

# Mama

## My Chemical Romance

Mama, we all go to hell.  
Mama, we all go to hell.  
I'm writing this letter and wishing you well,  
Mama, we all go to hell.

Oh, well, now,  
Mama, we're all gonna die.  
Mama, we're all gonna die.  
Stop asking me questions, I'd hate to see you cry,  
Mama, we're all gonna die.

And when we go don't blame us, yeah.  
We'll let the fires just bathe us, yeah.  
You made us, oh, so famous.  
We'll never let you go.  
And when you go don't return to me my love.

Mama, we're all full of lies.  
Mama, we're meant for the flies.  
And right now they're building a coffin your size,  
Mama, we're all full of lies.

Well Mother, what the war did to my legs and to my tongue,  
You should've raised a baby girl,  
I should've been a better son.  
If you could cuddle the infection  
They can amputate at once.  
You should've been,  
I could have been a better son.

And when we go don't blame us, yeah.  
We'll let the fires just bathe us, yeah.  
You made us, oh, so famous.  
We'll never let you go.

She said: "You ain't no son of mine  
For what you've done they're gonna find  
A place for you  
And just you mind your manners when you go.  
And when you go, don't return to me, my love."  
That's right.

Mama, we all go to hell.  
Mama, we all go to hell.  
It's really quite pleasant  
Except for the smell,  
Mama, we all go to hell.

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Mama! Mama! Mama! Ohhh!  
Mama! Mama! Mama! Ma...

[Liza Minelli:] And if you would call me your sweetheart,  
I'd maybe then sing you a song

[Gerard Way:] But there's shit that I've done with this fuck of a gun,  
You would cry out your eyes all along.

We're damned after all.  
Through fortune and flame we fall.  
And if you can stay then I'll show you the way,  
To return from the ashes you call.

We all carry on (We all carry on)  
When our brothers in arms are gone (When our brothers in arms are gone)  
So raise your glass high  
For tomorrow we die,  
And return from the ashes you call.