

# 'Fore She Was Mama

Clay Walker

'Bout ten years old, hide and seek  
I found me in the closet  
Ready or not I stumbled on  
And opened up that box of  
Yearbooks, letters, black and whites  
A hundred, maybe more  
Next thing I know my brothers and me  
Got 'em scattered on the floor (Yeah)

There was one of her, flippin' the bird  
Sittin' on a Harley  
And a few with some hairy hippie dude  
Turns out his name was Charlie  
Her hair, her clothes, her drinkin' smokin'  
Had us boys confused  
I'll never forget the day us nosey kids got introduced

To Mama, 'fore she was Mama  
In a string bikini, in Tijuana  
Won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But I saw Mama, 'fore she was Mama

We put that box right where it was  
And never said a word  
But growin' up got hard just tryin'  
Not to picture her  
In anything but aprons, dresses  
Mini-vans and church  
Oh and Daddy would have whooped our butts  
For diggin' up that dirt

On Mama, 'fore she was Mama  
In a string bikini, in Tijuana  
She won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But I saw Mama, 'fore she was Mama

We laugh and hang it over her head  
Right above her halo  
Her face turns red when we bring up  
That tie-dyed Winnebago  
She runs and hides and still denies  
That hip high rose tattoo  
She burned that box of forget-me-nots  
When she found out we knew

About Mama, 'fore she was Mama  
In a string bikini, in Tijuana  
Won't admit she smoked marijuana  
But that was Mama, 'fore she was Mama

And there's that one down in the Bahamas  
But that was Mama, 'fore she was Mama