

# James Bonamy, A Chance In Hell

(R. Springer/T. Martin)

Daddy was a drinkin' man  
He never took to preachin'  
Said he found heaven in a drink  
Well momma was a bible totin', God fearin' Christian  
Would tell the devil to his fate  
Exactly what she thinks

As far as daddy knew  
Momma couldn't drive  
So every Sunday morning he'd give us a ride  
Well he'd wait out in the car  
Drinkin' Jim Beam from a sack  
But as the summer days grew hotter  
He found a pew in the back

Daddy never had a chance in hell  
Somethin' that my momma knew so well  
While everybody else gave up  
Momma wore him down with love  
Daddy never had a chance in hell

Well, Summer came and went  
But he stayed in the back row

Blamin' it on the cold north wind outside  
Well I guess that explained  
The flannel shirt and jack  
But he had no explanation  
When momma asked about his tie

He'd move up a little closer  
With every passing year  
He said it was because  
He simply couldn't hear  
I never thought that Dad would ever  
Draw a sober breath  
Much less lead us all in prayer  
When we laid mom to rest

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