

Mama They Must Be Crazy

The Badlees

(Alexander)

Mama they must be crazy
'Cause I can't make heads or tales
Or someone must have lied
In your fairy tales

'Cause I tried to walk that straight line
Sweat clean to pay my bills
While every lazy, ass kissing, son of a bitch
Gets paid to say he will

Mama don't you know by now
They'll never get to me
But I'm still waiting for the truth
To set me free

Mama they must be crazy
The way they use they're stepping-stones
It's carve 'em up and throw 'em out
And disregard the bones

You try to keep your senses
You try to keep your head
While some anointed yes man
Parlays your soul to death

Mama don't you know by now

They'll never get to me
But I'm still waiting for the truth
To set me free
Mama they must be crazy

Mama they must be crazy
'Cause they weren't playing fair