

Tanya Tucker, What's Your Momma's Name, Child

(Frazier Dallas/Earl Montgomery)

What's your mama's name, child?
What's your mama's name.

Thirty some odd years ago, a young man came to Memphis.
Asking 'bout a rose that used to blossom in his world.
People never took the time to mind the young man's questions,
Until one day they heard him ask a little green-eyed girl:

What's your mama's name, child?
What's your mama's name?
Does she ever talk about a place called New Orleans.
Has she ever mentioned a man named Buford Wilson?
What's your mama's name, child?
What's your mama's name?

Twenty some off years ago, a drunkard down in Memphis,
Lost a month of life in labour to the county jail.

Just because he asked a little green-eyed girl a question,
And offered her a nickel's worth of candy if she'd tell.

A year and some odd days ago, an old man died in Memphis.
Just another wayward soul, the county'd had to pay.
Inside the old man's ragged coat, they found a faded letter.
It said: "You have a daughter and her eyes are Wilson green."

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