

That's What Mamas Are For

Chris Lane

Dads are good for teaching how to pitch and throw a curve ball
And backing jumbo trailers down the drive
Build a tree house in a back yard with a Black & Decker skill saw
Fly that front porch home team flag up high

Yeah, there's some things that they can do just right
But I'm sitting here, missing mama tonight

She's got a marked-up King James heart of gold
Got too much on her plate but never lets it show
And she put her blood, sweat, and tears into raising me
And maybe a little more
Thank the Lord, that's what mamas are for

Sneaking out and raising too much hell at seventeen
When I got back home she was waiting on the porch
Wasn't pissed off, didn't cuss me, she just held out her hand
And said, "Give me back the keys to my Accord"
And don't disappoint your mom like this no more

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Got too much on her plate but never lets it show
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Thank the Lord, that's what mamas are for

Yeah, she was a girl scout, she was a prom queen
She rode shotgun in cut-off blue jeans
She went to college till she dropped out
Settled down in a not-got-a-lot town
Well, I brought her rain, she got good at praying
Bought me this old pawn shop guitar
That I'm playing on, yeah, thank you, mom

You got a marked-up King James heart of gold
Got too much on your plate but never let it show
And you put your blood, sweat, and tears into raising me
And maybe a little more
Thank the Lord, that's what mamas are for
Oh, thank You, Lord, that's what mamas are for