

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