Potholes

Randy Newman

I love women Have all my life Love my dear mother I love my wife God bless her Even love my teenaged daughter There's no accounting for it Apparently I don't care how I'm treated My love's unconditionally or something

Been hurt a time or two I ain't gonna lie I've had my doubts sometimes About ethics of the so called fairer sex Fair about what Then I find time goes by And one forgives as one forgets And one does forgot

God bless the potholes Down on memory lane God bless the potholes Down on memory lane Everything that happens to me now Is consigned to oblivion by my brain

I remember my father My brother of course Remember my mother Spoke of her earlier And I remember that Remember the smell of cut grass Going off to play to ball in the morning Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch I could get the ball over the plate Anyway this one time Must have thrown a football round or something the day before I walked about fourteen kids in a row Cried, walked off the mound Handed the ball to the third baseman And just left the field

Anyway many years later I brought the woman who was to become my second wife God bless her To meet my father for the first time They exchanged pleasantries I left the room for a moment This is first time he met her, you understand When I came back He's telling her the story Right off the bat About how I walked fourteen kids Cried and left the mound Next time he met her He told the same goddamn story

God bless the potholes Down on memory lane God bless the potholes Down on memory lane Hope some real big ones open up Take some of the memories that do remain