

Route 3 Box 250 D

Randy Houser

I'd like to say it was perfect
Growing up was a fairytale
But Hollywood don't make no movies
About a house up on wheels down a dirt road, Mississippi
Tucked back in the trees
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Well the man my mama married
Had a mean streak in his blood
And when he took to drinking
He'd take it out on us
And I could hear my mama crying
That made it hard to sleep
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That's where I became a man
Long before my time
And since I left I ain't been back
But I go back in my mind

Thank God for Buford Bailey
He had a pond he'd let me fish
That's where I'd run off to
Every chance I'd get
And I would pray that God was listening
And He'd come rescue me
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Then one day, my uncle pulled up in a pickup truck
Loaded up everything
Wasn't much but it was everything

I'd like to say it was perfect
That growing up was a fairytale
But Hollywood don't make no movies
About a house up on wheels down a dirt road, Mississippi
But that's what made me leave
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