

## Cuttin' Onions

Tim McGraw

Homemade curtains in the breeze  
Green grass stains on both of my knees  
My first memory was Mama poppin' grease and frying chicken  
Crying cuttin' onions in the kitchen

Sunday morning my best shirt  
Crock pot's on for dinner after church  
Dad was baptized by Lynchburg  
Mama would always beg him to come with us  
Crying cuttin' onions in the kitchen

Jesus on a cross down the hallway in a picture  
The devil's in the bottom of the bottle of brown liquor  
Daddy's on the front porch pourin' one more high or more than H  
aggard's pickin'  
And Mama's cuttin' onions in the kitchen

Seventeen, summer buzz  
I stumbled in, she waited up  
The screen door creaked and there she was  
Both are eyes were red cause I'd been sippin'  
She said she'd been cuttin' onions in the kitchen

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Flowers have the dirt behind white picket fences  
Mama tried on vinyl keeps on spinnin', spinnin', spinnin'

Jesus on a cross down the hallway in a picture  
The devil's in the bottom of the bottle of brown liquor  
Daddy's six feet in the ground  
Everybody's at the house  
Never mind all the covered dishes  
Mama's cuttin' onions in the kitchen