

I'm the Only Hell Mama Ever Raised

Johnny Paycheck

I can't sell my mama short on loving me
I guess that's why she let me go so far
Mama try to stopped me short of stealing
I guess that's why I had to steal that car She told me not to smoke it
But I did and it took me far away
And I turned out to be
The only hell my mama ever raised Well, I rolled into Atlanta, stolen tags and almost out of gas
I had to get some money, and lately I'd learned how to get it fast
Those neon lights was calling me and somehow I just had to get downtown
So I reached into the glove box, another liquor store went down And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to
the good ol' days
Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised When they put them handcuffs on me, Lord how I
fought to resist
But agent clamped 'em tighter, 'til that metal bit into my wrist
They took my belt and my billfold, my fingerprints, and the profile of my face
Then they locked away the only hell my mama ever ever raised And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to
the good ol' days
Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised

Songwriters

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