

Randy Newman, Potholes

I love women
Have all my life
I love my dear mother
And I love my wife - God bless her
I even love my teenage daughter
There's no accounting for it
Apparently I don't care how I'm treated
My love is unconditional or something

I've been hurt a time or two
I ain't gonna lie
I have my doubts sometimes
About the ethics of the so-called fairer sex
Fair about what?
But I find time goes by
And one forgives as one forgets
And one does forget

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
Everything that happens to me now
Is consigned to oblivion by my brain

I remember my father
My brother of course
I remember my mother
I spoke of her earlier and I remember that
I remember the smell of cut grass
And going off to play ball in the morning
Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch
I could get the ball over the plate
But anyway, this one time
I must of thrown a football around or something
the day before
I walked about fourteen kids in a row
Cried
Walked off the mound
Handed the ball to the third baseman
And just left the field

Anyway, many years later
I brought the woman who was to become my
second wife - God bless her
To meet my father for the first time
They exchanged pleasantries
I left the room for a moment
It was the first time he had met her you understand
When I came back
He was telling her the story
Right off the bat
About how I had walked fourteen kids
Cried and left the mound
Next time he met her told her the same
goddamn story!

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
I hope some real big ones open up

And take some of the memories that do remain