

Mama's Lonesome Hideaway

Doak Snead

MAMA'S LONESOME HIDEAWAY

Mama taped to the mirror her first dollar bill
Behind the bar there's a picture of Lefty Frizzell
She sells blue ribbon barbeque and six point beer
You gotta know where you're goin'
To get yourself here
In there's a whole lotta rockin'
a whole lotta rockin'

Folks come from Hard Rock city and Honky-tonk ville
Jukin' to the rhythm in the funky foothills
In just a little cash flow
makes you feel like a million bucks
In there's a whole lotta rockin'
a whole lotta rockin'

chorus: at Mama's Lonesome Hideaway
dance until the light of day
guitar's screamin'
rafter's shakin'
sawdust steamin'
bodies bakin'
Mama's
oh oh at Mama's Lonesome Hideaway

Well, when Mama opened up who've ever thought
All weekend long the joint would rock wall to wall
But when it's time to close down in her fuzzy house shoes
Mama runs us all out with an old straw broom
There's been a whole lotta rockin'
There's been a whole lotta rockin'

Repeat chorus

Tag: and just a little cash flow makes you feel like a million bucks
At Mama's oh oh at Mama's Lonesome Hideaway

Lyrics provided by
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