

Mama Bake A Pie (Daddy Kill A Chicken)

Tom T. Hall

People staring at me
As they wheel me down the ramp toward my plane.
The war is over for me, I've forgotten everything except the pain.
Thank you sir, and yes sir,
It was worth it for the ol' red, white and blue;
And since I won't be walking
I suppose I'll save some money buying shoes.

The bottle hidden underneath the blanket
Over my two battered legs.
I can see the stewardess make over me and ask "Were you afraid?"
"I'll say, "Why no, I'm Superman,
And I couldn't find the phone booth quite in time."
A GI gets a lot of laughs if he remembers all the funny lines.

Mama bake a Pie. Daddy kill a chicken.
Your son is coming home, eleven thirty-five, Wednesday night.

Mama will be crying
And Daddy's gonna say "Son, did they treat you good?"
My uncle will be drunk
And he'll say, "Boy, they doing some real great things with wood."
The letter that she wrote me
Said good-by, she couldn't wait and lot of luck.
The bottle underneath the blanket
Feels just like an old friend to my touch.

I know she'll come and see me
But I bet she nerve once looks at my legs.
Naw, she'll talk about the weather
And the dress she wore the July fourth parade.
Lord, I love her and I don't believe
This bottle's get her off my mind.
I see here in the paper,
Where they say the war is just a waste of time.