

Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man

A love song by Peter Brunette

1. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Tell me in language that I can understand:
 Kiss me long and slow,
 And hold me like you'll never let me go.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

2. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Let me sample the dumplings in your pan.
 Violets are blue—
 Without your loving, I'd be that way too.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

BRIDGE: Your love is stronger than tequila,
 Warmer than fondue.
 It's stickier than honey,
 And it's got me stuck on you.

3. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
We must gather our roses while we can.
 But then, when summer's done,
 When nights are colder and you need someone,
Mama, let me be your loving man.

ENDING: Mama, let me be your loving man.
Mama, let me be your loving man.