

# Music Makin' Mama from Memphis

[Hank Snow](#)

Listen to a story 'bout a gal I know  
She's my music makin' mama I'm her hillbilly boy  
She's sweeter than the music when she tickles the strings  
Sweeter than the flowers down in new Orleans  
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee She'll play a little rhythm do the boogie up right  
The Tennessee polka maybe blues in the night  
Everybody travels from near and far  
To hear her when she swings it on her old guitar  
My music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee You can hear her in the evening when the sun sinks low  
A singin' and a pickin' on her old banjo  
You gotta jive when the words roll out of her mouth  
Everybody's callin' her the queen of the south  
She's my piano playin' mama from Memphis Tennessee You gotta start dancin' when she gets in the groove  
Plays the big bass fiddle or she'll yodel the blues  
She plays a down beat an off beat any old beat  
A breakdown a hoedown and does it up neat  
She's my bass pickin' baby from Memphis Tennessee You can tell when my baby is a comin' to town  
All the jive jumpin' jitterbugs they gather around  
They keep yellin' to my honey now queenie let's go  
My baby starts a pickin' and a pickin' down low  
My music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee She'll play a little rhythm do the boogie up right  
The Tennessee polka maybe blues in the night  
Everybody travels from near and far  
To hear her when she swings it on her old guitar  
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee

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