

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

Jesus on a cross down the hallway in a picture
The devil's in the bottom of the bottle of brown liquor
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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