

Rolling Stones

"Crazy Mama"

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Well, you're crazy mama
With your ball and chain
And your sawn off shutgun
Your 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 gonna bust your knees with a bullet, ooh
You're crazy mama, ah yeah
Well, your oldtime religion
Is just a superstition
You're gonna pay high prices
For your sacrifices, ah yeah
All your blood and thunder
Sure can't phase me none
If you're gonna keep on comin'
I'm gonna take it all head on
And if you don't believe I'm gonna do it, yeah

Just wait till you get hit by that bullet, ooh
Crazy mother, ah yeah
I'm comin' down to get you, boy, ooh
Don't think I ain't thought about it
It sure make my shackle rise
And cold blood murder
It make me wanna draw the line, yeah, ooh yeah
Well, you're crazy mother
With your ball and chain
You're plain psychotic, ooh
Plain insane
And if you don't believe I'm gonna do it, yeah
Just wait for the thud of that bullet, ooh
You're crazy mother, ah yeah
You're crazy mother, yeah
You're crazy mother, yeah
Crazy mother, yeah

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