

## Clay Walker "Fore She Was Mama"

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'Bout ten years old, hide and seek  
I found me in the closet  
Ready or not I stumbled on  
And opened up that box of

Yearbooks, letters, black and whites  
A hundred, maybe more  
Next thing I know my brothers and me  
Got 'em scattered on the floor, yeah

It was one of her, flippin' the bird  
Sittin' on a Harley  
And a few with some hairy hippie dude  
Turns out his name was Charlie

Her hair, her clothes, her drinkin', smokin'  
Had us boys confused  
I'll never forget the day  
Us nosy kids got introduced

To mama 'fore she was mama  
In a string bikini in Tijuana  
Won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But I saw mama 'fore she was mama

We put that box right where it was  
And never said a word  
But growin' up got hard just tryin'  
Not to picture her

In anything but aprons, dresses  
Mini-vans and church  
Oh and daddy would have whooped our butts  
For diggin' up that dirt

On mama 'fore she was mama  
In a string bikini in Tijuana  
She won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But I saw mama 'fore she was mama

We laugh and hang it over her head  
Right above her halo

Her face turns red when we bring up  
That tie-dyed Winnebago

She runs and hides and still denies  
That hip high rose tattoo  
She burned that box of forget-me-nots  
When she found out we knew

About mama 'fore she was mama  
In a string bikini in Tijuana  
Won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But that was mama 'fore she was mama

And there's that one down in the Bahamas  
Oh, but that was mama 'fore she was mama

Yeah, caught her red handed

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