

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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