

(This is the story about the lady that raised me...)

Get up! Get out!

Well, she was born in a log cabin in the back woods of Blackwood Mississippi

She drank moonshine, chewed tobacco, raised thirteen children all by herself

Never looked much like a lady

You see - she was too busy providin' and raisin' her babies

Spends her evenings sittin' in a rockin' chair

Never had much o' nothin', but was always willin' to share

Ma - Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Talkin' about my momma

Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Education? She didn't have none

Never had a sick day in her life

Stronger than any two good men

You better believe it - oh yes she was!

Now looky here:

When pappa died momma put her love on the shelf - yes she did

She swore up and down on the good book - she would love nobody else

Made sure that we were in church every Sunday

"Pappa would've wanted it that way", that's what she'd always say

Ma - Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Talkin' about the lady that raised me

Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Every once in a while, when Ma would get depressed

She'd go to the closet and Pa's guitar

Sit herself down in the rockin' chair

Start hummin' and strummin'...

Ha ha, YEA!

Looky here ya'll:

That was Ma's way of lettin' off steam

In plain old english we could see that Ma was doin' her thing

Every once in a while she'd shout: waaAAAA - Let It All Hang Out!

Ma - Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Ma - Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Talkin' about the Lady that raised me

Talkin' about Ma, yea!

Get up! Get out!

Give it to me...give it to me...

WaaAAAA...!