

# Potholes

Randy Newman

I love women  
Have all my life  
I love my dear mother  
And I love my wife - God bless her  
I even love my teenage daughter  
There's no accounting for it  
Apparently I don't care how I'm treated  
My love is unconditional or something I've been hurt a time or two  
I ain't gonna lie  
I have my doubts sometimes  
About the ethics of the so-called fairer sex  
Fair about what?  
But I find time goes by  
And one forgives as one forgets  
And one does forget God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
Everything that happens to me now  
Is consigned to oblivion by my brain I remember my father  
My brother of course  
I remember my mother  
I spoke of her earlier and I remember that  
I remember the smell of cut grass  
And going off to play ball in the morning  
Funny story about that Now I used to pitch  
I could get the ball over the plate  
But anyway, this one time  
Must have thrown a football around or something  
the day before  
I walked about fourteen kids in a row  
Cried  
Walked off the mound  
Handed the ball to the third baseman  
And just left the field Anyway, many years later  
I brought the woman who was to become my  
second wife - God bless her  
To meet my father for the first time  
They exchanged pleasantries

I left the room for a moment  
It was the first time he had met her you understand  
When I came back  
He was telling her the story  
Right off the bat  
About how I had walked fourteen kids  
Cried and left the mound  
Next time he met her told her the same  
goddamn story! God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
I hope some real big ones open up  
And take some of the memories that do remain

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