

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Tell Yer Momma

Well I used to be bad
I was born to lose
And my travelin' shoes was the only shoes I had
Well I used to be cool
I was that Sunday afternoon, sunk 'n drunk and stumblin' fool
'Till I met your momma

She pulled me outta that terrible fix, well
I know daddy's been away awhile
Cause it's been hard to teach an old dog new tricks

Tell your momma your daddy done quit his drinkin'
Tell your momma your daddy done found the Lord
Tell your momma your daddy done quit his cussin', his fightin', his carryin' on
But don't you tell your momma Goddamn, your daddy's bored

Well I used to be sly
I'd stay out all night
And how I loved to fight
And make them young girls cry

Well I used to be crude
I was rude, crude, glued, screwed, tattooed
Down an' dirty with a just plain surly attitude

'Till I met your momma
She pulled me outta this terrible fix
I know daddy's been away awhile
Cause it's been hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

CHORUS

Well if a thousand times I've seen the light
You know that I've gone blind a thousand times again
And if a thousand times I said "I do"
you know I turn my tail a thousand one again
I didn't mean no harm I's just havin' fun again

Uh-oh, uh-oh, SCOTTY'S GOT A SOLO!

Tell your momma your daddy done quit his drinkin'
Tell your momma your daddy done found the Lord
Tell your momma your daddy done quit his cussin', his fightin', his carryin' on
But don't you tell your momma, no
Don't you tell your momma, oh no
Don't you tell your momma Goddamn, your daddy's bored