

Don't Tell Mama I Was Drinking

Frankie Ballard

I was headed north on Highway 5
On a starlit Sunday night
When a pick-up truck flew by me out of control
As I watched in my headlights,
He swerved left and then back right
Never hit the brakes as he left the road

I found him lying in the grass among steel and glass
With an empty whiskey bottle by his side
Through the blood and tears, he whispered in my ear
A few last words just before he died

And he said, "Don't tell mama I was drinking
Cause Lord knows that her soul would never rest
Now I can't leave this world with my mama thinking
That I met the Lord with whiskey on my breath"

I still think about that night
And how that young man died
And how others sometimes pay for our mistakes
Well the last thing on his mind
As he left this world behind
Was knowing someone else's heart would break

And he said, "Don't tell mama I was drinking
Cause Lord knows that her soul would never rest
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That I met the Lord with whiskey on my breath"

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Cause Lord knows that her soul would never rest
Now I can't leave this world with my mama thinking
That I met the Lord with whiskey on my breath
That I met the Lord with whiskey on my breath"

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