

I. O. U.

Jimmy Dean

You know most people look through their wallets or their pocketbooks
And way down at the bottom Past the credit cards and baby pictures, greenstamps, you usually find a little old
dog eared piece poetry.I was cleaning out my wallet the other day and I ran across a whole bunch of I. O. You.
's some of them thirty years overdue. Funny thing is that all these I. O. You. 's are owed to one person, and I
kinda feel like right now might be a pretty good time for an accounting.Mom, you listenin?Mom, I owe you for
so many things, a lot of services, like night watchman for instance, for lying awake nights listening for coughs,
cries, creaking floorboards and me coming in too late. You had the eye of an eagle, the roar of a lion, but you
always had a heart as big as a house.I owe you for services as a short order cook, chef, baker, for making sirloin
out of hamburger, turkey out of tuna fish and two big ol' strapping boys out of leftovers.I owe you for cleaning
services, for the daily scrubbing of face and ears all work done by hand and for the frequent dusting of a small
boys pants to try to make sure that he led a spotless life and for washing and ironing, no laundry could ever do.
For drying the tears of childhood and for Ironing out the problems of growing up.I owe you for services as a
bodyguard, for protecting me from the terrors of thunderstorms and nightmares ha, and too many green
apples.And Lord knows I owe you for medical attention, for nursing me through measles, mumps, bruises,
bumps, splinters and spring fever.

And let's not forget medical advise either, Oh, no.

Important things like ha ha, don't scratching it or it wont get well,
If you cross your eyes they're gonna stick like that And probably ah, most Important of all was, be sure you got
on clean underwear boy, in case you're in an accident.And I owe you for veterinarian services, for feeding every
lost dog that I dragged home at the end of the rope and for healing the pains of puppy love.And I owe you for
entertainment, entertainment that kept the household going during some pretty tough times, for wonderful
productions at Christmas, 4th of July and birthdays, and for making make believe come true on a very limited
budget.I owe you for construction work, for building kites, confidence, hopes and dreams and somehow you
made em all touch the sky.And for cementing a family together so it would stand the worst kinds of shocks and
blows and for laying down a good strong foundation to build a life on.I owe you for carrying charges, for
carrying me on your books for the necessities of life that a growing boy just gotta have. Things like, a oh, a pair
of high top boots with a little pocket on the side for a jackknife.And one thing, Mom, I will never ever forget
when there were two pieces of apple pie left and three hungry people I noticed that you were the one who
suddenly decided that you really didn't like apple pie in the 1st place.These are just a very few of the things for
which payment is long overdue, the person I owe em to worked very cheap.

She managed by simply doing without a whole lotta things that she needed herself.My I. O. You. 's add up to
much more than I could ever hope to repay.

But you know the nicest thing about it all is that, I know that she'll mark the entire bill paid in full for just one
kiss and four little words.Mom, I love you

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