

# Rasputina, Momma Was An Opium-Smoker

Momma was an opium smoker  
She light it with a red-hot poker  
She would never take a bath  
We would ask her, she'd just laugh  
because our momma was an opium smoker

She made it with this gentleman, Lincoln  
They met on a boat, it was sinkin'  
When she shoulda gone overboard, momma say &quot;No way, oh my Lord  
only of opium smoke am I thinkin'&quot;;

Oh, help us, Lord  
we can't afford  
her destructive ways  
You oughta' hear what she says!

She would just sit on her fat ass  
yell at us, &quot;Fill up my wine glass!&quot;;  
She would tell us, &quot;How sad,  
you won't never know your dad.&quot;;  
Oh yeah, my momma was an opium smoker

Go, momma, go  
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

She hide the money and the drugs in the mattress  
I wonder how long she's been at this  
And I say, &quot;Mom, bang the gong,  
can't you see it's gone all wrong?&quot;;  
My momma was an opium smoker