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 smokerShe 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 smokerGo, momma, go
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huhShe 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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