

The Jenkins, Blame It On Mama

when i was six or seven mama tucked me in
with a lalaby that made my eyes open wide again
i'd lie awake and wonder why a boy named Billy Joe
jumped off the Talahatche bridge to the river far below

blame it on mama and the songs she loved to sing
i'm not from Lousiana but that dont mean a thing
dont come from Alabama or hail from Tennessee
just blame it on mama she sang the country into me

i just loved to listen as she sang those story songs
bout a coat of many colors or a girl named Delta Dawn
when the lights went out in goegia i would beg for just one more
all about fancy and pretty red satin dancin dress she wore

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i'm a coal miners daughter lovin that preachers son
i could walk the streets of Laredo stare down the barrel of a lawmans gun
i've grown roots and i've got ties to places i've never been
and when i sing those songs it takes me right back home again

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the country in to me, yeah