

Ry Cooder**"MAMA, DON'T TREAT YOUR DAUGHTER MEAN"**

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(Ry Cooder)

Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet
sixteen

It was late last Friday evening, when everything was
still
I heard somebody calling my name outside my window
sill
I got up and I looked outside strainin' my eyes to see
And my heart went wild when I realized just who was
calling me

I hollered
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet
sixteen

Now, her eyes were blazing up at me
Her hair was black as night
And her naked skin shone like gold
Out in the pale moonlight
She took my hand and she pulled me down
Where the grass had grown up tall
The she moved her body all around
Just like a cannon ball

Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet
sixteen

Yonder comes your mama, girl, 'cross the field
Runnin' and a-shakin' like an automobile
Daddy's got a shotgun in his hand
They just don't understand
The first time I seen that sweet girl
She was runnin' home from Sunday school
And the next time I seen that sweet little girl

Was when she broke her mama's rule
But the last time I seen that sweet little girl
She was filled with a strange desire
Rollin' and tumblin' out on the cold wet ground
Her skin burnin' up just like a cane fire
She called my name a thousand ways
The tears came streaming down her face
But just when I was 'bout to blow my stack
Her daddy came a-creepin' and a-crawlin' up behind
And he shot me in the back

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