogwood Trail
The Grandstand show
Operas we went to
So long ago

Mrs. Gorton how
Good you were to me
You, Doc, Sherman,
And all the family

You gave up the ghost
Before I could say
Thanks for lighting up
My childhood pathway

But through Jesus in
My spirit I know
You can hear me say
In your spirit soul

Mrs. Gorton, Thank you