

If Mama would've loved the milkman  
Maybe she wouldn't judge me  
If she'd've had a ride in his white van  
Up and down Baker Street  
On a Monday with her hair down and her hand about to slide betw  
een his knees  
But Mama never did love nothin' but Daddy and me

If Mama would've smoked her a cigarette  
Maybe she wouldn't judge me  
If she'd've done more than the dishes  
Untied them apron strings  
She'd be sittin' in her sundress on the back porch mixing whisk  
ey and sweet tea  
Mama never did think twice about feelin' this free

Mama never liked to pick wild flowers  
Drinkin' on a Sunday was a sin  
She might've made it past the water tower  
If she'd've loved the milkman, mmm

If I could be more like Mama  
Maybe she wouldn't judge me  
Sometimes I think Mama  
Wants to be more like we  
But it's too late 'cause her hair's gray  
And the years have started showing on her cheeks  
'Cause Mama never did have nothin' but Daddy and me

Mama never liked to pick wild flowers  
Drinkin' on a Sunday was a sin  
She might've made it past the water tower  
If she'd've loved the milkman, mmm