

# I'm the Only Hell (Mama Ever Raised)

## Johnny Paycheck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I can't sell my mama short on loving me

I guess that's why she let me go so far

Mama try to stopped me short of stealing

I guess that's why I had to steal that car She told me not to smoke it

But I did and it took me far away

And I turned out to be

The only hell my mama ever raised Well, I rolled into Atlanta, stolen tags and almost out of gas

I had to get some money, and lately I'd learned how to get it fast

Those neon lights was calling me and somehow I just had to get downtown

So I reached into the glove box, another liquor store went down And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to  
the good ol' days

Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me

She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways

And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised When they put them handcuffs on me, Lord how I  
fought to resist

But agent clamped 'em tighter, 'til that metal bit into my wrist

They took my belt and my billfold, my fingerprints, and the profile of my face

Then they locked away the only hell my mama ever ever raised And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to  
the good ol' days

Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me

She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways

And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised

She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the devil's ways

And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever raised

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