

Mother Hubbard's Blues

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Baby's got a do rag on her head
An old banjo's under the bed
She hates the damn thing
But she sure enough loves them blues

She says yelling at a flower don't make it bloom
It's sunlight and water and elbow room
But even a rose has got to pay some dues

Now the Cross Canadian Ragweed band
Call her Mother Hubbard you understand
The reason is that's what and who she is

This mother knows the value of vapor rub
A belief in God and overdubs
And that good tone is more important than the show or
the biz
Show business is a heartbreaking thing
But if you got good tone you can get through the gig

Soul Gravy and literature is some of what she prefers
Her old Lucky jeans and analog
She comes to bed in a negligee
Just to discuss Cinema Verite'

She's the only woman I know that likes Reservoir Dogs
I mean I liked it but there was some scenes in there
that kind of skived me out
Well I got two nickels and a paradigm
It ain't spelled right but it rhymes

I'm getting desperate I'm about to derail
One more thing one last confession
The mother asks some touch questions
Like when Jesus went to heaven did he leave a vapor
trail?

Uh,,,,, well I don't rightly know, well that's too deep
for me.

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