

Tom T. Hall "Mama Bake a Pie"

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People staring at me as they wheel me
Down the ramp towards my plane
The war is over for me
I've forgotten everything except the pain
Thank you sir, and yes sir, it was worth it
For the ol' red, white and blue
And since I won't be walking
I suppose I'll save some money buying shoes

The bottle hidden underneath the blanket
Over my two battered legs
I can see the stewardess make over me
And ask, "Were you afraid?"
I'll say, "Why no? I'm Superman"
And couldn't find the phone booth quite in time
A GI gets a lot of laughs
He remembers all the funny lines

Mama bake a pie
Daddy kill a chicken
Your son is coming home
11:35, Wednesday night

Mama will be crying and daddy's gonna say
"Son, did they treat you good?"
My uncle will be drunk and he'll say
"Boy, they doing some real great things with wood"
The letter that she wrote me said, "Goodbye"
She couldn't wait and lots of luck
The bottle underneath the blanket
Feels just like an old friend to my touch

I know she'll come and see me
But I bet she never once looks at my legs
Now, she'll talk about the weather
And the dress she wore the July 4th parade
Lord, I love her and I don't believe
This bottle's gonna get her off my mind
I see here in the paper
Where they say the war is just a waste of time

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