

Amber Dotson, I Ain't Your Mama

I still had rice in my hair, still had stars in my eyes,
When I started pickin' up your underwear the other night.
There they were on the floor when I woke up today:
If you don't pick 'em up, I'm gonna throw 'em away.
Oh, I know I call you "baby",
But that's just a figure of speech.
I ain't your Mama; (I ain't your Mama.)
Oh, I love you to death, but I didn't take you to raise.
I ain't your Mama, (I ain't your Mama.)
But I know why she gave you away.
You like to stroll in from work, have your supper at five,
Oh, I used to be a sucker for those big pretty eyes.
Well, the kitchen's all yours, mister, you got two hands.
It's time for you to learn to wipe a pot and a pan.
So you're hungry for spaghetti:
Well, baby, don't look at me.
I ain't your Mama; (I ain't your Mama.)
Boy, I love you to death, but I didn't take you to raise.
I ain't your Mama, (I ain't your Mama.)
But I know why she gave you away.
It ain't like you ain't good to me.
You're as cute as you can be.
I know you're used to doin' what you wanna,
But I ain't your Mama.
Sorry, baby.
Instrumental break.
Oh yeah, I wanna make love.
But you can make the bed up!
I ain't your Mama; (I ain't your Mama.)
Oh, I love you to death, but I didn't take you to raise.
I ain't your Mama, (I ain't your Mama.)
But I know why she gave you away.
I ain't your Mama, (I ain't your Mama.)
But I sure know why she gave you away, yeah