

That's Why I Sing This Way

Daryle Singletary

My Momma used to tell me, "Son, you better get your work done
Your Daddy's coming home at five
And if you ain't all through with the chores you gotta do
Boy, I'm gonna tan you alive"

I was glued to the radio, listening to my hero
Singing them sad old songs
Singing them sadder than a one car funeral
Nobody sings like Jones

I'd take that old kitchen broom up to my room
And I'd play it like an old guitar
Or sit out on the porch trying to sing like George
Dreaming of becoming a star

Well, things I never did when I was just a kid
Made me what I am today
You see, Momma used to whoop me with a George Jones album
That's why I sing this way

So I ended up in Nashville working at a saw mill
Just to be close to the stars
I got a little broke but I couldn't ask my folks
So I had to hock my old guitar

I still hang around tootsie's orchid lounge thinking
He'll walk through that door
But a voice in my mind says, "You wasting your time
'Cause George don't drink no more"

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