

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>.

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.