

# Ma

## Desktop

Born in a log cabin in the back woods  
The back woods of Mississippi  
She drank moonshine, chewed tobacco  
Raised 16 children all by herself

Never looked much like a lady  
You see mama ruined her body raisin' her babies  
Spend her evenings sitting in a rockin' chair  
Never had much o nothin but was always willin to share

Talking 'bout ma ,talkin' 'bout ma  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, talking 'bout ma  
Talkin' 'bout ma

Every once in awhile when ma would get depressed  
She'd go to the cabinet and get paw's guitar  
Sit herself down in the rockin' chair  
Start strummin' and hummin', ha ha, yeah

That was ma's way of lettin' off steam  
In plan old English you could see  
That ma was doin' her thing  
Every once in awhile she'd shout, "Let it all hang out"

Oow talkin' 'bout ma, talking 'bout ma  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, talking 'bout ma  
Talkin' 'bout ma

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by Whitfield, Norman J.  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>