

Hank Snow

"Music Makin' Mama From Memphis"

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Listen to a story about a gal I know
She's my music makin' mama, I'm her hillbilly beau
She's sweeter than the music when she tickles the strings
Sweeter than the flowers down in New Orleans
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis,
Tennessee.

She'll play a little rhythm, do the boogie up right
A Tennessee polka, maybe blues in the night
Ever'body travels from near and far
To hear her when she picks it on that old guitar
My music makin' mama from Memphis, Tennessee.

You can hear her in the ev'nin', when the sun sinks low
A-singin' and a-pickin on that old banjo
You wanta jive when the words roll out of her mouth
Ever'body's callin' her the Queen of the South
She's my fiddle playin' mama from Memphis,
Tennessee.

You gotta start dancin' when she gets in the groove
Picks a big bass fiddle or yodels the blues
Plays a downbeat, offbeat, any old beat
A breakdown, a hoedown and does it up neat
She's my bass pickin' baby from Memphis, Tennessee.

You'll know when my baby is a-comin' to town
All the jive-jumpin' jitterbugs, they gather around
They keep a-yellin' to my sweetie, now, honey, let's go
My baby starts pickin' and a pickin' down low
My music makin' mama from Memphis, Tennessee.

She'll play a little rhythm, do the boogie up right
A Tennessee polka, maybe blues in the night
Ever'body travels from near and far
To hear her when she picks it on that old guitar
My music makin' mama from Memphis, Tennessee...

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