

# Mama Was a Lot Like Jesus

[Jeff Bates](#)

I've seen her give her last dollars to a stranger on the street  
And do without a dress she wanted so we would have enough to eat  
When the ladies at the garden club looked down their noses at her  
I watched her turn the other cheek without a bitter word[Chorus]

Mama was a lot like Jesus  
The way she lived and loved  
A blessed sent from heaven up above  
She would pray for our forgiveness  
And sacrifice for us

Mama was a lot like Jesus She could stretch a bag of groceries for two weeks to keep us fed  
She could take an old potted plant and raise it from the dead  
Her words were like a healing touch when we had a broken heart

And when I wrestled with the devil, she led me through the dark[Chorus] I've got my Daddy's eyes, I've got my  
Daddy's hair

But, I hope my mama's heart is inside me somewhere('Cause) Mama was a lot like Jesus

The way she lived and loved  
A blessed sent from heaven up above  
She would pray for our forgiveness  
And sacrifice for us

Mama was a lot like Jesus  
My mama was a lot like Jesus

Songwriters

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