

# 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, 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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