

Garth Brooks, Papa Loved Mama

Papa drove a truck nearly all his life
You know it drove mama crazy bein a trucker's wife
The part she couldn't handle was the bein' alone
I guess she needed more to hold than just the telephone
Papa called mama each and every night
Just to ask her how she was and if us kids were all right
Mama would wait for that call to come in
But when Daddy'd hang up she was gone again

Chorus

Momma was a looker
Lord how she shined
Papa was a good'n
But the jealous kind
Papa Loved Mama
Mama loved men
Mama's in the graveyard
Papa's in the pen

Well, it was bound to happen
One night it did
Papa came home and it was just us kids
He had a dozen roses and a bottle of wine
If he was lookin to surprise her he was doin' fine
I heard him cry for mama up and down the hall
Then I heard the bottle break against the bedroom wall
That ol' Diesel engine made an eerie sound
When Papa fired it up and headed into town.

Well, the picture in the paper showed the scene real well
Papa's rig was buried in the local motel
The desk clerk said he saw it all real clear
He never hit the brakes, and he was shifting gears.

Chorus