

Mama Bake a Pie, Daddy Kill a Chicken

Bobby Bare

People starin' at me as they wheel me down the ramp toward my plane
The war is over for me I've forgotten everything except the pain
Thank you sir and yes sir it was worth it for the old red-white-and-blue
And since I won't be walking I suppose I'll save some money buying shoes
The bottle hidden underneath the blanket over my two battered legs
I can see see the stewardess make over me and ask were you afraid I say why no I'm Superman and couldn't find
a phone booth quite in time
A G-I gets a lotta laughs if he remembers all the funny lines
Mama bake a pie daddy kill a chicken your son is comin' home 11:35 Wednesday night
Mama will be crying daddy's gonna say son did they treat you good
My uncle will be drunk and he'll say boy they do some real great things with wood The letter that she wrote me
said goodbye she couldn't wait and lots of luck
The bottle underneath the blanket feels just like an old friend to my touch
I know she'll come and see me but I bet she never once looks at my legs
She'll talk about the weather and the dress she wore the July 4th Parade
Lord I love her and I don't believe this bottle's gonna get her off my mind
I see here in the paper where they say the war is just a waste of time
Mama bake a pie daddy kill a chicken your son is comin' home 11:35 Wednesday night

Songwriters

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