

Memories With Mama

Robert Glasper

You know what I used to love? Hmm
I used to love how mama would leave the presents under the tree
With a note that said, "Thank you for the milk and cookies"
But I always knew it was her because of the handwriting
I knew it was her because of the wrapping or tapping into that
Soft spot, that place where black mothers live
In between smacking you upside your head and working extra hours for Christmas gifts
But I guess that's what Christmas is for
Maxing out credit cards and gifts galore
Clearance sales and clearing out stores
Just for smiles from pretty black girls and the joy of beautiful black boys
So much joy, joy
My, what a time to be alive

But I'd love to take it back to when love was on the table
Fake notes and homemade cards, extra chores to guarantee your favorite toy
'Cause we don't get together like we used to
Something in the gumbo is different
Everybody so distant, family don't visit
Bikes being replaced with the latest gadgets
Affection and gratefulness are like transactions

Christmas used to feel like magic
Bring back the big house
The swollen gumbo pots
Big arms from Maw Maw and pipes hanging from Paw Paw's mouth
Bring me home to New Orleans before the storm
To the very first day the South had snow
And we played, sort of like this song
Something like this song
Something like this song

Play me something like this song