

Allman Brothers Band

"Sweet Mama"

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Sweet mama, lay your burden down
Sweet mama, lay your burden down

Just let me tell you 'bout some truth in life I've found
Sweet mama, Lord set yourself right down
Lord, pride, it ain't worth a US dime, Lord no
Well pride, it ain't worth a poor man's time
And it's misery to be so jealous all the time
Sweet mama, Lord, be kind to your mind

Sweet mama, lay your burden down
Oh, sweet mama, Lord lay them trophies down

You know it ain't no good to be givin' me
That same old run around
'Cause sweet mama, lay your burden down
Sweet mama, Lord, you're so feelin' fine
And I know that you think this is just a line
But I only put these words into this little song
To try, Lord and help us get along
Sweet mama

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