

# Potholes

Randy Newman

I love women  
Have all my life  
Love my dear mother  
I love my wife  
God bless her  
Even love my teenaged daughter  
There's no accounting for it  
Apparently I don't care how I'm treated  
My love's unconditionally or something

Been hurt a time or two  
I ain't gonna lie  
I've had my doubts sometimes  
About ethics of the so called fairer sex  
Fair about what  
Then I find time goes by  
And one forgives as one forgets  
And one does forgot

God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
God bless the potholes  
Down on memory lane  
Everything that happens to me now  
Is consigned to oblivion by my brain

I remember my father  
My brother of course  
Remember my mother  
Spoke of her earlier  
And I remember that  
Remember the smell of cut grass  
Going off to play to ball in the morning  
Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch  
I could get the ball over the plate  
Anyway this one time  
Must have thrown a football round or something the day before  
I walked about fourteen kids in a row  
Cried, walked off the mound  
Handed the ball to the third baseman  
And just left the field

Anyway many years later  
I brought the woman who was to become my second wife  
God bless her  
To meet my father for the first time  
They exchanged pleasantries  
I left the room for a moment  
This is first time he met her, you understand  
When I came back  
He's telling her the story  
Right off the bat  
About how I walked fourteen kids  
Cried and left the mound  
Next time he met her

He told the same goddamn story

God bless the potholes

Down on memory lane

God bless the potholes

Down on memory lane

Hope some real big ones open up

Take some of the memories that do remain