

Whitney Duncan "So Sorry Mama"

Visit "[So Sorry Mama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, yeah

Ripped jeans, a blue eyes
I knew right away I was in trouble that night
Tattoos, he don't shave
Makes a good little girl wanna misbehave

I won't be takin' him a-home any time soon
It ain't a good move, woah

I keep givin' him my permission
To break me down and steal my kisses
I don't know where I went wrong
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

In so many ways I dare not mention
He keeps pullin' me in his direction
I guess you were right all along
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

Chrome hearts, a steal chains
And nothing but you know what on his brain
Full speed, top down
Like Bonnie and Clyde tearing up this town

I know you raised my better than this
But how can I resist? Woah

I keep givin' him my permission
To break me down and steal my kisses
I don't know where I went wrong
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

In so many ways I dare not mention
He keeps pullin' me in his direction
I guess you were right all along
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

He's got this hold on me
Just like you said it would be
I didn't listen and now I can't walk away

I won't be takin' him a home any time soon
It ain't a good move, woah, woah

I keep givin' him my permission
To break me down and steal my kisses
I don't know where I went wrong
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

In so many ways I dare not mention
He keeps pullin' me in his direction
I guess you were right all along
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama
I'm sorry, mama, so sorry, mama

Ripped jeans, a blue eyes
I knew right away I was in trouble that night

Visit [Whitney Duncan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.