

## **Bobby Bare**

# **"Mama Bake A Pie (Papa Kill A Chicken)"**

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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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