

# Mama, Don't Treat Your Daughter Mean

Ry Cooder

Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet sixteen

It was late last Friday evening, when everything was still  
I heard somebody calling my name outside my window sill  
I got up and I looked outside strainin' my eyes to see  
And my heart went wild when I realized just who was calling me

I hollered  
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet sixteen

Now, her eyes were blazing up at me  
Her hair was black as night  
And her naked skin shone like gold  
Out in the pale moonlight  
She took my hand and she pulled me down  
Where the grass had grown up tall  
The she moved her body all around  
Just like a cannon ball

Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
Hey, mama, don't you treat your daughter mean  
'Cause you treat her so mean and she's only sweet sixteen

Yonder comes your mama, girl, 'cross the field  
Runnin' and a-shakin' like an automobile  
Daddy's got a shotgun in his hand  
They just don't understand  
The first time I seen that sweet girl  
She was runnin' home from Sunday school  
And the next time I seen that sweet little girl  
Was when she broke her mama's rule  
But the last time I seen that sweet little girl  
She was filled with a strange desire  
Rollin' and tumblin' out on the cold wet ground  
Her skin burnin' up just like a cane fire  
She called my name a thousand ways  
The tears came streaming down her face  
But just when I was 'bout to blow my stack  
Her daddy came a-creepin' and a-crawlin' up behind  
And he shot me in the back