

Fore She Was Mama

Clay Walker

Bout ten years old, hide and seek
I found me in the closet
Ready or not I stumbled on
And opened up that box of Yearbooks, letters, black and whites
A hundred, maybe more
Next thing I know my brothers and me
Got em scattered on the floor, yeah It was one of her, flippin the bird
Sittin on a Harley
And a few with some hairy hippie dude
Turns out his name was Charlie Her hair, her clothes, her drinkin, smokin
Had us boys confused
Ill never forget the day
Us nosy kids got introduced To mama 'fore she was mama
In a string bikini in Tijuana
Wont admit she smoked marijuana
But I saw mama 'fore she was mama We put that box right where it was
And never said a word
But growin up got hard just tryin
Not to picture her In anything but aprons, dresses
Mini-vans and church
Oh and daddy would have whooped our butts
For diggin up that dirt On mama 'fore she was mama
In a string bikini in Tijuana
She wont admit she smoked marijuana
But I saw mama 'fore she was mama We laugh and hang it over her head
Right above her halo
Her face turns red when we bring up
That tie-dyed Winnebago She runs and hides and still denies
That hip high rose tattoo
She burned that box of forget-me-nots
When she found out we knew About mama 'fore she was mama
In a string bikini in Tijuana
Wont admit she smoked marijuana
But that was mama 'fore she was mama And theres that one down in the Bahamas
Oh, but that was mama 'fore she was mama Yeah, caught her red handed

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