

Mama Sang Bass

Ray Stevens

When I was kid in my hometown
People would come from miles around
Just to get a job at the pharmaceutical factory
Making strong medicines of all descriptions
Now every time I get a new prescription
It brings a dose of old memories back to me

Now daddy was assigned to birth control pills
Breathing that air that was hormone-filled
And mama made bodybuilding steroids all day long
And when Sundays came, they sang in the choir
And even the angels had to admire
Make the hair stand up on the back of your neck when they sang a song

Mama sang bass, daddy sang tenor
You wouldn't think she had it in her
But her voice got deeper and deeper every week
Daddy sang tenor, mama sang bass
She had strength and he had grace
It's kind of like they traded places, so to speak

Well, the preacher said, "Folks, I recognize your talents
But you see, this choir's out of balance
And the bass sounds better when it's coming from the other side"
Well, mama's patience never was the greatest
And daddy wouldn't think of sitting with the ladies
So the only thing to do was give their hormones a ride

Now the factory was working on this DNA
That programs molecules in such a way
That anything wrong can sometimes be reversed
So they made 'em up a shot, put it in their veins
Waited all week 'til Sunday came
To see if that injection was a blessing or a curse

The media coverage was so intense
It made the OJ trial seem like a nonevent
The church was filled up to the brim
Just to hear that opening hymn, then

Mama sang bass, daddy sang tenor
She got stronger, he got thinner
That's what you get for trying too hard to please
Daddy sang tenor, mama sang bass
He makes dinner while she shaves her face
Now what else do you want to know about the birds and the bees?

You know I got a powerful urge to scratch and spit
I love to watch baseball
Baseball? Well, mama, you used to love to knit
What happened to that?
Knit? Let's go to the wrestling matches
Wrestling?
Let's arm wrestle
Oh no
Hey, you ain't got any red man on you, do you?
Red man?

I know, let's go cow tippin'
Cow tippin'?
Listen, ma, you just about wore ol' Bossy out now
Quiet, you might wake her up
Rock-a-bye, Bossy
Lord, have mercy
Run, Bossy, run