

'Fore She Was Mama

Clay Walker

'Bout ten years old, hide and seek
I found me in the closet
Ready or not I stumbled on
And opened up that box of
Yearbooks, letters, black and whites
A hundred, maybe more
Next thing I know my brothers and me
Got 'em scattered on the floor (Yeah)

There was one of her, flippin' the bird
Sittin' on a Harley
And a few with some hairy hippie dude
Turns out his name was Charlie
Her hair, her clothes, her drinkin' smokin'
Had us boys confused
I'll never forget the day us nosey kids got introduced

To Mama, 'fore she was Mama
In a string bikini, in Tijuana
Won't admit she smoked marijuana
But I saw Mama, 'fore she was Mama

We put that box right where it was
And never said a word
But growin' up got hard just tryin'
Not to picture her
In anything but aprons, dresses
Mini-vans and church
Oh and Daddy would have whooped our butts
For diggin' up that dirt

On Mama, 'fore she was Mama
In a string bikini, in Tijuana
She won't admit she smoked marijuana
But I saw Mama, 'fore she was Mama

We laugh and hang it over her head
Right above her halo
Her face turns red when we bring up
That tie-dyed Winnebago
She runs and hides and still denies
That hip high rose tattoo
She burned that box of forget-me-nots
When she found out we knew

About Mama, 'fore she was Mama
In a string bikini, in Tijuana
Won't admit she smoked marijuana
But that was Mama, 'fore she was Mama

And there's that one down in the Bahamas
But that was Mama, 'fore she was Mama