

## My Mama Said

When I was a boy of four, sittin' on my mama's knee  
She said, "Son, let me tell you some things right now, that'll help this life you'll lead."  
She said, "I know it's a wonderful world out there but there's some who'd be unkind  
And son, I only want the best for you so these words you'd better mind." She said,  
    "Clear your place, brush your teeth  
    Check the toilet and please get dressed  
    *No, I can't help you finish that clipper ship now*  
    And could you rephrase that as a request?  
    Have you hung your coat up, did you wash your hands  
    Close the door when you come inside  
    *No, you can't use that towel to wrap dinosaur bones*  
    Because I said so and that's why!"

Well, my daddy he was a travel agent's son, and his mama, she raised him well  
They said, "Get enough sleep and do your best, that'll keep you from the gates of hell."  
Well, he fell into making those mandolins and he was working late Wednesday nights  
But he always took the time to turn to me and say, "Son, I love you with all my might . . .  
    Now, clear your place . . .  
    *No, I can't keep your brother away from your secret hideout*  
    *No, you don't have time to draw just one more clipper ship before supper."*

Well, it never was easy in my younger days, I had a brother when I was only three  
And I had to be nice and I had to share and he slept in my room with me  
But through all those times of trial and pain, my mama grouchy from her sleepless nights  
My parents would call from the kitchen and say, "Everything is gonna be alright . . .  
    Now, clear your place . . .  
    *No, we can't help you with the drill and the saw right now*  
    *No, we can't give you a complete and full explanation for everything."*

So, now I'm grown up tall and strong and my parents are worn and gray  
But the love they gave and the words they spoke still speak to me today  
And when my child is four years old, I'll sit her right on my knee  
And say, "This wisdom I'll pass on to you, what my Mama, she said to me . . .  
    She said, "Clear your place . . .  
    *No, we can't go sailing on the clipper ship now*  
    *Well . . . it **is** a beautiful day; let's go down to the clipper ship*  
    *And I'll take you for a ride."*