

Music Makin' Mama from Memphis

Hank Snow

Listen to a story bout a gal I know
She's my music makin' mama I'm her hillbilly boy
She's sweeter than the music when she tickles the strings
Sweeter than the flowers down in New Orleans
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee
She'll play a little rhythm do the boogie up right
The Tennessee polka maybe blues in the night
Everybody travels from near and far
To hear her when she swings it on her old guitar
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee

You gotta start dancin' when she gets in the groove
Plays the big bass fiddle or she'll yodel the blues
She plays a down beat an off beat any old beat
A breakdown a hoedown and does it up neat
She's my bass pickin' baby from Memphis Tennessee
You can hear her in the evening when the sun sinks low
A singin' and a pickin' on her old banjo
You gotta jive when the words roll out of her mouth
Everybody's callin' her the Queen of the South
She's my piano playin' mama from Memphis Tennessee

(She'll play a little rhythm do the boogie up right
The Tennessee polka maybe blues in the night
Everybody travels from near and far
To hear her when she swings it on her old guitar
She's my music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee)
You can tell when my baby is a comin' to town
All the jive jumpin' jitterbugs they gather around
They keep yellin' to my honey now Queenie let's go
My baby starts a pickin' and a pickin' down low
My music makin' mama from Memphis Tennessee