

Vince Triple-O Martin

Jerry Jeff Walker

Mama said you lazy boy
You better get yourself a job
You can't go on living like this
You know you upset your pa
And can't you hear how the neighbors talk
You're making me the laughing stock for blocks
Playing on your guitar (you foolish kid)

All you want to do is lay around
And listen to the pocket radio
Or wander over to the Jennings house
And play so loud they say you shake the floor
And every night you're out 'til 4 or 5
You're bound to drive me slowly out of my mind
>From playing on that guitar (it'll kill ya son)

But papa works from dawn to dusk
And every night his back aches worse
While mama takes in washing too
And most of what she makes goes to the church
And if I ask them why they work that way
They look at me as if I've gone insane
>From playing on the guitar (it'll turn your fingers green)

If I put fourteen new albums out
And say six of 'em made the charts
My mom would call me on Sunday night
To ask me if I finally got a job
And where did she go wrong I've hurt her so
Then she'll pray to God to save me from my fate
Of playing on the guitar (it's a foolish thing)

I guess they feel a man should work himself
Tell he drops in a broken heap
And for his life work he gets a watch
And a milky handshake from Mr. Cheap
A song in church on Sunday's fine
But never lose your head and waste your life
By playing on that guitar
(ah rock me now, and hit a lick for me boys)