

## Long Tall Mama Blues

Jimmie Rodgers

I got a little mama, got a long tall mama, too  
I got a little mama, got a long tall mama, too  
I ain't a-  
gonna tell my little mama what my long tall mama can do

She rub my back with alcohol, just to cure my cough  
She rub my back with alcohol, just to cure my cough  
Lord, I like to broke my neck, trying to let the alcohol out

(Pick that thing boy! Pick it!)

When it comes meal time, I can't eat a bite  
When it's meal time, Lord, I can't eat a bite  
Wond'ring which mama is gonna be just too tight

My little mama is good, but she's too darned stout  
My little mama's good, Lordy, but she's too darned stout  
She puts ashes in her bed, just to keep from slippin' out

If you treat a woman rough, it makes her hang around  
Brother, treat 'em rough, they'll always hang around  
She comes right back for mo', with her little head bowed down

I'm a square-shootin' papa, one of the do-right kind  
I'm a square-shootin' papa, one of the do-right kind  
All my women love me, 'cause I'm always there on time