

Mark Chesnutt

"Mama's House"

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There's a bottle of whiskey up above the stove
It's been there thirty years I know
Only used for coughs and colds at mama's house

In the air there's a combination
Of home baked bread and pan fried bacon
No, there's no mistaking mama's house

It seems smaller than the day I left
It don't matter how big I get
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth
At mama's house

Thing's round here still looks the same
Like a picture in a frame
The light bill's still in daddy's name at mama's house

You won't find one speck of dust
One dirty spoon, or coffee cup
And that ol' dog will still eat you up at mama's house

It seems smaller than the day I left
It don't matter how big I get
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth
At mama's house

That driveway's still paved with white rocks
Though her name ain't on the mailbox
Come what may there won't ever be any doubt
That's mama's house

It seems smaller than the day I left
It don't matter how big I get
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth

She's always so glad to see me
Her little boy will always be me
I think I'll spent this [Incomprehensible] out
And head on down to mama's house

