

Your Mama Won't Let Me

Little Texas

Like to take you to the movies on a Saturday night
But your mama won't let me
Steal you away for a Sunday drive
But your mama won't let me

She's one step ahead of me every time
When I get too close she draws that line
Thinks I'm trouble but I'm not that kind
Your mama won't let me make you mine

I wanna tear you away from those apron strings
But your mama won't let me
Buy you dinner and a diamond ring
But your mama won't let me

She's one step ahead of me every time
When I get too close she draws that line
Thinks I'm trouble but I'm not that kind
Your mama won't let me make you mine

I got nothin' but good intentions
Somehow I got to change her mind
Find a way to break down her defenses
Gotta have you or I'm gonna die tryin'

I'd like to talk to your daddy about man-to-man
But your mama won't let me
If anybody could I know he'd understand
But your mama won't let me

She's one step ahead of me every time
When I get too close she draws that line
Thinks I'm trouble but I'm not that kind
Your mama won't let me make you mine
You know your mama won't let me make you mine