Sweet Mama

Ron Thompson

Sweet mama, lay your burden down,
Sweet mama, lay your burden down,
Just let me tell you 'bout some truth in life I've found,
Sweet mama, lord. set yourself right down.

Lord, pride, it ain't worth a US dime, lord no,
Well pride, it ain't worth a poor man's time
And it's misery to be so jealous all the time
Sweet mama, lord, be kind to your mind.

Sweet mama, lay your burden down,
Oh sweet mama, lord lay them trophies down,
You know it ain't no good to be givin' me that same old run-around,
'Cause sweet mama, lay your burden down.

Sweet mama, lord, you're so feelin' fine
And I know that you think this is just a line,
But I only put these words into this little song,
To try, lord, and help us get along.

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