

Chase

"Run Back To Mama"

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If you can't face the day
You'd better stay in bed, girl
It's not my only job
To organize your head, girl

You say that married life
Is such a hellish load
If you can't take it girl
Just pack your bags and hit the road

Run back to mama
Tell her that I do all sorts of terrible things
Run back to mama
Will you always be tied to those apron strings?

You say my jokes are crude
You think I am a sinner
You say I yell too loud
Each time you burn the dinner

You say I treat you
Like a child that's misbehavin'
If you can't take it girl
It just you best be "On your way"

Run back to mama
Tell her that I do all sorts of terrible things
Run back to mama
Will you always be tied to those apron strings?

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Run back to mama
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