

Johnny Paycheck

"I'm the Only Hell (Mama Ever Raised)"

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I can't sell my mama short on loving me
I guess that's why she let me go so far
Mama try to stopped me short of stealing
I guess that's why I had to steal that car

She told me not to smoke it
But I did and it took me far away
And I turned out to be
The only hell my mama ever raised

Well, I rolled into Atlanta, stolen tags and almost out of
gas
I had to get some money, and lately I'd learned how to
get it fast
Those neon lights was calling me and somehow I just
had to get downtown
So I reached into the glove box, another liquor store
went down

And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to the
good ol' days
Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the
devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever
raised

When they put them handcuffs on me, Lord how I
fought to resist
But agent clamped 'em tighter, 'til that metal bit into
my wrist
They took my belt and my billfold, my fingerprints, and
the profile of my face
Then they locked away the only hell my mama ever
ever raised

And I sing 'Precious memories', take me back to the
good ol' days
Let me hear mama singing, 'Rock of ages' cleft for me
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the
devil's ways
And I turned out to be the only hell my mama ever

raised
She tried to turn me on to Jesus, but I turned on to the
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