

Papa Was a Rolling Stone

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It was the third of September; that day I'll always
remember,
'cause that was the day that my daddy died.
I never got a chance to see him;
never heard nothin' but bad things about him.
Mama I'm depending on you to tell me the truth.

(Spoken)

Mama just looked at him and said, "Son,

(Sung)

Papa was a rollin' stone.
Wherever he laid his hat was his home.
And when his died,
All he left us was alone."

Verse 2

Hey, mama, I heard Papa call himself a jack of all
trades.
Tell me, is that what sent Papa to an early grave?
Folks say Papa would beg, borrow or steal to pay his
bills.
Hey, Mama, folks say Papa was never much on thinkin';
Spend most of his time chasin' women and drinkin'!
Mama, I'm depending on you to tell me the truth.

(Spoken)

Mama just hung her head and said, "Son,

(To Chorus)