

# 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  
In the obituary column  
They've already printed my name

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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