

Momma's Boy

Nancy Sinatra

Look what you've done
You've really come under the gun
Haven't I told you before
You're more than my number one son

Go and fight and do what's right
According to momma's rule
Don't you love the way I love
Everything you have to do

If you're born to be free
You're born to be with me
So gather your vicious friends
And come and service me

I don't care
Let them live in fear
Of my little bundle of pride and joy
What the world deserves
A bundle of nerves
Come to me my little momma's boy

Look what you've done
You've really come under the gun
Haven't I told you before
You're more than my number one son

I don't care
Let them live in fear
Of my little bundle of pride and joy
What the world deserves
A bundle of nerves
Come to me my little momma's boy