

Mad

Dave Dudley

I got about half high
So I spent the whole weekend out
I got home Monday morning
Tore up like a can of kraut

My only suit was layin' on the steps
I just picked it up and run
And I ain't been back there since

Well mad yeah she's mad
It's back to the doghouse
I know from the practice I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
In the obituary column
They've already printed my name

She's five feet three
And weights about hundred and eight
She's the kind of gal don't believe
In men a makin' mistakes

She's sweet and mighty nice
But when she's mad
She's got a voice that'll cut through ice

Well mad ooh she's mad
It's back to the doghouse
I know from the practice I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
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She's got eyes like a cat
And she watches every move that I make
An alarm clock mind
That's ringin' every time that I'm late

I'm sorry, sick and all alone
But I'll have to stick it out
'Cause it just ain't safe to go home

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