Music for My Mother

Funkadelic

Man, I was in a place called keep runnin', Mississippi one time
And I heard someone on my way by
Sounded a little something like raw funk to me
So I slowed down and took a listen
And this is all I could hear, babyWhoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa, whoaIt got so good to me, man, that I stopped runnin'
My feet was tired anyhow
So I reached in my inside pocket and got my harp out
Sit down by old beat up railroad train
And get me get myself a little of that old funky thangYeah, [Incomprehensible]
Whoa, hey, whoa
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Can you all feel what I mean?
This is what you call way back yonder funkWhoa, hey, whoa, whoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa, whoa, hey, whoa
Whoa, hey, whoa, whoa, hey, whoa
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