

Bobby Bare

"Mama Bake A Pie"

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People starin' at me as they wheel me down the ramp
toward my plane
The war is over for me I've forgotten everything except
the pain
Thank you sir and yes sir it was worth it for the old red-
white-and-blue
And since I won't be walking I suppose I'll save some
money buying shoes
The bottle hidden underneath the blanket over my two
battered legs
I can see see the stewardess make over me and ask
were you afraid
I say why no I'm Superman and couldn't find a phone
booth quite in time
A GI gets a lotta laughs if he remembers all the funny
lines
Mama bake a pie daddy kill a chicken your son is
comin' home 11:35 Wednesday night
Mama will be crying daddy's gonna say son did they
treat you good
My uncle will be drunk and he'll say boy they do some
real great things with wood
The letter that she wrote me said goodbye she couldn't
wait and lots of luck
The bottle underneath the blanket feels just like an old
friend to my touch
I know she'll come and see me but I bet she never once
looks at my legs
She'll talk about the weather and the dress she wore
the July 4th Parade
Lord I love her and I don't believe this bottle's gonna
get her off my mind
I see here in the paper where they say the war is just a
waste of time
Mama bake a pie daddy kill a chicken your son is
comin' home 11:35 Wednesday night

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