

**Papa Loved Mama**  
**Garth Brooks**

**E7**

Papa drove a truck nearly all his life

**A7**

You know it drove mama crazy being a trucker s wife

**B7**

The part she couldn t handle was the being alone

**C**

**B7**

I guess she needed more to hold than just a telephone

**E7**

Papa called mama each & every night

**A7**

Just to ask her how she was & if us kids were alright

**B7**

Mama would wait for that call to come in

**C**

**B7**

**E7**

But when daddy d hang up she was gone again

chorus.... #1 **A7**

Mama was a looker Lord how she shined

**E7**

Papa was a good n but the jealous kind

**A7**

Papa loved mama, mama loved men

**Em**

**B7**

**E7**

Mama s in the graveyard papa s in the pen

Well it was bound to happen & one night it did

Papa came home & it was just us kids

He had a dozen roses & a bottle of wine

If he was looking to surprise us he was doing fine

I heard him cry for mama up & down the hall

Then I heard a bottle break against the bedroom wall

That old diesel engine made an eerie sound

When papa fired it up & headed into town

chorus... #2 Well the picture in teh paper showed the scene real well

Papa s rig was buried in the local Motel

The desk clerk said he saw it all real clear

He never hit the breaks & he was shifting gears

chorus... #1.....

**Em**

**B7**

**E7**

Mama s in the graveyard papa s in the pen

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