

The Respectables "Sweet Mama"

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I left my home up in Canada
And headed down south to see the Mardi Gras
Met a Louisiana queen in some faded jeans
She showed me how to do it down in New Orleans

She had a Jesus statue in her motor home
A lady concerned I had never known
I couldn't be a saint when she came
marchin in
With those faded blue jeans said let the joy begin

She was a sweet mama
Not a rolling stone
I guess she didn't wanna be alone
Looking for a man to call her own
But she couldn't get Jesus on the telephone

We skipped the jambalaya and the carnival
Clean forgot about my mama back in
Montroual
Cause she blew my mind like a hurricane
And soaked me down just like the Louisiana rain

Sweet mama not a rolling stone
I guess she didn't wanna be alone
Looking for a man to call her own
But she couldn't get Jesus on the telephone
We let the good times roll as the band played on
Just one more song and I have to be gone
Oh such a night

Now I'm back in cold Canada
Just a young man dreamin bout the Mardi Gras
But I know what it means to miss New Orleans
And that god-fearing woman with her faded jeans

She was a sweet mama
Not a rolling stone
I guess she didn't wanna be alone
Looking for a man to call her own
But she couldn't get Jesus on the telephone

Sweet mama
Sweet sweet mama
Sweet mama
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Sweet mama
A sweet mama
Sweet mama
Sweet sweet mama

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