

I'm the Only Hell My Mamma Ever Raised

Hank Williams III

Well, I can't sell my momma short on loving me
I guess that's why she let me go so far
Momma always stopped me short of stealing
I guess that's why I had to steal that car. She told me not to smoke it
But I did and it took me far away
And I turned out to be
The only hell mama ever raised. I pulled into Atlanta, stolen tags and almost out of gas
I had to get some money, and lately I'd learned how to get it fast
Those neon lights was calling me and somehow I had to get downtown
I reached into the glovebox, another liquor store went down. And I sing "Precious Memories," take me back to
the good ol' days
I can hear my momma singing, "Rock of Ages" cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my momma ever raised. When they put those handcuffs on me, Lord how I
fought to resist
But that agent clamped 'em tighter, 'til that metal bit into my wrist
They took my boots and my billfold, my fingerprints, and the profile of my face
Then they locked away the only hell my momma ever ever raised. And I sing "Precious Memories," take me
back to the good ol' days
I can hear my momma singing, "Rock of Ages" cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my momma ever raised

Songwriters

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