

# My Momma Had Soul

Lobo

When I was just a boy I was never told  
Now son don't you listen  
To that Rock and Roll  
'Cause I was brought up by my Momma  
And we were poor as dirt  
And the music made us feel better  
Everytime our stomachs hurt.

My Momma had soul  
My Momma had soul  
We may've not had a lot to eat  
In the house  
But we always had some music  
That was playing real loud  
My Momma had soul  
My Momma had soul

When things were going bad  
And the house got dark  
Me and Momma'd sit on a bench  
Out in the park  
We'd hear the jukebox playing  
In the corner bar  
And the music made us dance and  
Sing underneath the summer stars.

You know my Momma got older as  
The years went along  
But she never got so old  
She couldn't dance  
To a Rock and Roll song