Papa Was A Rolling Stone

Gene Ammons

It was the third of September; that day I'll always remember,

'Cause that was the day that my daddy died.

I never got a chance to see him; never heard nothin' but bad things about him.

Mama I'm depending on you to tell me the truth.

Mama just looked at him and said, "Son,
Papa was a rollin' stone.
Wherever he laid his head was his home.
And when he died, all he left us was alone."

Papa was a rollin' stone.

Wherever he laid his head was his home.

And when he died, all he left us was alone."

Hey, Mama, is it true what the say, that Papa never worked a day in his life?

And Mama, they talk all around town say that

Papa had three outside children and another wife

And that ain't right.

Heard them talkin' about Papa doing some storefront preachin'
Talkin' about saving your souls and all the time weak, dealin' in death
And stealin' in the name of the Lord
Mama just hung her head and said,

Papa was a rollin' stone.

Wherever he laid his head was his home.

And when he died, all he left us was alone."

Papa was a rollin' stone.

Wherever he laid his head was his home.

And when he died, all he left us was alone."

Hey, Mama, I heard Papa call himself a jack of all trades.

Tell me, is that what sent Papa to an early grave?

Folks say Papa would beg; borrow or steal to pay his bills.

Hey, Mama, folks say Papa was never much on thinkin';

Spend most of his time chasin' women and drinkin'!

Mama, I'm depending on you to tell me the truth.

Mama just hung her head and said, "Son, Papa was a rollin' stone. Wherever he laid his head was his home. And when he died, all he left us was alone."

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