

# 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 timeAnd 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 best  
But mama my intentions were the best

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