Family Album

David Allan Coe

On Sunday after church there'd always be a picnic
There'd be kinfolks callin' until dawn
Me I'd play the guitar and my Uncle Merle would sing
And grandpa he'd play that fiddle all night long

Now the women folk they would work out in the kitchen
You could smell that food for miles and miles around, Paw
He was prayin' my brother Jack would bring him down some moonshine
Just so's that he could wash those viddle down

As soon as all the kids got tired of playin' horseshoes
Mama she'd call me over to her side
You know she'd say I'd like to take some pictures
You could see her face light up with pride

And then she'd bring out that worn out family album
Its faded pictures some with corners torn
She'd laugh and point and tell me funny stories
And look she'd say why that's the day that you were born

And I'd sit and reminisce each picture with her
And I'd listen to her laughter and her sighs
But underneath I knew how much I'd hurt her
For I'd put teardrops in my mama's eyes

In my mama's eyes, I've never done a wrong thing
I was still a baby in my mama's eyes
That old family album she'll keep on her night stand
Right next to the Bible until the day she dies

Through all those years in prison she stuck by me
And she came to visit anytime she could
Well I remember at my trial when she testified she loved me
And she told the judge, I'd always been so good

Then later through the fame she watched me blossom
From just a local country singer to a great big star
She listened to all my records for the hidden meanings
And she came to hear me sing in all those dim lit bars

And she read all the things they wrote about me
But she knew deep in her heart that it was lies
No she don't hide her head in shame when someone says my name
You'll find no teardrops in my mama's eyes

In my mama's eyes, I've never done a wrong thing
I was still a baby in my mama's eyes
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