**OH ME OH MY, I MISS MY MAMA**

We are very fortunate to have Thad Beckman as our September, 2017 Second Saturday artist, and he generously gave us permission to publish one of his songs this month. This bluesy lyric is the title song of Thad’s 2015 CD, ***Streets of Disaster.*** Not only will we hear this and many more of Thad’s fine originals Saturday night, but he has promised to teach us that cool introductory lick at the fingerpicking workshop he will give Sunday afternoon, September 10 at 2:00 PM at Paul Cooper’s house. You can hear this song at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2SntFfAy-MU>, or at the link below.

Capo I to play along with the recording.

**Street of Disaster**

 *By Thad Beckman*

**Am E7**

Now that star up in the sky still fills me with wonder
 **Am**

And the day of my death, well it’s still off yonder
 **E7**

But this world has gone insane, like it’s let go of the reins
 **Am**

And it’s hurling down the street of disaster

**Am E7**

I used to think our minds would somehow save us
  **Am**

Use the common sense the good lord gave us
 **E7**

But now I lock the door, sit and shiver on the floor
 **Am**

Listening to the winds of disaster

 **Dm Am**

Oh me oh my, I miss my mama
 **E7 Am**

I listen to the winds of disaster.

**Instrumental Verse**

I read the news today it’s so depressing
Maybe an early grave would be a blessing

Some madman’s got the bomb -- I fear it won’t be long
We’ll be standing in the midst of disaster.

Oh me oh my, I miss my mama

I stand in the midst of disaster.

**Instrumental ½ Verse**

There’s a woman on my block she walks in circles
 Mutters to herself, believes in miracles
Now I don’t know what she sees, but she gives me the creeps

As she circles the street of disaster.

Oh me oh my, I miss my mama

I circle the street of disaster.

As I listen to the wind of disaster.

As I go hurling down the street of disaster.