

MAMA LOU     *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Early Sunday morning I'm stretchin' and yawnin',  
Shakin' off the night before.  
Somewhere in the dwellin' Somethin' mighty good is smellin',  
There's a racket on the kitchen floor.  
Papa's choppin' wood, The fire's burnin' good  
And there's a kettle bubblin' on the eye.  
There's a ham in the oven, Mama's stirrin' somethin',  
"Son, you touch it and I'll tan your hide."

REFRAIN Oh, Mama Lou! I'm stayin' here with you.  
Cook me somethin' sweet tonight.

The porch swing's creakin', Mama's teakettle's shriekin'  
On a sunny Thanksgiving Day.  
I wipe the smile off my face 'Cause Grandpa's sayin' grace,  
But any kid would rather eat than pray.  
I love my collard greens And some blackeyed peas;  
I want sweet potatoes on the side,  
And okra gets my vote When it slides down your throat,  
And, of course, I want my chicken fried.

REFRAIN

The tea is double sweet, And it cools me when I eat.  
I smell biscuits risin' slow in the pan.  
Mama's cobbler full of berries Topped with ice cream and cherries  
Makes a beggar out of any man.  
My memories roam to that old family home  
Where it smelled liked heaven all the time,  
And Mama never changed From a fire to a range...  
That's music to this heart of mine.

REFRAIN

There's a pound cake bakin'... My taste buds are quakin'...  
Mama's tricklin' lemon icing on the top.  
I'd still be lickin' that bowl At a hundred years old  
If Mama hadn't ever stopped.  
But stop, yes she did, And us broken-hearted kids  
Never let a blessed word go by  
That Mama's gentle spirit Didn't fly by and hear it,  
Raising love in us in reply

REFRAIN