

Jack Johnson

"Mama, You've Been On My Mind (A Fraction Of Last Thoughts On Woody Guthrie)"

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Perhaps it's the color of the sun cut flat
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standin' at
Or maybe it's the weather or somethin' like that
But mama, you been on my mind

I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get
upset
I am not pleadin' or sayin', "I can't forget you"
I do not walk the floor, bowed down an' bent but yet
Mama, you been on my mind

And even though my mind is hazy and my thoughts
they might be narrow
Where you been don't bother me or bring me down in
sorrow
It don't even matter where you're wakin' up tomorrow
Just mama, you will be on my mind

Well, I am not askin' to you to say words like 'Yes' or
'No'
Please understand me, I have no place I'm calling you
to go
Just whisperin' to myself so I can pretendin' that I don't
know
But mama, you'll be on my mind

When you wake up in the mornin', baby, look inside
your mirror
You know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be
near
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as
clear
As someone who has had you on his mind

It's when your head gets twisted with your mind grows
numb
You think you're too old, too young, too smart, too
dumb
Laggin' behind though you're losin' your pace
In the slow-motion crawl of life's busy race

No matter whatcha doin' if you start givin' up
If the wine don't come to the top of your cup
Winds got you sideways, one hand holdin' on
The other starts slippin' and the feelin' is gone

And your train engine fire needs a new spark to catch it
Wood is easy findin' but you're lazy to fetch it
Lonesome comes up as down goes the day
And tomorrow's mornin' seems so far away

And you could feel the reins from your pony are slippin'
And your hand are a-slidin', ropers are a-drippin'
Your sidewalk starts crawlin' and the street gets too
long
And you start walkin' backwards but you know that this
is wrong

Sunny deserts and your evergreen valleys
Turn to broken-down slums and trash can alleys
Your sky cries water and your drain pipes are pourin'
Lightnin's a-flashin' and the thunder's a-crashin'

Windows are rattlin' and breaking and your roof top's
will it start a-shakin'
And your whole world's a-slammin' and bangin'

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