

Potholes

Randy Newman

I love women
Have all my life
Love my dear mother
I love my wife
God bless her
Even love my teenaged daughter
There's no accounting for it
Apparently I don't care how I'm treated
My love's unconditionally or something

Been hurt a time or two
I ain't gonna lie
I've had my doubts sometimes
About ethics of the so called fairer sex
Fair about what
Then I find time goes by
And one forgives as one forgets
And one does forgot

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
Everything that happens to me now
Is consigned to oblivion by my brain

I remember my father
My brother of course
Remember my mother
Spoke of her earlier
And I remember that
Remember the smell of cut grass
Going off to play to ball in the morning
Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch
I could get the ball over the plate
Anyway this one time
Must have thrown a football round or something the day before
I walked about fourteen kids in a row
Cried, walked off the mound
Handed the ball to the third baseman
And just left the field

Anyway many years later
I brought the woman who was to become my second wife
God bless her
To meet my father for the first time
They exchanged pleasantries
I left the room for a moment
This is first time he met her, you understand
When I came back
He's telling her the story
Right off the bat
About how I walked fourteen kids
Cried and left the mound
Next time he met her

He told the same goddamn story

God bless the potholes

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Down on memory lane

Hope some real big ones open up

Take some of the memories that do remain