

Black Jack Mama

Townes Van Zandt

Big blonde mama, lord, Apartment 213 Moves like a cobra snake and she treats me like a king Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow Do your best to please me, lord And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

Got a Nashville woman lord, she calls me on the phone Tells me to leave them Houston girls alone Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow Do your best to please me, lord And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

Motorcycle mama, lord, monkey on her back Takes dm from her saddlebags, cocaine from a sack Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow Do your best to please me, lord And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

I gotta blackjack baby, lord, she lives in New Orleans Treats me like an orphan, yeah, she calls me Mr. Clean Roll me over easy, mama, roll me over slow Do your best to please me, lord And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

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