

Mother Knows Best

Marty Robbins

I left my home town
Turned a good woman down
Even laughed at my own Mother's plea
I pushed her aside
Even laughed when she cried
Now I'm here in this penitentiary

Now Mother knows best
Her love has stood the test
The records will prove it, you see
But youth's full of fire
Challenge and desire
Now I'm here in this penitentiary

I fell in you see with bad company
And I started in gamblin' for fun
One night when the cards
Had been dealt and I'd lost
I backed up my play with a gun

Now Mother knows best
Her love has stood the test
The records will prove it, you see
I shot and I killed
For a twenty dollar bill
Now I'm here in this penitentiary