Ma

Lars Gullin

Born in a log cabin in the back woods
The back woods of Mississippi
She drank moonshine, chewed tobacco
Raised 16 children all by herself

Never looked much like a lady
You see mama ruined her body raisin' her babies
Spend her evenings sitting in a rockin' chair
Never had much o nothin but was always willin to share

Talking 'bout ma ,talkin' 'bout ma
Yeah, yeah, yeah, talking 'bout ma
Talkin' 'bout ma

Every once in awhile when ma would get depressed
She'd go to the cabinet and get paw's guitar
Sit herself down in the rockin' chair
Start strummin' and hummin', ha ha, yeah

That was ma's way of lettin' off steam
In plan old English you could see
That ma was doin' her thing
Every once in awhile she'd shout, "Let it all hang out"

Oow talkin' 'bout ma, talking 'bout ma
Yeah, yeah, yeah, talking 'bout ma
Talking 'bout ma

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