

Daddy Never Had A Chance In Hell

James Bonamy

Daddy was a drinkin' man, he never took to preachin'
Said he found heaven in a drink
Well momma was a Bible totin', God fearin' Christian
Would tell the devil to his fate exactly what she thinks

As far as daddy knew momma couldn't drive
So every Sunday mornin' he'd give us a ride
Well, he'd wait out in the car, drinkin' Jim Beam from a sack
But as the summer days grew hotter he found a pew in the back

Daddy never had a chance in hell
Somethin' that my momma knew so well
While everybody else gave up
Momma wore him down with love
Daddy never had a chance in hell

Well, Summer came and went but he stayed in the back row
Blamin' it on the cold North wind outside
Well I guess that explained the flannel shirt and jack
But he had no explanation when momma asked about his tie

He'd move up a little closer with every passing year
He said it was because he simply couldn't hear
I never thought that Dad would ever draw a sober breath
Much less lead us all in prayer when we laid mom to rest

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