

## Lex Zaleta

# "Your Mama's Behind Bars Blues"

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Your mama's behind bars;  
Your step momma is too.  
Can't pass up those fancy cars  
When their keys are in plain view.

Can't figure how they got caught;  
Don't know what did them in.  
Left their tools in the parking lot  
When they filed off that VIN.

Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you singing to the guards -  
The only song you can choose.  
Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you strumming on your guitar,  
Playin' those your mama's behind bars blues.

Daddy's into Johnny Walker,  
Lock, stock, and barrel.  
He's a weird midnight stalker  
Dressed in ladies' apparel.

Negative cash flow's the usual,  
Zero-balance checking account.  
He bypasses blue-light specials  
For those five-finger discounts.

Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you singing to the guards -  
The only song you can choose.  
Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you strumming on your guitar,  
Playin' those your mama's behind bars blues.

Pop Pop's got somewhere around  
A thousand people under him,  
Filed in neat rows underground  
In the cemetery system.

I think you have to admit  
He's one of the good ole boys,  
Working that sad graveyard shift  
And saying he's self-employed.

Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you singing to the guards -  
The only song you can choose.  
Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you strumming on your guitar,  
Playin' those your mama's behind bars blues.

You sign the visitors' log  
With a big "X" for your name.  
They ask, "How's the wife and dog?"  
You say, "They're one and the same."

Not sure how far you can stray from  
Your felonious family tree.  
It takes all you've got and then some  
To stay clean and stay free.

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Most of your family's in there too.  
They hear you singing to the guards -  
The only song you can choose.  
Yeah, your mama's behind bars;  
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They hear you strumming on your guitar,  
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