

Stonewall Jackson, Better Days For Mama

That whiskey and his wild wreckless way put my young daddy in an early grave
So many nights my mama cried and then I'd hear her pray
She'd asked the Lord to send her better days better days for mama better days
Then sister had to marry at fourteen destroyed what was left of mama's dreams
She cried but then I heard her say sometimes the best she'd go astray
That night she knelt and pray for better days better days for mama better days
She cried a lot that day that I left home I said don't worry I know right from wrong
Although I tried my best somehow four grey walls surround me now
And again my mama prays for better days better days for mama better days
Mister warden many many thanks to you to let me come here for the flowers to
Although my tears fall on her grave I think she's found her rest in place
At last the Lord send mama better days better days for mama better days
Better days for mama better days