

# Papa Loved Mama

## Band From TV

Papa drove a truck nearly all his life  
You know it drove mama crazy being a trucker's wife  
    The part she couldn't handle was the being alone  
I guess she needed more to hold than just a telephone  
    Papa called Mama each and every night  
Just to ask her how she was and if us kids were alright  
    Mama would wait for that call to come in  
When Daddy'd hang up then she was gone again  
    Mama was a looker  
    Lord, how she shined  
    Papa was a good'n  
    But the jealous kind  
    Papa loved Mama  
    Mama loved men  
    Mama's in the graveyard  
    Papa's in the pen  
Well, it was bound to happen and one night it did  
    Papa came home and it was just us kids  
    He had a dozen roses and a bottle of wine  
If he was lookin' to surprise us, he was doin' fine  
    I heard him cry for mama up and down the hall  
Then I heard a bottle break against the bedroom wall  
    That old diesel engine made an eerie sound  
    When Papa fired it up and headed into town  
Well, the picture in the paper showed the scene real well  
    Papa's rig was buried in the local motel  
    The desk clerk said he saw it all real clear  
He never hit the brakes and he was shifting gears  
    Mama was a looker  
    Lord, how she shined  
    Papa was a good'n  
    But the jealous kind  
    Papa loved Mama  
    Mama loved men  
    Mama's in the graveyard  
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