

# I. O. U.

Jimmy Dean

You know most people look through their wallets or their pocketbooks  
And way down at the bottom Past the credit cards and baby  
Pictures, greenstamps,  
You usually find a little old dog eared piece poetry.  
I was cleaning out my wallet the other  
Day and I ran across a whole bunch of I.  
O.  
You. 's some of them thirty years overdue.  
Funny thing is that all these I.  
O.  
You. 's are owed to one person,  
And I kinda feel like right now might  
Be a pretty good time for an accounting.  
Mom, you listenin?  
Mom, I owe you for so many things, a lot of services,  
Like night watchman for instance,  
For lying awake nights listening for coughs,  
Cries, creaking floorboards and me coming in too late.  
You had the eye of an eagle,  
The roar of a lion, but you always had a heart as big as a house.  
I owe you for services as a short order cook, chef, baker,  
For making sirloin out of hamburger,  
Turkey out of tuna fish and two big  
Ol' strapping boys out of leftovers.  
I owe you for cleaning services,  
For the daily scrubbing of face and ears all work done by hand and  
For the frequent dusting of a small boys pants to try to make sure  
That he led a spotless life and for  
Washing and ironing, no laundry could ever do.  
For drying the tears of childhood and  
For Ironing out the problems of growing up.  
I owe you for servics as a bodyguard,  
For protecting me from the terrors of  
Thunderstorms and nightmares ha, and too many green apples.  
And Lord knows I owe you for medical attention,  
For nursing me through measles, mumps,  
Bruises, bumps, splinters and spring fever.  
And let's not forget medical advise either, Oh, no.  
Important things like ha ha, don't scratching it or it wont get well,  
If you cross your eyes they're gonna stick like that And probably ah,  
Most Important of all was,  
Be sure you got on clean underwear  
Boy, in case you're in an accident.  
And I owe you for veterinarian services,  
For feeding every lost dog that I dragged home at the  
End of the rope and for healing the pains of puppy love.  
And I owe you for entertainment,  
Entertainment that kept the household going during some pretty tough  
Times, for wonderful productions at Christmas,  
4th of July and birthdays,  
And for making make believe come true on a very limited budget.  
I owe you for construction work, for building kites,  
Confidence,  
Hopes and dreams and somehow you made em all touch the sky.  
And for cementing a family together so it would stand the worst kinds  
Of shocks and blows and for laying down a  
Good strong foundation to build a life on.

I owe you for carrying charges,  
For carrying me on your books for the  
Necessities of life that a growing boy just gotta have.  
Things like, a oh,  
A pair of high top boots with a  
Little pocket on the side for a jackknife.  
And one thing, Mom,  
I will never ever forget when there were two pieces of apple pie left  
And three hungry people I noticed that you were the one who  
Suddenly decided that you really  
Didn't like apple pie in the 1st place.  
These are just a very few of the things for which payment  
Is long overdue, the person I owe em to worked very cheap.  
She managed by simply doing without a  
Whole lotta things that she needed herself.  
My I.  
O.  
You. 's add up to much more than I could ever hope to repay.  
But you know the nicest thing about it all is that,  
I know that she'll mark the entire bill paid  
In full for just one kiss and four little words.  
Mom, I love you