

## Townes Van Zandt

### "Black Jack Mama"

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BLACK JACK MAMA

Big blonde mama, lord, Apartment 213  
Moves like a cobra snake and she treats me like a king  
Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow  
Do your best to please me, lord  
And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

Got a Nashville woman lord, she calls me on the phone  
Tells me to leave them Houston girls alone  
Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow  
Do your best to please me, lord  
And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

Motorcycle mama, lord, monkey on her back  
Takes dm from her saddlebags, cocaine from a sack  
Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow  
Do your best to please me, lord  
And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

I gotta blackjack baby, lord, she lives in New Orleans  
Treats me like an orphan, yeah, she calls me Mr. Clean  
Roll me over easy, mama, roll me over slow  
Do your best to please me, lord  
And I'm bound to take you with me when I go

Big blonde mama, lord, apartment 213  
Moves like a cobra snake, treats me like a king  
Roll me over easy mama, roll me over slow  
Do your best to please me, lord  
And I'm bound to take you with me when I go  
Do your best to please me, lord  
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