

## Sorry Momma

Chase Rice

It ain't my fault that Lynchburg, Tennessee, makes it taste like that

It goes down smooth and damn it, I want more

And if what Mendocino grows didn't take me higher than the Rockies

I wouldn't be lightin' up and knocking on the Devil's door

Wasn't supposed to chew Red Man, wasn't supposed to drink

Wasn't supposed to shut down bars and break good hearts

And sing these songs I sing

Wasn't supposed to get western when the whiskey kicks in

Lord knows I'm to blame

So, I'm sorry, Momma, for the hell you raised

Wasn't supposed to bring her home 'til I brought her home and got down on one knee

Oh, but here we are waiting on a cab at half past three on the side of the street

I've lied, I've cheated, I've cussed at Jesus

Every prayer she prays I needed

I hope he knows she damn sure tried

'Cause I know that I

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Wasn't supposed to shut down bars and break good hearts

And sing these songs I sing

Wasn't supposed to get western when the whiskey kicks in

Lord knows I'm to blame

So, I'm sorry, Momma, for the hell you raised

You never miss a Sunday service

I never miss a Saturday night

Wasn't supposed to chew Red Man, wasn't supposed to drink

Wasn't supposed to shut down bars and break good hearts

And sing these songs I sing

Wasn't supposed to get western when the whiskey kicks in

Lord knows I'm to blame

So, I'm sorry, Momma, for the hell you raised

Yeah I'm sorry, Momma, for the hell you raised