

Mama's House

Mark Chesnutt

There's a bottle of whiskey up above the stove, it's been there
30 years I know
Only used for coughs and colds at mama's house
In the air there's a combination of home baked bread and fried
bacon
No, there's no mistaking mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.
It don't matter how big I get.
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.
At mama's house.

Thing's round here still looks the same, like a picture in a frame
The light bill's still in daddy's name at mama's house
You won't find one speck of dust, one dirty spoon, or coffee cup
And that ol' dog will still eat you up at mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.
It don't matter how big I get.
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.
At mama's house.

That driveway's still paved with white rocks
Though her name ain't on the mailbox
Come what may there won't be any doubt
That's mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.
It don't matter how big I get.
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.
At mama's house.