

## **Garth Brooks**

### **"Papa Loved Mama"**

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Papa drove a truck nearly all his life  
You know it drove mama crazy being a trucker's wife  
The part she couldn't handle was the being alone  
I guess she needed more to hold than just a telephone  
Papa called Mama each and every night  
Just to ask her how she was and if us kids were alright  
Mama would wait for that call to come in  
When Daddy'd hang up she was gone again

Mama was a looker  
Lord, how she shined  
Papa was a good'n  
But the jealous kind  
Papa loved Mama  
Mama loved men  
Mama's in the graveyard  
Papa's in the pen

Well it was bound to happen and one night it did  
Papa came home and it was just us kids  
He had a dozen roses and a bottle of wine  
If he was lookin' to surprise us he was doin' fine  
I heard him cry for Mama up and down the hall  
Then I heard a bottle break against the bedroom wall  
That old diesel engine made an eerie sound  
When Papa fired it up and headed into town

Well the picture in the paper showed the scene real well  
Papa's rig was buried in the local motel  
The desk clerk said he saw it all real clear  
He never hit the brakes and he was shifting gears

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