Good Intentions

Randy Travis

Mama always prayed that I'd be a better man than daddy
And I determined not to let her down
Deserted by the man she loved and left to raise four children
We were the local gossip of the townI promised her that I'd live right and not be like the others
But I wound up in jail on Christmas day
I told her I'd be home and not to worry 'bout my brothers
When I got home my mom had passed awayAnd I hear tell the road to hell is paved with good intentions
But mama my intentions were the best
There's lots of things in my life I just as soon not mention
Looks like I've turned out like all the rest
But mama my intentions were the bestA little boy with big blue eyes a-beggin' to go fishing
I promised him but never took the time
Now they won't let me see him and I sit here a-wishing
Wishin' I could hold him one more time

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