

Cya

"Papa Loves Mama"

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Papa drove a truck nearly all his life
You know it drove mama crazy being a trucker's wife
The part she couldn't handle was the being alone
I guess she needed more to hold than just a telephone
Papa called Mama each and every night
Just to ask her how she was and if us kids were alright
Mama would wait for that call to come in
When Daddy'd hang up she was gone again

Mama was a looker
Lord, how she shined
Papa was a good'n
But the jealous kind
Papa loved Mama
Mama loved men
Mama's in the graveyard
Papa's in the pen

Well it was bound to happen and one night it did
Papa came home and it was just us kids
He had a dozen roses and a bottle of wine
If he was lookin' to surprise us he was doin' fine
I heard him cry for Mama up and own the hall
Then I heard a bottle break against the bedroom wall
That old diesel engine made an eerie sound
When Papa fired it up and headed into town

Well the picture in the paper showed the scene real well
Papa's rig was buried in the local motel
The desk clerk said he saw it all real clear
He never hit the brakes and he was shifting gears

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