

Rolling Stones, The

"Crazy Mama"

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Rolling Stones - Crazy Mama

Well you're crazy Mama
With your ball and chain
And your sawn off shotgun
Blown out brains, yeah

You can scandalize me
Scorn my name
You can steal my money
And that don't mean a doggone thing

Cause if you really think you can push it
I'm going to bust your knees with a bullet
Your crazy mama, ah yeah

Well your old time religion
Is just a superstition
You going to pay high prices
For your sacrificises

Well your blood and thunder
Sure can't faze me none
If your going to keep on coming
I'm gonna take it all head on

If you don't believe I'm going to do it
Just wait till you get hit by that bullet

Don't think I ain't thought about it
But it sure makes my shackles rise
And cold blood murder
Make me want to draw the line

Well your crazy mama
With your ball and chain
Plain psychotic
Plain insane

If you don't think I'm gonna do it
Just wait for the thud of the bullet

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