

Jenkins "Blame It On Mama"

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(Dennis Hysom/Nancy Jenkins/Christine Walker)

When I was six or seven, Mama tucked me in,
With a lullaby and they made my eyes open wide again.
I'd lie awake an' wonder why a boy named Billy Joe,
Jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge to a river far below,
oh.

Oh, blame it on Mama, an' the songs she loved singin'.
I'm not from Louisiana but that don't mean a thing.
Don't come from Alabama or hail from Tennessee,
Just blame it Mama, she sang, (She sang.)
The country into me.

I just loved to listen as she sang those story songs,
'Bout a Coat Of Many Colors, or a girl named Delta
Dawn.
When The Lights Went out In Georgia, I would beg for
just one more,
All about Fancy and the pretty red satin dancin' dress
she wore.

Oh, blame it on Mama, an' the songs she loved singin'.
I'm not from Louisiana but that don't mean a thing.
Don't come from Alabama or hail from Tennessee,
Just blame it Mama, she sang, (She sang.)
The country into me.

I'm a Coal Miner's Daughter. (I'm a Coal Miner's
Daughter.)
Lovin' that preacher's son. (Lovin' that preacher's son.)
I have walked the Streets Of Laredo,
Stared down the barrel of a lawman's gun.
I've grown roots an' I've got claims,
To places I've never been. (Places I've never been.)
An' when I sing those songs it takes me,
Right back home again.

Oh, blame it on Mama, an' the songs she loved singin'.
I'm not from Louisiana but that don't mean a thing.
Don't come from Alabama or hail from Tennessee,
Just blame it Mama, she sang, (She sang, she sang.)

The country into me.

The country into me, yeah.

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