

# Momma Was an Opium-Smoker

## Rasputina

(Intro

When my Mother heard that I was writing songs about my mentally ill friends that people were mistaking for the president and the mayor, she said, please Melora please, don't ever write a song about me. My flatulence, my opulence, the way I chase the dragon. I said, alright Momma, I won't. Then I proceeded to write this rather cute homage to my Mother, which covers more the subject matter of her fat ass and foul drug habits.) Momma

was an opium smoker

She light it with a red-hot poker

She would never take a bath

We would ask her, she'd just laugh

because our momma was an opium smoker She made it with this gentleman, Lincoln

They met on a boat, it was sinkin'

When she shoulda gone overboard, momma say "No way, oh my Lord

only of opium smoke am I thinkin'." Oh, help us, Lord

we can't afford

her destructive ways

You oughta' hear what she says! She would just sit on her fat ass

yell at us, "Fill up my wine glass!"

She would tell us, "How sad,

you won't never know your dad."

Oh yeah, my momma was an opium smoker Go, momma, go

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh She hide the money and the drugs in the mattress

I wonder how long she's been at this

And I say, "Mom, bang the gong,

can't you see it's gone all wrong?"

My momma was an opium smoker

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