

# Daddy Never Had A Chance In Hell

James Bonamy

Daddy was a drinkin' man, he never took to preachin'  
Said he found heaven in a drink  
Well momma was a Bible totin', God fearin' Christian  
Would tell the devil to his fate exactly what she thinks

As far as daddy knew momma couldn't drive  
So every Sunday mornin' he'd give us a ride  
Well, he'd wait out in the car, drinkin' Jim Beam from a sack  
But as the summer days grew hotter he found a pew in the back

Daddy never had a chance in hell  
Somethin' that my momma knew so well  
While everybody else gave up  
Momma wore him down with love  
Daddy never had a chance in hell

Well, Summer came and went but he stayed in the back row  
Blamin' it on the cold North wind outside  
Well I guess that explained the flannel shirt and jack  
But he had no explanation when momma asked about his tie

He'd move up a little closer with every passing year  
He said it was because he simply couldn't hear  
I never thought that Dad would ever draw a sober breath  
Much less lead us all in prayer when we laid mom to rest

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