

# Mama's House

Mark Chesnutt

There's a bottle of whiskey up above the stove, it's been there  
30 years I know  
Only used for coughs and colds at mama's house  
In the air there's a combination of home baked bread and fried  
bacon  
No, there's no mistaking mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.  
It don't matter how big I get.  
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.  
At mama's house.

Thing's round here still looks the same, like a picture in a frame  
The light bill's still in daddy's name at mama's house  
You won't find one speck of dust, one dirty spoon, or coffee cup  
And that ol' dog will still eat you up at mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.  
It don't matter how big I get.  
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.  
At mama's house.

That driveway's still paved with white rocks  
Though her name ain't on the mailbox  
Come what may there won't be any doubt  
That's mama's house.

It seems smaller than the day I left.  
It don't matter how big I get.  
I still wipe my feet and watch my mouth.  
At mama's house.