**My Friend Becky Fuller**

There stood daddy with rice in his hair

A hand-painted garter flying through the air

Them up to Penny postcard from Niagara Falls

Wish you was here son we’s havin, havin a ball

I'm sorry Becky Fuller but I can't call you mom

You even close to what I come from

You can be anybody who you want to be

But mama will always be mama to me

I knew Becky Fuller from the days of my youth

Playing doctor behind the red chicken coop

She showed us where they showed her where babies come from

But we knew better no we weren’t — we weren’t that dumb

\*So I'm sorry Becky Fuller but I can't call you mom

Little girls ain’t where babies come from

You can be whomever who you want to be

But mama will always be mama to me

Some sort of father you turn out to be

First you saw mama’s family tree

Then graft in its place pretty peach bow

So where do I go for my apple — my apple pie now

Oh daddy what have you done

\*I'm sorry Becky Fuller but I can't call you mom

Little girls ain’t where little babies come from

You can be anybody who you want to be

But mama will always be mama to me

Now daddy’s out whistling the wedding march song

While mama’s left wondering where her love went wrong

I wish I could tell you, but I haven’t a hint

The book of love has done gone out — gone out of print

Daddy, what have you done?

\*I'm sorry Becky Fuller but I can't call you mom

You ain’t even close to what I come from

You can be anybody who you want to be

But mama will always be mama to me