

Jeff Bates, Mama Was A Lot Like Jesus

I've seen her give her last five dollars,
To a stranger on the street,
An' do without a dress she wanted,
So we'd have enough to eat.
And when the ladies at the garden club,
Looked down their nose at her,
I watched her turn the other cheek,
Without one bitter word.

Mama was a lot like Jesus,
The way she lived an' loved:
A blessing sent from Heaven up above.
She would pray for our forgiveness,
And sacrifice for us:
Mama was a lot like Jesus.

She could stretch a bag of groceries,
For two weeks to keep us fed.
An' she could take an old brown potted plant,
An' raised it from the dead.
An' her words were like a healin' touch,
When we had a broken heart.
And when I wrestled with the devil,
She led me through the dark

'Cause Mama was a lot like Jesus,
The way she lived an' loved:
A blessin' sent from Heaven up above.
She would pray for our forgiveness,
And sacrifice for us:
Mama was a lot like Jesus.

I've got my Daddy's eyes;
I've got my Daddy's hair,
But I hope my Mama's heart,
Is inside me somewhere.

'Cause Mama was a lot like Jesus,
The way she lived an' loved:
A blessin' sent from Heaven up above.
She would pray for our forgiveness,
And sacrifice for us:
Mama was a lot like Jesus.
My Mama was a lot like Jesus.