

# Michael Nesmith, Mama Rocker

Truckin' through the traffic in a two-tone van,  
At the door, after four came a lazy lady's hand,  
Tell by the sound that she was wearing kid gloves  
And I could feel by the rhythm that she'd come to make love,  
Whoa, Mama Rocker you're a good man's savior,  
Picking up the music and passing out the favor

She was two inches shorter than me without my boots  
Got my attention but she never made a move  
She came and she went, she let me down slow  
And I wanted to go with her but something told me, "No!",  
Hey-hey-hey, Mama Rocker you're a good man's savior,  
Picking up the music and passing out the favor

Truckin' through the traffic in a two-tone van,  
At the door, after four came a lazy lady's hand,  
Tell by the sound that she was wearing kid gloves  
And I could feel by the rhythm that she'd want to make love,  
Whoa, Mama Rocker, you're a good man's savior,  
Picking up the music and passing out the favors down, way down low