

Hank Snow

"MUSIC MAKING MAMA FROM MEMPHIS"

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Artist Lyrics: Hank Snow

Lyrics for Song: Music Makin' Mama From Memphis

Lyrics for Album:

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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 queenie, now, honey, let's go

My baby starts pickin' and a pickin' down low

My music makin' mama from Memphis, Tennessee

(Repeat 2nd verse)

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