

Bryan White

"Milk Fever"

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Richard Bryant

I took upon myself sixteen tons of "well I guess"
And rode it into town to the formula man
He spanked a cloud of dust from the brim of his
Stetson hat
And mixed me up a batch in a number ten can
And her number two son cries from sunset to sunrise
Let's warm up the bottle now, show me how it's
supposed to work
Your Mama's gone, I don't know for how long
She don't want to catch Milk Fever tonight
And I'd been drinking hard, I woke up in a busy street
Your Mama took me in and she gave me the couch
And I behaved myself even when you kids hid my boots
I kept my bottle wrapped in the day in my pouch
With her laughter contagious, her chamber maid's
wages
That did not go very far, but here we are, got body
mind and soul
Your Mama's gone, I don't know for how long
She don't want to catch Milk Fever tonight
Your Mama should have cried when her old man
walked out on her
She never said a word, no she just let it ride
Your Mama should have cried when the Welfare Man
cut her off
For taking in some laundry and cash on the side
Yes we should have seen it coming, she needed
someone or something
To just say that it's OK, it's another day and you can
make it through
Your Mama's gone, I don't know for how long
She don't want to catch Milk Fever tonight
Yes we should have seen her going- I hate myself for
not knowing
Enough to say that it's OK, it's another day and you can
make it through
Your Mama's gone, I don't know for how long
She don't want to catch Milk Fever tonight

