

Randy Newman

"Potholes"

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I love women
Have all my life
I love my dear mother
And I love my wife
God bless her
I even love
My teenage daughter
There's no accounting for it
Apparently I don't care
How I'm treated
My love is unconditional
Or something

I've been hurt a time or two
I ain't gonna lie
I have my doubts sometimes
About the ethics
Of the so-called fairer sex
Fair about what?
But I find time goes by
And one forgives
As one forgets
And one does forget

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
Everything that happens
To me now
Is consigned
To oblivion by my brain

I remember my father
My brother of course
I remember my mother
I spoke of her earlier
And I remember that
I remember the smell
Of cut grass
And going off to play ball
In the morning

Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch
I could get the ball
Over the plate
But anyway, this one time
I must of thrown a football
Around or something
The day before
I walked about fourteen kids
In a row
Cried
Walked off the mound
Handed the ball
To the third baseman
And just left the field

Anyway,
Many years later
I brought the woman
Who was to become my
Second wife
God bless her
To meet my father
For the first time
They exchanged pleasantries
I left the room for a moment
It was the first time
He had met her you understand
When I came back
He was telling her the story
Right off the bat
About how
I had walked fourteen kids
Cried and left the mound
Next time he met her
Told her the same
Goddamn story!

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
I hope some real
Big ones open up
And take some
Of the memories
That do remain

