

'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
 I?ll never forget the day
 Us nosy kids got introduced
 To mama 'fore she was mama
 In a string bikini in Tijuana
Won?t 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 won?t 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
Won't admit she smoked marijuana
But that was mama 'fore she was mama
And there's that one down in the Bahamas
Oh, but that was mama 'fore she was mama
Yeah, caught her red handed

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